THE MAGAZINE OF POETRY

A QUARTERLY REVIEW

ILLUSTRATED

VOLUME II

CHARLES WELLS MOULTON
BUFFALO N Y
1890

THE

MAGAZINE OF POETRY

A QUARTERLY REVIEW

ILLUSTRATED

VOLUME II

CHARLES WELLS MOULTON
BUFFALO N Y
1890

CONTENTS OF VOLUME II.

JANUARY—OCTOBER, 1890.

Will Carleton.

CARSON, STEWART & CO.

THE MAGAZINE OF POETRY.

VOL. II. No. 1.

GEORGE HENRY BOKER.

GEORGE H. BOKER was born in Philadelphia, in 1823. His ancestors were Dutch and French (the family name having been, originally, Bocher); and his father was a rich and prosperous banker, who held a high rank among Philadelphia financiers in the first half of this century. Graduating at Nassau Hall, Princeton (now Princeton College), at the age of nineteen, Mr. Boker being free from the need of fixing upon any business or profession for the purpose of making money, resolved to devote himself to literature. He was prospectively rich, and his social position was of the best; but in those days it was generally thought to be an almost fatal mistake for a young man with prospects so brilliant to choose the pursuit of literature, instead of going into commerce, manufacture, or banking, or adopting one of the learned professions in which he might add to his wealth. It required courage on the part of Boker to set himself against the prevalent social prejudice in Philadelphia society towards the literary profession. He persisted, however, and began his career with a volume of poems entitled "The Lesson of Life," which was published in 1847, when he was twenty-four. The next year, he published a tragedy "Calaynos," which was acted in England with great success, and had a long run there; being afterwards played in Philadelphia for many nights. In rapid succession, he produced four other plays, "The Betrothal," "Francesca da Rimini," "Leonor de Guzman," and "Anne Boleyn." The first two were acted and became popular on the stage, bringing to their author a substantial pecuniary reward. "Francesca da Rimini" was revived, about 1883, by the distinguished American tragedian, Lawrence Barrett, and was played by him for several seasons, securing a brilliant and popular success. These plays were written in blank verse, of which Mr. Boker is an unquestioned master. It will be noticed that his dramatic themes were all suggested by European history, or European poetry, romance and life. But in his shorter poems Boker was not slow to reflect the life of his own country and of his own time. The period was rapidly approaching when he was to demonstrate his power as an American poet, dealing with American subjects of immediate and vital interest.

In 1862, when the civil war in the United States was under way, and the Union was in serious peril, Mr. Boker took a leading and active part in founding, with a number of other loyal men, the Union League of Philadelphia, which led to the forming of similar organizations throughout the Northern States, and contributed the equipment of 10,000 men and large sums of money to the Union cause. Mr. Boker was the secretary of the League during the war, and afterwards served as its president for several years. During this time he wrote a number of poems on the war and on the national situation, which gained wide currency and had a great effect in stimulating Union sentiment. Among the most notable of these were "The Black Regiment," the "Dirge for a Soldier," and "Cavalry Sheridan."

In 1872 Mr. Boker was appointed by Pres. Grant United States minister at Constantinople, and from thence promoted to represent this country at St. Petersburg. In both these official positions he rendered valuable services, and from them he returned to Philadelphia with fresh and enduring honors won during his eight years of brilliant diplomatic work.

Besides the volumes mentioned above, he has published several other books, among which are "Königsmark," a tragedy, with additional poems (1869), "Poems of the War" (1873), and "The Book of the Dead" (1881). His skill in the sonnet caused Leigh Hunt, many years ago, to place him in the foremost line of the world's sonneteers; and his sonnet to England, beginning "Lear and Cordelia," was a favorite with Daniel Webster, who used to recite it from memory.

Mr. Boker lives in Philadelphia, in the luxurious house on Walnut street which has long been his home. There, surrounded by an ample library

containing many classic and rare books, he still writes occasionally, and continues to observe public affairs with the same active and patriotic interest which distinguished him during the war. Thoroughly conversant with the world, he frequently appears in society, and is a good public speaker. He also cherishes a decided taste for mechanics, and makes a practice of toiling in the little machine-shop which he maintains in his house, where he performs the labor of a skilled metal-worker, simply for pleasure and exercise.

His poetry is characterized by great dignity, earnestness, and depth of insight and feeling, united with a rich fervor of expression, and a remarkable command of sonorous rhythmic harmonies. His "Countess Laura" and "The Ivory Carver" illustrate the qualities in which he excels.

G. P. L.

SONG.

BREATHE, violets, breathe! blow, primrose beds,
Along the gliding streams!
Breathe low, blow meekly, modest heads;
Flow, brooks, in silent dreams!

She comes, the sweetest, fairest flower,
The lightest moving grace,
To perfume heaven, to bloom an hour
Within our trysting-place.

O violet sweet, and primrose bright,
And softly falling tide,
Where are your charms, that won my sight,
Now she is by my side?

CAVALRY SHERIDAN.

September 19, 1864.

SHERIDAN, Sheridan, Cavalry Sheridan!
Him of the horses and sabres I sing.
Look, how he drove them!
Look, how he clove them!
Sabred, belabored, confused and confounded
The whole rebel rout, as they fell back astounded
At the fierce stride and swing
Of our men galloping,
Shouting with vengeance, roaring with laughter,
Cheering with victory as they plunged after
Sheridan, Sheridan, Cavalry Sheridan!

Ah, fair Shenandoah, thou nest of the robber,
How stands the count with thy people to-day?
Where is the fire now,
Showing thy ire now,
Blazing, while gazing with fear and amazement,
As on it crept swiftly from door-post to casement,
Weeping with pale dismay,
Stood maids and matrons gray?
Has it not spread to thy end of the valley?
Did it not follow thee in thy grand sally,
Sheridan, Sheridan, Cavalry Sheridan?

Chambersburg, Chambersburg, smouldering Chambersburg,
Sit in thy ruins, content with thy lot!
Lo, thy despoiler,
Snared by the toiler,
Retreated defeated—torn, pierced, slashed with gashes—
And what thy homes were, now their bodies are —ashes!
O, be thy griefs forgot;
Every bright laureled spot
On thy fair hill-sides wait matron and maiden
With chaplets of glory, to welcome and laden
Sheridan, Sheridan, Cavalry Sheridan!

O Early, mad Early, thou ruthless invader,
Where are the troopers who followed thy raid?
Look at their corses!
Soldiers and horses
Whiten and brighten, with bones shining grimly,
On all the wide plains they rode over so trimly.
What has the raven said?
Where has the red fox preyed?
What is the high-sailing buzzard declaring,
In Richmond's white upturned face, of thy warfaring,
Sheridan, Sheridan, Cavalry Sheridan?

Sheridan, Sheridan, Cavalry Sheridan,
When thou shalt come to thy people again,
Crowns we shall twine for thee;
And the ripe wine for thee,
Flashing and splashing from goblet and beaker,
Shall whirl round the lips of the eloquent speaker,
As he essays in vain
Homage to make it plain
How the great heart of the jubilant nation
Swells towards thy own in its full admiration,
Sheridan, Sheridan, Cavalry Sheridan!

"RATHER, MY PEOPLE."

RATHER, my people, let thy youths parade
Their woolly flocks before the rising sun;
With curds and oat-cakes, when their work is done,

By frugal handmaids let the board be laid;
Let them refresh their vigor in the shade,
  Or deem their straw as down to lie upon,
  Ere the great nation which our sires begun
Be rent asunder by hell's minion, Trade!

If jarring interests and the greed of gold,
  The corn-rick's envy of the minéd hill,
  The steamer's grudge against the spindle's skill—
If things so mean our country's fate can mould—
  O let me hear again the shepherds trill
Their reedy music to the drowsing fold!

I HAVE A COTTAGE.

I HAVE a cottage where the sunbeams lurk,
Peeping around its gables all day long,
Brimming the butter-cups until they drip
With molten gold, like o'ercharged crucibles.
Here, wondering why the morning-glories close
Their crumpled edges ere the dew is dry,
Great lilies stand, and stretch their languid buds
In the full blaze of noon, until its heat
Has pierced them to their centers. Here the rose
Is larger, redder, sweeter, longer-lived,
Less thorny, than the rose of other lands.

I have a cottage where the south wind comes,
Cool from the spicy pines, or with a breath
Of the mid-ocean salt upon its lips,
And a low, lulling, dreamy sound of waves,
To breathe upon me, as I lie along
On my white violets, marveling at the bees
That toil but to be plundered, or the mart
Of striving men, whose bells I sometimes hear
When they will toss their brazen throats at heaven,
And howl to vex me. But the town is far;
And all its noises, ere they trouble me,
Must take a convoy of the scented breeze,
And climb the hills, and cross the bloomy dales,
And catch a whisper in the swaying grain,
And bear unfaithful echoes from the wood,
And mix with birds, and streams, and fluttering leaves,
And an old ballad which the shepherd hums,
Straying in thought behind his browsing flock.

I have a cottage where the wild bee comes
To hug the thyme, and woo its dainties forth;
Where humming-birds, plashed with the rainbow's dyes,
Poise on their whirring wings before the door,
And drain my honeysuckles at a draught.
Ah, giddy sensualist, how thy blazing throat
Flashes and throbs, while thou dost pillage me
Of all my virgin flowers! And then, away—
What eye may follow! But yon constant robin:
Spring, summer, winter, still the same clear song
At morn and eve, still the contented hop,
And low, sly whistle, when the crumbs are thrown:
Yet he is jealous of my tawny thrush,
And drives him off, ere a faint symphony
Ushers the carol warming in his breast.

I have a cottage where the winter winds
Wreck their rude passions on the neighboring hills,
And crawl down, shattered by the edgéd rocks,
To hide themselves among the stalactites
That roof my frosty cave, against midsummer;
Or in the bosom of the stream they creep,
Numbing the gurgling current till it lies
Stark, frozen, lifeless, silent as the moon;
Or wrestle with the cataracts; or glide,
Rustling close down, among the crisp dead grass,
To chase the awkward rabbits from their haunts;
Or beat my roof with its own sheltering boughs;—
Yet never daunt me! For my flaming logs
Pour up the chimney a defiant roar,
While Shakespeare and a flask of southern wine,
Brown with the tan of Spain, or red Bordeaux,
Charm me, until the crocus says to me,
In its own way, "Come forth; I 've brought the spring!"

I have a cottage where the brook runs by,
Making faint music from the rugged stones
O'er which it slides; and at the height of Prime,
When snows are melting on the misty hills
That front the south, this brook comes stealing up
To wash my door-stone. Oft it bears along,
Sad sight, a funeral of primroses—
Washed from the treacherous bank to which they grew
With too fond faith—all trooping, one by one,
With nodding heads in seemly order ranged,
Down its dull current towards the endless sea.
O, brook, bear me, with such a holy calm,
To the vast ocean that awaits for me,
And I know one whose mournful melody
Shall make your name immortal as my love.

I have a cottage in the cloven hills;
Through yonder peaks the flow of sunlight comes,
Dragging its sluggish tide across the path
Of the reluctant stars which silently
Are buried in it. Through yon western gap

Day ebbs away, leaving a margin round,
Of sky and cloud, drowned in its sinking flood,
Till Venus shimmers through the rising blue,
And lights her sisters up. Here lie the moon-
beams,
Hour after hour, becalmed in the still trees;
Or on the weltering leaves of the young grass
Rest, half asleep, rocked by some errant wind.
Here are more little stars, on winter nights,
Than sages reckon in their heavenly charts;
For the brain wanders, and the dizzy eye
Aches at their sum, and dulls, and winks with
them.
The Northern Lights come down to greet me here,
Playing fantastic tricks above my head,
With their long tongues of fire, that dart and
catch,
From point to point, across the firmament,
As if the face of heaven were passing off
In low combustion; or the kindling night
Were slowly flaming to a fatal dawn,
Wide-spread and sunless as the day of doom.

I have a cottage cowering in the trees,
And seeming to shrink lower day by day.
Sometimes I fancy that the growing boughs
Have dwarfed my dwelling; but the solemn oaks,
That hang above my roof so lovingly,
They, too, have shrunk. I know not how it is:
For when my mother led me by the hand
Around our pale, it seemed a weary walk;
And then, as now, the sharp roof nestled there,
Among the trees, and they propped heaven. Alas!
Who leads me now around the bushy pale?
Who shows the birds' nests in the twilight leaves?
Who catches me within her fair round arms,
When autumn shakes the acorns on our roof
To startle me? I know not how it is:
The house has shrunk, perhaps, as our poor
hearts,
When they both broke at parting, and mine closed
Upon a memory, shutting out the world
Like a sad anchorite.—Ah! that gusty morn!
But here she lived, here died, and so will I.

I have a cottage—murmur, if ye will,
Ye men whose lips are prison-doors to thoughts
Born, with mysterious struggles, in the heart.
And maidens, let your store of hoarded smiles,
Break from their dimples, like the spreading rings
That skim a lake, when some stray blossom falls
Warm in its bosom. Ah, you cannot tell
Why violets choose not a neighboring bank,
Why cowslips blow upon the self-same bed,
Why year by year the swallow seeks one nest,
Why the brown wren rebuilds her hairy home.
O, sightless cavilers, you do not know
How deep roots strike, nor with what tender care
The soft down lining warms the nest within.
Think as you will, murmur and smile apace—
I have a cottage where my days shall close,
Calm as the setting of a feeble star.

TO ENGLAND.

I.

LEAR and Cordelia! 't was an ancient tale
Before thy Shakespeare gave it deathless fame:
The times have changed, the moral is the same.
So like an outcast, dowerless and pale,
Thy daughter went; and in a foreign gale
Spread her young banner, till its sway became
A wonder to the nations. Days of shame
Are close upon thee: prophets raise their wail.
When the rude Cossack with an outstretched hand
Points his long spear across the narrow sea,—
"Lo! there is England!" when thy destiny
Storms on thy straw-crowned head, and thou dost
stand
Weak, helpless, mad, a by-word in the land,—
God grant thy daughter a Cordelia be!

1852.

II.

STAND, thou great bulwark of man's liberty!
Thou rock of shelter, rising from the wave,
Sole refuge to the overwearied brave
Who planned, arose, and battled to be free,
Fell, undeterred, then sadly turned to thee;—
Saved the free spirit from their country's grave,
To rise again, and animate the slave,
When God shall ripen all things. Britons, ye
Who guard the sacred outpost, not in vain
Hold your proud peril! Freemen undefiled,
Keep watch and ward! Let battlements be piled
Around your cliffs; fleets marshalled, till the main
Sink under them; and if your courage wane,
Through force or fraud, look westward to your
child!

1853.

DIRGE FOR A SOLDIER.

(In memory of General Philip Kearney.)

CLOSE his eyes, his work is done!
What to him is friend or foeman,
Rise of moon, or set of sun,
Hand of man, or kiss of woman?

Yours sincerely
Geo. H. Boker

Lay him low, lay him low,
In the clover or the snow!
What cares he? he cannot know:
Lay him low!

As man may, he fought his fight,
Proved his truth by his endeavor;
Let him sleep in solemn night,
Sleep, forever and forever.
Lay him low, lay him low,
In the clover or the snow!
What cares he? he cannot know:
Lay him low!

Fold him in his country's stars,
Roll the drum and fire the volley!
What to him are all our wars,
What but death, bemocking folly?
Lay him low, lay him low,
In the clover or the snow!
What cares he? he cannot know:
Lay him low!

Leave him to God's watching eye,
Trust him to the hand that made him.
Mortal love weeps idly by:
God alone has power to aid him.
Lay him low, lay him low,
In the clover or the snow!
What cares he? he cannot know:
Lay him low!

THE AWAKING OF THE POETICAL FACULTY.

All day I heard a humming in my ears,
A buzz of many voices, and a throng
Of swarming numbers, passing with a song
Measured and stately as the rolling spheres'.
I saw the sudden light of lifted spears,
Slanted at once against some monster wrong;
And then a fluttering scarf which might belong
To some sweet maiden in her morn of years.
I felt the chilling damp of sunless glades,
Horrid with gloom; anon, the breath of May
Was blown around me, and the lulling play
Of dripping fountains. Yet the lights and shades,
The waving scarfs, the battle's grand parades,
Seemed but vague shadows of that wondrous lay.

"HOW CANST THOU CALL?"

How canst thou call my modest love impure,
Being thyself the holy source of all?
Can ugly darkness from the fair sun fall?
Or nature's compact be so insecure,
That saucy weeds may sprout up and endure
Where gentle flowers were sown? The brooks that crawl,
With lazy whispers, through the lilies tall,
Or rattle o'er the pebbles, will allure
With no feigned sweetness, if their fount be sweet.
So thou, the sun whence all my light doth flow—
Thou, sovereign law by which my fancies grow—
Thou, fount of every feeling, slow or fleet—
Against thyself wouldst aim a treacherous blow,
Slaying thy honor with thy own conceit.

"WHY SHALL I CHIDE?"

Why shall I chide the hand of wilful Time
When he assaults thy wondrous store of charms?
Why charge the graybeard with a wanton crime?
Or strive to daunt him with my shrill alarms?
Or seek to lull him with a silly rhyme:
So he, forgetful, pause upon his arms,
And leave thy beauties in their noble prime,
The sole survivors of his grievous harms?
Alas! my love, though I'll indeed bemoan
The fatal ruin of thy majesty,
Yet I'll remember that to Time alone
I owed thy birth, thy charms' maturity,
Thy crowning love, with which he vested me,
Nor can reclaim, though all the rest be flown.

"I HAVE BEEN MOUNTED ON LIFE'S TOPMOST WAVE."

I have been mounted on life's topmost wave,
Until my forehead kissed the dazzling cloud;
I have been dashed beneath the murky shroud
That yawns between the watery crests. I rave,
Sometimes, liked cursed Orestes; sometimes lave
My limbs in dews of asphodel; or, bowed
With torrid heat, I moan to heaven aloud,
Or shrink with winter in his icy cave.
Now peace broods over me; now savage rage
Spurns me across the world. Nor am I free
From nightly visions, when the pictured page
Of sleep unfolds its varied leaves to me,
Changing as often as the mimic stage;—
And all this, lady, through my love for thee!

WILLIAM JAMES LINTON.

WILLIAM JAMES LINTON, the poet and artist, was born in London, England, in 1812. He is an artist of no mean ability, is well known as an engraver, and is a recognized authority on history of wood engraving. He has been connected with a number of illustrated journals, among others the *Illustrated London News*. He was one of the founders of the *London Leader* (1851), and was a manager of *Pen and Pencil* (1855). He removed to New York in 1867; but subsequently founded a large engraving establishment in New Haven, Conn., which is his present address. He frequently visits England, and many of his works are brought out in that country.

In 1858 Mr. Linton married Eliza Lynn, who has since become a well-known and successful novelist.

His literary work includes the "History of Wood Engraving," with illustrations by himself; "Claribel, and other Poems" (London, 1865); "The Flower and the Star" (Boston, 1878), illustrated; "Some Practical Hints on Wood Engraving" (1879); "A Manual of Wood Engraving" (1887); "Poems and Translations" (1889); and a number of poetical works privately printed. He has edited "Rare Poems of the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries (1882); and, with R. H. Stoddard, "English Verse" (5 vols., 1883).

As a poet Mr. Linton has a vigorous command of language, and exquisite fancy. He has not received the recognition due his genius.

C. W. M.

HARRY MARTEN'S DUNGEON THOUGHTS.

THOU flowest, Stream! beside old Chepstow's walls,
Hence to the Severn, and the Severn falls
To the wide ocean. I have ceased to flow.
And yet thou listenest to the stagnant Woe
That overhangs thy banks, like some vain weed
Rooted in Chepstow's hoariness. Indeed,—
Save that the veriest weed its hope may fling
Upon the winds, there, as on certain wing,
Borne to the mainland,—I but weed-like seem.

And yet my memory loves to watch the dream
Of Harry Marten's triumphs,—those brave days
When Vane outshone me with his steady rays,
When gravest Milton scorn'd not Harry's wit,
And fierce-will'd Cromwell had some heed of it;
When we stood in the breach against the world,
And from his folly's wall the Stuart hurl'd
Into the tide of ruin. By this tower,
If all those glorious days were in my power,
I would not reconsider them again,
But shout my battle-song to the same high strain,
Take the same odds, the same gay, daring strife,
And the same forfeit of a prison'd life,
Past even the natural riddance of the grave.
Not for himself, O Freedom! would thy knave
Ask some poor wages. Let my life be shent,
And this worn tomb be all my monument.

Dear Freedom! have we vainly toil'd for thee?
Our Rachel lost—and our apprentice fee
This Leah, the evil-favor'd. Shall I laugh,
Write on her lips my jesting epitaph,
And hug Misfortune for another term?
Alas! if hope might set the slowest germ
In these old chinks. But England's soil is dead
As Chepstow stones. The blue sky overhead
Is all the prisoner's hope in these wall'd years.

I need not wet this dungeon-mould with tears:
I will not tame my spirit to its cage;
As little would I stoop me to assuage
Captivity with foolish querulousness.
And yet my courage mourneth none the less
Our ruin'd cause, and that nor sword nor voice
Of mine may lead the time to worthier choice:
While I rest here like a forgotten blade,
And Scot and Vane in bloody tombs are laid.
And yet, not so, friend Scot!—thy better doom,
To wait by God until new chance may bloom
Out of the barren land men call thy grave,—
That England which thy virtues could not save,
Nor pious Vane lift heavenward from the slough.

For me, hard penance but atoneth now
My many a youthful folly: though the worst
Left me a patriot. Wassails quench'd no thirst
For the full cup of England's liberty.
I never squandered my great love for thee;
And though men call'd me loose of life and speech,
There was no public act they could impeach;
And my loose tongue was first which dared to say,
What hinderance 't was stood in the nation's way.
Or loose or not, it wagg'd to no ill tune
Nor out of time. 'Troth, I'll forswear no boon
Of this frank life; and now, in living grave,
Am thankful that I *had*. And that I *have:*
While memory traces back the flow of mirth,
From here where it is driven under earth—
As if the Wye had dived 'neath Chepstow's base.
God give the stream some outlet, of his grace!—
There is some reach of joy in looking back
On the lost river's current. I can track

Its merry, laughing gush among the reeds,
And how its ripplings lipp'd the blossomy weeds
In shallow passages; its songful strife
Swift bounding o'er the rocks of active life;
And see again the glorious forms whose worth
Its sometime deeper water imaged forth.
No idle image was reflected there:
Not in the stream, but on the rock, I bear
The impress of the gods who stood by me.
Nor was I all unmeriting to be
Their chosen companion. Arrows may hang loose:
The bowman yet be staunch and mind their use.

My England! never one of all thy brave
Whose love o'erpass'd my love. I could be grave,
Whene'er thy need required a solem brow.
What was my task? To give thee room to grow:
To give thee sober freedom, godly growth,—
Freedom and sanctifying worship, both.
Milton and Vane and Scot and I, at one,
Were in this work. And I am here, alone.
And Milton in his darkness—if he lives.

O English hearts! are ye but Danaid sieves,
Where-through, like water, noblest blood is pour'd?
O English sense! what is this word *Restored?*
Restore Heroic Virtue, Holy Strength,
Now, Agonistes-like, through all the length
Of this great England prostrate! Gyved you lie,
Mock'd at by Dalila, your Royalty.
I set this dungeon-gloom against the May
Of all your Restoration. I will say,
Against it. I, a pleasure-loving man,
Place every pleasure under honor's ban,
And bid you give your country life, and death,
Rather than foul the land with slavish breath.
Am I a prisoner? Difference between
Chepstow and England is not much, I ween.
'T is but a cell a few more paces wide.

* * * * *

Year after year; and under Chepstow's side
The muddied Wye still flows. My hair is grey;
My old bones cramp'd; my heart, this many a day,
O'er-moss'd with sorrow, like an ancient tomb.
Now the old man is harmless, he may roam
So far as falls the shadow of his jail.
Jail'd for his life. I have not learn'd to quail.

Thou askest me—"Were it to do again?"
I tell thee—Yes! the tyrant should be slain.
Scot's word is mine: "Not only was my hand
But my heart in it." Here I take my stand;
Nor twenty years of solitude can move
My conscience from its keep. And so this love,
Your pity proffer'd me, must be withdrawn?
Well, Harry Marten never cared to fawn.
I am alone again, on my grave's edge.
And my long-suffering shall be as a wedge
To rive this tyranny. I climb thy height,
Old feudal fastness! with my feeble might;
And see from thee, for all my age is dim,
The beautiful rich woods beyond the rim
Of Wye and Severn, and the meadows fair
Stretching into the distance; and the air
Is charged with fragrance; and the uncaged birds
Say blithely in the sun their liberal words,
Which yet shall wake the tillers of the ground.
And, lo! the harvestmen are gathering round
The banner of God. They put their sickles in;
The day of a new trial doth begin.
Thou saidst aright, my Vane! it had to be.
Nor jail nor scaffold stays futurity.

The twenty years have pass'd even as a mist;
And now the dying prisoner's brow is kiss'd
By his old comrades: Hampden, Pym, and Vane,
Fairfax, and Scot, and Ludlow, Cromwell fain
To hide old scars and holding Milton's hand,
Bradshaw and Ireton. At my side they stand,
And the old cheerful smile illumes my cell.
"There is no death nor bondage: we, who dwell
In higher realms of faith, assure thee this."—
Friends! ye say sooth; this cell no longer is
A prison; England only is my bound,
This coward England all unworthy found.
Still you can smile.—"The resurrection morn
Riseth o'er England's grave; and we, forlorn,
Shall be triumphant. Look thou forth and see
Our merry England, kingless, bold and free.
We have not lived, we have not died, for nought.
The victory we have lost shall yet be wrought:
We have not sown high deeds and hopes in vain."

Bright lightning-flash of death! speed through my brain,
And sink into the grave my sacrifice:
A grave unhonor'd until England rise
To avenge the Regicide—
O Martyr Tomb!
Thou bear'st the seed of Triumph in thy womb.

A HOMILY.

WHY hath God led thy noble beauty hither?
To lay upon my heart a gather'd flower,
Through the brief time of passion; then to wither,
And drop away upon my coffin'd hour?

Is human life nought but a lusty living,
  A day of pleasure nighted by the grave,
With no hereafter dawning, no forgiving
  Of all the eternal hopes our spirits crave?

Is love the mere lamp of a wanton chamber,
  Whose walls are grave-stones, ne'er so finely hid?
Is all the height where Love and Hope can clamber,
  Alas! no higher than our coffin-lid?

Is Love a fool for all its future-yearning?
  Wise only in the drunkenness of bliss?
Is there no flame divine within us burning?
  Is hope betray'd so cheaply with a kiss?

Why hath God led thy noble beauty hither?
  Why doth celestial light inform thine eyes?
Is it to guide the lone wayfarer? Whither?
  The Star of the East hangs not o'er Paradise.

Some girl with delicate skin and golden tresses,
  And eyes that float in their voluptuous light,
Holding her boy-adorer in the jesses
  Of her caprice, staying his spirit's flight,

Smoothing his folded pinions with light fingers,
  Kissing his vigor to a pleasant swoon,
Until the God sunk in the Dreamer lingers
  Fondly beside her for the frailest boon.

Is this the highest end of all thy beauty?
  O noble woman? art thou but a girl?
Hast thou no thought of all the scope of duty?
  No aim beyond the fingering of a curl?

Why hath God made thee beautiful and loving?
  Only to bear the bacchanal cup of life?
Cup-bearing Hebe! seek thou Jove's approving:
  O Beauty! be thou Strength's diviner wife.

IPHIGENIA AT AULIS.

I AM Achilles. Thou wast hither brought
  To be my wife; not for a sacrifice.
Greece and her kings may stand aside as nought
  To what thou art in my expectant eyes.

Or kings or gods: I, too, am heaven-born.
  I trample on their auguries and needs.
Where the foreboding dares to front my scorn,
  Or break the promise from my heart proceeds?

But thou, Belovéd! smilest down my wrath
  So able to protect thee. Who should harm
Achilles' Bride?—Thou pointest to the path
  Of sacrifice, yet leaning on my arm.

There is no need of words; from me reply
  As little requisite: thy lightest hand
Guideth me, as the helm the ship; thine eye
  Doth more than all the Atridæ could command.

Thou givest life and love for Greece and Right:
  I will stand by thee lest thou shouldst be weak—
Not weak of soul,—I will but hold in sight
  Thy marvelous beauty.—Here is She you seek.

REAL AND TRUE.

ONLY the Beautiful is real!
  All things of which our life is full,
    All mysteries that life inwreathe,
    Birth, life, and death,
All that we dread or darkly feel,—
All are but shadows, and the Beautiful
    Alone is real.

Nothing but love is true!
  Earth's many lies, whirled upon Time's swift wheel,
  Shift and repeat their state.
    Birth, life, and death,
    And all that they bequeath
  Of hope or memory thus do alternate
      Continually;
    Love doth anneal,
Doth beauteously imbue
  The wine-cups of the archetypal Fate.

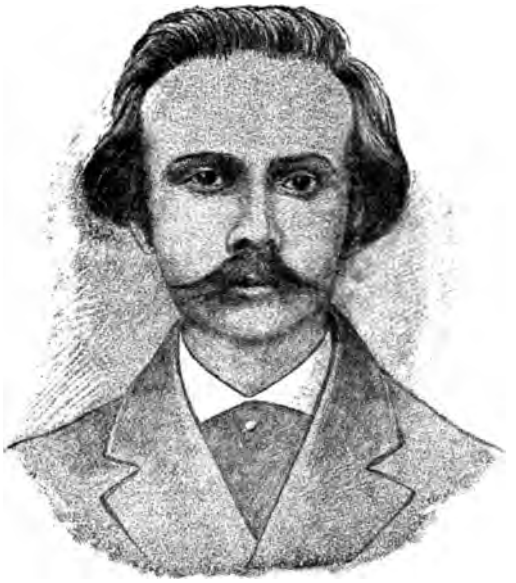
Love, Truth, and Beauty,—all are one!
  If life may expiate
The wilderings of its dimness, death be known
  But as the mighty, ever-living gate
    Into the Beautiful—
All things flow on
Into one Heart, into one Melody,
      Eternally.

BRIDAL SONG.

BLESSED Hours! approach her gently;
  Peace! smile on her excellently;
Midnight Stars! attend her pleasure;
    Veil thy splendour, Night!
Not even Love's own eyes should measure
    Love's delight.

TWO.

Two there were in the meadow lying,
  Under the shade of the blossoming trees;
Kiss to kiss gave close replying:
  Nought else heard but the honey-bees.



Theodore Watts

Two were sitting in Sorrow's shadow;
  Dead in the cradle their love's fruit lay:
Did they think of the sunny meadow
  And the honey of yesterday?

Two are there in the graveyard lying
  Under the roots of the blossoming trees;
Love with love, but no replying:
  Naught is heard but the honey-bees.

YOUNG LOVE.

So young were we that when we kiss'd
  We had no other thought:
  The joy that first love brought
    Naught farther miss'd.
To watch the dawning of a maiden smile
    Was worth one's while.

In those young days, what though we kiss'd,
  We kiss'd without a thought:
  That tender of love sought
    Did hope assist,
'T was but as hope helps in a morning dream,
    When things scarce seem.

But now, O Love! when'er we kiss
  (Be dumb, my thought!)
  The joy by her kiss brought
    Yet more doth miss.
O love! thou wast sufficient in young days
    For innocent praise.

O Love—Desire! renew the kiss
  That had no farther thought;
  Or lead to the Besought
    Whom now we miss:
Thee, Hymen,—Love no more enough for us
    Grown curious.

ADONIS.

In vain! in vain! I must refuse
  The love so freely proffer'd me:
I may not love but where I choose,
  Though Venus' self the wooer be.

Hadst thou but waited, who can tell
  What happy gatherer might pass?
The fruit that of its own weight fell
  Is left to wither on the grass.

In vain thy love-ripe lips, thy arms
  Twined round me to compel my stay:
Were but reserve among thy charms,
  Perhaps I had not turn'd away.

THEODORE WATTS.

AS ONE who has "influenced those who have influenced the world," Mr. Theodore Watts's place in contemporary letters is admittedly unique. Within the space of a few weeks, the second and most important volume of Dante Rossetti's poems (Ballads and Sonnets) and one of the most notable volumes of Mr. Swinburne's ("Tristram of Lyonesse") were dedicated to him in terms of affectionate admiration such as are not often surpassed, and about the same time his own birthday sonnet to Lord Tennyson showed how intimate was his friendship with the venerable poet of whom we are all proud—Englishmen and Americans alike. Mr. Hall Caine, in his "Recollections of Rossetti," says, "Throughout the period of my acquaintance with Rossetti he seemed to me to be always peculiarly, and, if I may be permitted to say so without offence, strangely liable to Mr. Watts's influence in his critical estimates." And then he goes on to tell how Rossetti shrank from printing an additional stanza to his poem "Cloud Confines" which he himself approved and Mr. Watts did not; because "in a question of gain or loss to a poem I feel that Watts must be right." Mr. Joseph Knight, also, in his pleasant monograph on the same poet, quotes a letter from him in which he defends a certain addition to "Sister Helen" on the ground that it "has quite secured Watts's suffrage." The widespread curiosity about Mr. Watts and his work is therefore quite inevitable. But all those who read the following extracts will, I think, agree with Mr. Stedman, that profoundly as he has influenced others his own individuality has remained inviolable. As a critic he has no doubt shown himself to be familiar enough with the work of his contemporaries; and yet, as far as his own verses show, he might never have read a line of any living poet except Tennyson.

Though moving now at the very center of art and poetry, Mr. Watts's early surroundings seem to have been scientific rather than literary. According to the biography of his father in Mr. Norris's "History of St. Ives," that gentleman was a lawyer who had a passion for natural science, and who, down to his death in his 76th year, was writing papers on scientific subjects. In pre-Darwinian days and afterwards, a well known figure in the scientific circles of London, Mr. Watts, senior, was an active member of many learned societies, and among the founders of several. Therefore the people who in his boyhood were known to the subject of this notice were not

the great poets with whom his name is now associated, but geologists and geographers such as Murchison, Lyell and Livingstone. This accounts for the intimate knowledge of the processes of nature which has often been commented on in connection with his poetry, and also for the frequent allusions in his prose writings to the latest scientific researches. Although it was as a brilliant conversationalist in circles more or less scientific that he first attracted attention, his desk was even then "choke-full of songs, sonnets, and such wares." And soon, at his chambers in St. Clements Danes where he used to give those receptions which have become almost classic on account of the people who congregated there, poets and literary men began to preponderate over all others. And suddenly he appeared as a writer of passionate verse and also as a literary critic—the chief literary critic of the *Examiner*. For Rossetti had read his sonnets and would not rest till he saw them in type, while Professor Minto (then editor of the *Examiner*) had heard him review books in talk and would not rest till he induced his friend to review books in print. It became evident at once that a new voice was speaking both in poetry and prose, and Mr. Watts was immediately invited to write in the *Athenæum*. Before a year had passed he became the chief poetical and literary critic on that journal and has remained so ever since. It is here, and in the ninth edition of the "Encyclopædia Britannica," that his voice is heard at its strongest, though he has written in other publications, such as Mr. Humphrey Ward's "English Poets," *The Nineteenth Century*, "Chamber's Encyclopædia," and the *Academy*. On what he calls the Renascence of Wonder—his definition, now permanently accepted, of the neo-Romantic movement—he has written in his article on Rossetti in the "Encyclopædia Britannica" with more learning and more authority than any one else. But it was his treatise on "Poetry" in the same work that gave him, who had never published a book, a European reputation. As a reviewer said of this now celebrated essay, it "contains enough suggestive matter to make the reputation of a dozen critics."

It is, however, as a poet I have especially to speak of him here. Rossetti said, "He is a fine critic because he was first a finer poet," and Mr. Swinburne has affirmed that in the sonnet he has no surviving equal; and, although something must be discounted from the criticism of a house-mate and constant associate, it might be perilous to challenge the dictum. In one of the extracts from Mr. Watts's poems hereinafter given ("The Sonnet's Voice"), he expounds for the first time his now well known theory of the flow and ebb of the octave and sestet of a certain form of the sonnet, though he has always, both by practice and precept, indicated that this form is but one variety of the Petrarcan sonnet and not necessarily the best. The longest poem he has yet printed is "The Armada," and it bids fair to become the most famous. This poem is too long to be given here, but the "Ode to Mother Carey's Chicken" (Mr. Rider Haggard's favorite poem, which he has publicly singled out as one of the three poems which have "touched and influenced him above all others") is of manageable length.

I have contented myself mainly by giving the opinions of other writers upon Mr. Watts and his work, because, from an intimate friend, warmth of praise may be easily misunderstood; otherwise I could have wished to have spoken freely of the charm and versatility of his conversation and of his personal kindliness always corrected and balanced by his unflinching honesty in criticising the literary work of even his closest friends,—an honesty so great in its desire for truth, as to overleap and even to be unconscious of that excessive though false courtesy which sometimes renders difficult, or even impossible, the expression of genuine opinion among men of letters as to each others' productions. H. T. M. B.

ODE TO MOTHER CAREY'S CHICKEN.

(On seeing a storm-petrel on a cottage wall and releasing it.)

GAZE not at me, my poor unhappy bird;
That sorrow is more than human in thine eye;
Too deep already is my spirit stirred
To see thee here, child of the sea and sky,
Cooped in a cage with food thou canst not eat,
Thy "snow-flake" soiled, and soiled those conquering feet,
That walked the billows, while thy "*Sweet-sweet-sweet*"
Proclaimed the tempest nigh.

Bird whom I welcomed while the sailors cursed,
Friend whom I blessed wherever keels may roam,
Prince of my childish dreams, whom mermaids nursed
In purple of billows—silver of ocean-foam,
Abashed I stand before the mighty grief
That quells all other: Sorrow's king and chief:—
To ride the wind and hold the sea in fief,
Then find a cage for home!

From out thy jail thou seest yon heath and woods,
  But canst thou hear the birds or smell the flowers?
Ah, no! those rain-drops twinkling on the buds
  Bring only visions of the salt sea-showers.
"The sea!" the linnets pipe from hedge and heath;
"The sea!" the honeysuckles whisper and breathe;
And tumbling waves, where those wild-roses wreathe,
  Murmur from inland bowers.

These winds so soft to others,—how they burn!
  The mavis sings with gurgle and ripple and plash,
To thee yon swallow seems a wheeling tern.
  And when the rain recalls the briny lash—
Old Ocean's kiss thou lovest,—when thy sight
Is mocked with Ocean's horses—manes of white,
The long and shadowy flanks, the shoulders bright—
  Bright as the lightning's flash,—

When all these scents of heather and brier and whin,
  All kindly breaths of land-shrub, flower and vine,
Recall the sea-scents, till thy feathered skin
  Tingles in answer to a dream of brine,—
When thou, remembering there thy royal birth,
Dost see between the bars a world of dearth,
Is there a grief—a grief on all the earth—
  So heavy and dark as thine?

But I can buy thy freedom—I (thank God!),
  Who loved thee more than albatross or gull—
Loved thee when on the waves thy footsteps trod—
  Dream'd of thee when, becalmed, we lay a-hull—
'T is I thy friend who once, a child of six,
To find where Mother Carey fed her chicks,
Climbed up the stranded punt, and, with two sticks,
  Tried all in vain to scull,—

Thy friend who owned a Paradise of Storm—
  The little dreamer of the cliffs and coves,
Who knew thy mother, saw her shadowy form
  Behind the cloudy bastions where she moves,
And heard her call, "Come! for the welkin thickens,
And tempests mutter and the lightning quickens!"
Then, starting from his dream, would find the chickens
  Were only blue rock-doves,—

Thy friend who owned another Paradise
  Of calmer air, a floating isle of fruit,
Where sang the Nereids on a breeze of spice
  While Triton, from afar, would sound salute:
There wast thou winging, though the skies were calm,
For marvelous strains, as of the morning's shalm,
Were struck by ripples round that isle of palm
  Whose shores were "Carey's lute."

And now to see thee here, my king, my king,
  Far-glittering memories mirror'd in those eyes,
As if there shone within each iris-ring
  An orbéd world—ocean and hills and skies!—
Those black wings ruffled whose triumphant sweep
Conquered in sport!—yea, up the glimmering steep
Of highest billow, down the deepest deep,
  Sported with victories!

To see thee here!—a coil of wilted weeds
  Beneath those feet that danced on diamond spray,
Rider of sportive Ocean's reinless steeds—
  Winner in Mother Carey's sabbath-fray
When, stung by magic of the witch's chant,
They rise, each foamy-crested combatant—
They rise and fall and leap and foam and gallop and pant
Till albatross, sea-swallow and cormorant
  Are scared like doves away!

And shalt thou ride no more where thou hast ridden,
  And feast no more in hyaline halls and caves,
Master of Mother Carey's secrets hidden,
  Master most equal of the wind and waves,
Who never, save in stress of angriest blast,
Asked ship for shelter,—never till at last
The foam-flakes hurled against the sloping mast
  Slashed thee like whirling glaives?

Right home to fields no seamew ever kenned,
  Where scarce the great sea-wanderer fares with thee,
I come to take thee—nay, 't is I, thy friend—
  Ah, tremble not—I come to set thee free;
I come to tear this cage from off this wall,
And take thee hence to that fierce festival
Where billows march and winds are musical,
  Hymning the Victor-Sea!

* * * * * *

Yea, lift thine eyes, my own can bear them now:
  Thou 'rt free! thou 'rt free—ah, surely a bird can smile!
Dost know me, Petrel? Dost remember how
  I fed thee in the wake for many a mile,
Whilst thou wouldst pat the waves, then, rising, take
The morsel up and wheel about the wake?
Thou 'rt free, thou 'rt free, but for thine own dear sake
  I keep thee caged awhile.

Away to sea! no matter where the coast;
  The road that turns to home turns never wrong:
Where waves run high my bird will not be lost.
  His home I know: 't is where the winds are strong;
Where, on her throne of billows, rolling hoary
And green and blue and splashed with sunny glory,
Far, far from shore—from farthest promontory—
The mighty Mother sings the triumphs of her story,
  Sings to my bird the song!

THE FIRST KISS.

If only in dreams may Man be fully blest,
  Is heav'n a dream? Is she I clasp't a dream?—
  Or stood she here even now where dew-drops gleam
And miles of furze shine golden down the West?
I seem to clasp her still—still on my breast
  Her bosom beats—I see the blue eyes beam:—
  I think she kiss'd these lips, for now they seem
Scarce mine: so hallow'd of the lips they press'd!

Yon thicket's breath—can that be eglantine?
  Those birds—can they be Morning's choristers?
  Can this be Earth? Can these be banks of furze?
Like burning bushes fired of God they shine!
I seem to know them, though this body of mine
  Pass'd into spirit at the touch of hers!

THE SONNET'S VOICE.

(A metrical lesson by the sea-shore.)

Yon silvery billows breaking on the beach
  Fall back in foam beneath the star-shine clear,
  The while my rhymes are murmuring in your ear,
A restless lore like that the billows teach;
For on these sonnet-waves my soul would reach
  From its own depths, and rest within you, dear,
  As through the billowy voices yearning here,
Great nature strives to find a human speech.

A sonnet is a wave of melody:
  From heaving waters of the impassioned soul
  A billow of tidal music one and whole
Flows in the "octave"; then returning free,
  Its ebbing surges in the "sestet" roll
Back to the deeps of Life's tumultuous sea.

THE HEAVEN THAT WAS.

(A sleepless night in Venice.)

When hope lies dead—Ah, when 't is death to live
  And wrongs remembered make the heart still bleed,
  Better are Sleep's kind lies for Life's blind need
Than truth, if lies a little peace can give;
A little peace! 't is thy prerogative,
  O Sleep! to lend it; thine to quell or feed
  This love that starves—this starving soul's long greed,
And bid Regret, the queen of hell, forgive.

Yon moon that mocks me thro' the uncurtained glass
  Recalls that other night, that other moon,—
  Two English lovers on a grey lagoon,—
The voices from the lantern'd gondolas,
  The kiss, the breath, the flashing eyes, and, soon,
The throbbing stillness: all the heaven that was.

OLIVER MADOX-BROWN.

(In a graveyard.)

Farewell to thee and to our dreams farewell—
  Dreams of high deeds and golden days of thine,
  Where once again should Arts' twin powers combine—
The painter's wizard-wand, the poet's spell!
Though Death strikes free, careless of heaven and hell—
  Careless of Man—of Love's most lovely shrine—
  Yet must Man speak—must ask of heaven a sign—
That this wild world is God's and all is well.

Last night we mourned thee, cursing eyeless Death,
Who, sparing sons of Baal and Ashtoreth,
  Must needs slay thee with all the world to slay;—
  But round this grave the winds of winter say
"*On earth what hath the poet? An alien breath.*
  Night holds the keys that ope the doors of Day."

Mrs A. S. Bamer.

MARY MATHEWS BARNES.

THE warm current of friendly partiality for the poems of Mary Mathews Barnes long ago flowed out over a wider and ever-widening circle of appreciative readers, and had there been any incentive through necessity or stimulus from ambition to induce the author to publish her writings, her name would have become a familiar one to the reading world. But for the sensitiveness and shrinking nature of the poet, it would have been borne on the tide of approval to the popular heart, for Mrs. Barnes has commanded in one unbroken sequence of commendation, the appreciation of cultivated critics—those whose training fitted them to detect readily the characteristics of genius as distinct from the qualities of talent.

For many years Mrs. Barnes has written verses in the leisure of her happy life. First her hymns sang themselves from her heart and then her poems caroled their way from her soul as naturally as the melody floats from the robin's throat, and she has reverently treasured them as a faithful guardian of a Heaven-entrusted gift. They have been preserved until their perfected notes could be given to the world, a boon not always, nor indeed very often, vouchsafed to verses.

Mrs. Barnes has the true poetical aspiration, and her motive for writing has been unsordid and unselfish. Her sonnets and lyrics answer to Matthew Arnold's definition of poetry, which is, "The best possible thing said in the best possible way." There is a spontaneous owning of and response to the poetic power which lays its hand upon the heart as some beautiful symphony in music enchants the ear by a spell of melody.

It is to the harmonious blending of the individual nature and the poetic power that is due the rarity of highest excellence found in the writings of Mrs. Barnes. Few of her classmates in Packer Institute, where she was for the most part educated, knew that the popular Mary Mathews was not American born and a Brooklyn girl. Her birthplace was Ireland and her ancestry Irish.

From a clever student she became a competent teacher; and for many years her life was devoted to inspiring the young with a love of study and a true appreciation of knowledge.

Allied to her broad culture is a manner gracious and refined; one cannot be in her presence without speedily detecting that subtle grace which belongs to a nature purified by love and sanctified by sorrow. The indefinable charm she exhibits in her poems, she manifests in her daily living, and her existence is a benefaction. While the outward events of her fortunate career have been varied and pleasing, the enchantment of her life has come to her through her noble spirit. Every good deed has been outdone by the doing. She loses not the simplest occasion to throw the spell of love over the common, practical concerns of the day or the hour; and in all that she does, she impresses one with the assurance of her belief that the essence of life is divine, and divinity can be reached by right living.

Mrs. Barnes is a student of Shakespeare who has not been content to enjoy her ripe scholarship selfishly. For years she has had a large class of ladies who have met weekly at her house for the purpose of listening to her interpretations of the master poet, and of reading under her able guidance his immortal delineations of character.

She is the author of thirty or more well-known hymns, many of them incorporated in song books; of a score or more songs and ballads, several of which have been set to music, and are familiar favorites, and of many lyrics and sonnets. Of her songs the most popular are "The Birds in the Belfry," "Songs that Words can Never Know," and "The Spring Will Soon be Here Again."

The poem "Epithalamium," has been published in a volume with illustrations by Dora Wheeler.

Since the death of her husband, Mr. Alfred S. Barnes, the eminent book publisher and the beloved citizen of Brooklyn, Mrs. Barnes has turned her attention to her pen as a refuge and comfort, and her later poems exhibit an added strength, beauty and dignity pleasing to note. She is on the threshold of her popularity as a poet and before her lies a flowery mead, from which she will cause to spring many a ripened blossom of poetry in the time to come. The demand for her writings has led to the preparation of a volume which is to appear early in the coming year. L. C. H.

EPITHALAMIUM.

O SUN,
From out whose gracious rays
Came forth the day of days,
When my dear love was born,
Shine out!
And with your brightest ray
Bring gift divine to mark her wedding day.
A gift, a golden gleam,
A prophecy of good in every beam.
Rejoice with so much of yourself that in her lives,
Which she with loving joy to others freely gives.

O Moon,
From out whose peaceful life,
A portion came to guard her own from strife,
Shine out!
And with your softest light,
Make happy Peace to rule her wedding night;
Let all your rays in silvery sheen,
Whisper of coming nights serene.
Rejoice with so much of yourself that in her lives,
Which she with loving joy to others freely gives.

O Stars,
From out whose twinkling beams
Came radiant gleams
To dwell, and find within her soul an added glow,
A sunnier warmth than ever stars do know,
Catch from unsetting suns to-night
A ruddier tint—a hint of Heavenly light.
Reflect her eyes
And make new beauty in the skies.
Rejoice with so much of yourself that in her lives,
Which she with loving joy to others freely gives.

O Flowers,
Whose censers, swinging slow,
Exhaled rare perfumes drenched in morning dew
To touch the breath that first she drew,
Lift loyally your heads and gayly smile
With Joy the while
Her bridal blossoms bloom.
Cull sweet perfection from her face,
And then give back your borrowed grace.
Rejoice with so much of yourself that in her lives,
Which she with loving joy to others freely gives.

O Music,
Born upon celestial lyres,
And thrilling 'mid angelic choirs,
Come nearer earth to-day,
Whisper in my lay;
Repeat the melody you sent,
When to the world her voice you lent.
Swell in the air that tells
The echoes of the bells;
Be like her Lover's heart,
Of her own a part.
Rejoice with so much of yourself that in her lives,
Which she with loving joy to others freely gives

O Love,
From out whose very heart she came,
Born from thy glowing flame,
Look down,
And in thy glorious way
Crown thou her wedding day.
Oh, nearer come—make thou her bridal bed,
Close by her side all future pathways tread,
Help her to see thy face
In every clime and place;
Rejoice with so much of thyself that in her lives,
Which she with loving joy to others freely gives.

And ye,
O favored ones and blest,
Whose hearts have been her rest
Since life began.
Ye listen now—and hear, with all Love's pain,
Her marriage vow:
Giving, where most ye long to keep,
Smiling, where most ye long to weep;
Repress your tears,
Banish your fears,
Rejoice with so much of yourselves that in her lives,
Which she with loving joy to others freely gives.

THE BIRD IN THE BELFRY.

A BIRD in the belfry
Soars and sings—soars and sings,
While the bell in the belfry
Rings and swings—rings and swings.
Cheerily now from his tiny throat
His notes in a burst of rapture float;
For the bird so high in the belfry tower
Seems to feel a joy in the passing hour.

The bird in the belfry
Soars and sings—soars and sings,
But the bell in the belfry
Tolls and swings—tolls and swings.
And now I know this birdling gay
Sings for himself the livelong day;
A hermit is he in his lonely tower,
Bridal or bier have o'er him no power.

O bird in the belfry
Not like thee—not like thee,
Does my heart in its music
Ask to be—ask to be;
Its notes must smile, if others are glad,
Its notes must weep if others are sad;
And sooner far would I keep with the crowd
Than sing alone on the fairest cloud.

SCARS.

SHE sought her dead on battle-field,
Her King, of many wars;
And, finding him, she cried, "'T is he;
I know him by his scars."

O, record of a soldier's fate,
Whose light outshines the stars!
When she who loved him best can say,
"I know him by his scars."

'T is thus the Christian knows the King
Whose glory nothing mars;
Gazing at hands, and feet, and side,
We know Him by His scars.

O, happy we, if, serving Him
'Till death lets down the bars,
We merit then, from lips divine,
"I know thee by thy scars."

WASHINGTON.

IN ALL the land one object I behold;
A lofty height with pure and spotless crest,—
Always snow-crowned—yet too near Heaven for cold—
The sunlight ever finding there its rest.
Within its great heart mighty streams are born,
And onward flow, through valleys hushed from strife,
Their touch awakening flowers that adorn
Wide, fertile plains, where all things tell of life.

Toward it the weak may turn and learn aright
The strength and courage that can fearless be
In face of storm severe, by day, by night,
Serene and strong 'mid all adversity.
O Good and Great! the Mount is type of thee,
Who lived and taught the Freedom that makes free.

LINCOLN.

IN ALL the Heaven one object holds my gaze,
Compelling witness of a reverent heart.
And ever, as I look, increased amaze
That mighty soul does to my soul impart.
It bids me see in every clime and race
The common bond that makes the world akin.
To find the fatherhood in every face;
To feel the love that brotherhood should win.

With malice none—with charity for all,
It led a nation in its darkest hour,
As though in silence it heard but the call
Of Him who sent His own, divinest power.
O, Sun of Sons! all time to come will scan
Thy wondrous soul, and cry, "Behold the Man."

REBECCA PALFREY UTTER.

THE subject of this sketch is Mrs. Rebecca Palfrey Utter, the wife of Rev. David Utter, and the author of a volume recently published in Boston, entitled, "The King's Daughter; and Other Poems."

Mrs. Utter is the daughter of Rev. Cazneau Palfrey, a graduate of Harvard College and a man well known in the clerical world—a recognized authority upon all matters of Biblical lore and a perfect master of the English language, as those know well who remember his beautiful sermons. Dr. Palfrey was settled for some years in Barnstable, Mass,, and in 1847 removed to Belfast, Maine, where he was the devoted and beloved pastor of the Unitarian church. The delicate state of his health rendered it necessary for him to resign his pastorate in 1870, and he was succeeded by Rev. David Utter. He afterward removed to Cambridge, Mass., and there the remainder of his life was spent.

Mrs. Utter, his second daughter, was born in Barnstable in 1844, but as the family soon removed to Belfast, her childhood and girlhood were spent in that city. The educational advantages were of course of a somewhat limited order, but she inherited a taste for letters from both sides of her family, and the cultivated atmosphere of the pleasant parsonage was always one to inspire a fondness and taste for books—and for books of the very best sort. One who remembers tenderly and fondly that bright, sunny, cheerful home, has said, "It seemed to me that nothing but peace and happiness ever prevailed there." In 1870 Mrs. Utter's poem, "The King's Daughter" (from which her volume takes its name), was published in a magazine just then established in Boston called *Old and New*, and edited by Rev. Edward Everett Hale. It attracted a great deal of attention from its strength and beauty and suggestiveness and was not only quoted and copied far and wide in newspapers, but not long ago became the motto and the sentiment for a beautiful charity whose great and wide-spread blessings are penetrating all over the country. Gradually her poems were written, as fancy or occasion dictated, until last year she was induced by some appreciative friends to have them collected in a volume and published. Many of them are of a sweet and serious nature, and others full of deep religious feeling. "Dwellers in Tents," and "White Underneath," are both very beautiful in their tender and serious sentiment, and there are some others which show not only the facile pen and delicate thought but a deep

underlying tenderness, indicating the strong womanly and motherly nature which dictated the lines.

Mrs. Utter was married in 1872, and after a few years residence in Belfast her husband received a call to Olympia, then another to Kansas City, in both of which places they resided before their removal to Chicago, their present home; Mr. Utter being pastor of the Unitarian Church whose pulpit was previously occupied by Rev. Brooke Herford, now of Arlington Street Church, Boston.

MRS. C. C. W.

MOTHERHOOD.

My thought goes back to that first Christmas day
When the young mother in the manger lay,
Weary and pale, but full of pride and joy,
While pressing to her side her baby boy.

Ah, sister Mary, time and place are strange,
But centuries bring the mother heart no change.
We know, to whom a child is given now,
Your thoughts, while gazing on that baby brow.

The hope that filled each Jewish woman's breast
In every mother's heart is still a guest;
That through this life a glorious light may shine
Lifting the world to levels more divine.

We know not how God's poets, prophets, come;
It may be one is here, within our home.
So reverently we guide the little feet,
And wait the first uncertain accents sweet.

We ponder in our hearts their sayings wise,
Reading between the lines with mother eyes.
We see the wise men gold and incense bring,
While in our hearts the heavenly angels sing

O Mary, lying in your manger low,
The thoughts that filled your heart we also know.
Distance and time may make all else seem strange,
But mother love has never known a change.

NOTHING BUT LEAVES.

There stood a young plant in a garden fair,
Where the spring sunshine was most fair and bright.
The moist earth nourished it; the breathing air
Took from its folded leaves a fragrance rare,
And coming summer seemed one long delight.

It felt the beauty of all outward things;
Rejoiced in sun and breeze with grateful heart.
Yet thought, "My greatest joy the summer brings,
When from green buds unsheathing their bright wings
The clustered blossom from my stem shall start."

It knew not that its worth and beauty lay
In the sweet perfume of its growing leaf;
And when the gardener, passing by one day,
Cut from its stem the buds, and went his way,
Its heart within it heavy grew with grief.

Then, with all patience lifting up its head,
Its mission it fulfilled unconsciously,
Once more abroad its drooping branches spread;
For, "Though I may not blossom" (so it said),
"At least my leaves shall green and perfect be."

Daily and nightly from that still retreat
Its fragrance widened through the summer air;
And the good gardener thought no wreath complete
Until a spray of leaves so wondrous sweet
Was twined among the flowers, however fair.

'T was loved and sought and prized the country through,
And one among whose bridal flowers it lay
The stem from out the fading roses drew,
Planted, and cared for it, until it grew
A living memory of her wedding-day.

And sometimes hearts oppressed with loss and grief
A sudden comfort from its presence drew.
It seemed a message sent to them; as if
There came a whisper from each rustling leaf,
"Shall he not, therefore, much more care for you?"

At last, when the flowers had closed their eyes,
To its long rest it lay down thankfully,
Thinking, "Another summer will arise;
Perhaps beneath its soft and sunny skies
The flower of my life I yet shall see."

THE KING'S DAUGHTER.

She wears no jewels upon hand or brow;
No badge by which she may be known of men.
But though she walk in plain attire now,
She is a daughter of the King; and when
Her Father calls her at his throne to wait,
She will be clothed as doth befit her state.

Her Father sent her in his land to dwell,
Giving to her a work which must be done.
And since the King loves all his people well,
Therefore, she, too, cares for them every one.
Thus when she stoops to lift from want or sin,
The brighter shines her royalty therein.

She walks erect through dangers manifold,
While many sink and fail on either hand.
She dreads not summer's heat nor winter's cold,
For both are subject to the King's command.

Rowland B. Mahany.

She need not be afraid of anything,
Because she is a daughter of the King.

Even when the angel comes that men call Death,
And name with terror, it appalls not her.
She turns to look at him with quickened breath,
Thinking, "It is the royal messenger."
Her heart rejoices that her Father calls
Her back, to live within the palace walls.

For though the land she dwells in is most fair,
Set round with streams, like picture in its frame,
Yet often in her heart deep longings are
For that imperial palace whence she came.
Not perfect quite seems any earthly thing,
Because she is a daughter of the King.

WHITE UNDERNEATH.

Into a city street,
Narrow and noisome, chance had led my feet;
Poisonous to every sense; and the sun's rays
Loved not the unclean place.

It seemed that no pure thing
Its whiteness here would ever dare to bring;
Yet even into this dark place and low
God had sent down his snow.

Here, too, a little child
Played with the drifts now blackened and defiled,
And with his rosy hands, in earnest play,
Scraped the dark crust away.

Checking my hurried pace,
To note the busy hands and eager face,
I heard him laugh aloud in pure delight,
That underneath 't was white.

Then, through a broken pane,
A woman's voice summoned him in again,
With softened mother-tones, that half excused
The unclean words she used.

And as I lingered near,
His baby accents fell upon my ear:
"See, I can make the snow again for you
All clean and white and new."

* * *

Ah, surely, God knows best.
Our sight is short; faith trusts to him the rest.
Sometimes we know he gives to human hands
To work out his commands.

Perhaps he holds apart
By baby fingers, in that mother's heart,
One fair clean spot that yet shall spread and grow,
Till all be white as snow.

ROWLAND B. MAHANY.

ROWLAND BLENNERHASSETT MAHANY, the subject of the present sketch, was born in Buffalo, 1864, Sept. 28. He was educated in the public schools of that city and was graduated from the Central or High School with highest honors in 1881. In 1882 he matriculated at Hobart College and remained two years, during which he stood at the head of his class. He entered Harvard College in 1884 and was one of the "Detur" prize men of his freshman year; secretary and treasurer, and three times vice-president of the Harvard Union (the University Debating Club); vice-president and president of St. Paul's Society, the Episcopalian Organization of Harvard College; elected in 1887 to the Phi Beta Kappa Society in the first eight of a class of 238 members; first marshal of the Phi Beta Kappa in the same year; Boylston Prize man, 1887 and 1888—such are some of the distinctions of his college course.

He was graduated, 1888 (*Summa Cum Laude*), with honors and double honorable mention in History, and honorable mention in Latin.

Immediately after graduation he was chosen poet by the Ninth Veteran Regiment of New York Volunteers, at the dedication of their monument at Gettysburg, July 1, 1888, the occasion of the celebration of the Quarter Centenary of the battle.

Mr. Mahany owes his attainment of a college course largely to his own efforts, will and perseverance. His success in this respect, however, he attributes to the influence and encouragement of his mother. His ultimate ambition is the law, but it is one which many of his friends will begrudge his gratifying. Gifted with keen poetic sensibility, refined taste, an exquisite poetic diction and a rare discrimination in the use of language, he shows in the translations from German, Latin and Greek poets which he has thus far attempted a potency and power of expression, an exactness and skill in the rendition of poetic thought which remind one of Longfellow's and Bayard Taylor's efforts in this direction. Nothing he has yet produced indicates the power of sustained effort; but the early songs of the real poetic nature are chiefly lyric, and such are Mr. Mahany's. The poetic gift is all too rare to be made a slave in the trammels of the law; and while the pecuniary rewards of a literary life are seldom munificent, it yields rich returns in what are the substantial triumphs of life—golden opinions of those, select though few, whom the soul prizes. Mr. Mahany we believe will yet find his way to the literary life, resulting in renown to himself and abiding pleasure to his friends, many of whom believe in his future as one of unusual brilliancy and success.

J. F. G.

NEPENTHE.

COME, Sorrow, smooth my brow and kiss my lips,
And lay thy gentle hand upon my heart,
And on my bosom pillow thy sweet head;
For in thy silent face and loving eyes
I trace the memories of long fled years.
Ay! thou art kind as thou art beautiful.
And never joy, in its supremest hour,
Gave aught of happiness as dear as thou!
For thou, the winsome shadow of my hope,
The sweet Ideal of the vanished years,
Art still an image of the loved and lost,
E'en though on evening wings the Real hath fled.
Yea, Sorrow, I will kiss thy pensive mouth,
And call thee steadfast friend, and love thee well,
For thou wert constant when all else were false.
But, lo! the while my eyes with blinding tears
Are wet, I see thy sable raiment fall,
And in my arms I have, unconscious, clasped
The smiling, white-winged angel of the Lord.

TO THE WIND FLOWER.

SWEET, winsome flower that decks the wold
Despite the snowdrift's chilling cold,
Dost thou to March's kiss unfold
Thy petals pure?
Or hast thou wakened at the song
The Redbreast trills, as, bold and strong,
Through early groves he wings along,
Of summer sure?

Nay, soft as is thy perfume thrown,
So is thy mystic coming known;
Thou bloomest when the winds have blown,
A beauteous thing!
That we may know when storms are rife,
And tawdry joys fade in their strife,
The sweetest flowers of human life
From trouble spring.

Thus thou within this tangled dell,
Where wildling, woodsy spirits dwell,
Has cast the magic of thy spell
O'er all the scene:
Like some fair maid with face demure,
Yet witching glance from eye-depths pure
Whose every aspect doth allure
With grace serene.

Sure, blest, sweet flower, is lot of thine,
And doubly blest compared with mine;
Thou seest content each sun decline,
Nor askest why;
I dumbly watch youth's rosy years,
As each, 'twixt meteor hopes and fears,
Trembles and fades and disappears
In leaden sky.

But e'en upon thy tender leaf,
I spy a dew-drop tear of grief;—
Would human sorrows were as brief,
And, ah, as few!
Yet oft what seemeth gruesome ill,
Is but the dew our souls distill
To keep us sweet, against our will.
And fair to view.

LOVE IMPRISONED.

LOVE offended me one day
With his roguish, teasing play,
So I took the culprit fair,
And, despite his tearful prayer,
In a dungeon, cold and bare,
Of my heart immured him.

Round his prison door I placed
Pride and Anger, dragon-faced,
Warned them not to heed his moan,
Not to list sweet pity's tone,
But to leave him there alone,
Till his sorrow cured him.

Then I sternly went away;
But eftsoons his laughter gay
On my soul like music fell,
For his gaolers, 'neath his spell,
Were his humble slaves, and—well,
He ruled all the citadel.

TO A LOVED ONE.

TIME, on jocund wing, speeds fast
With the treasures of the past;
Love alone defies his will,—
Mother, thou art with me still.

Sweet the dreams that round thee clung,
When the bloom of hope was young;
Fair the castles that we built,
Ere the wine of life was spilt.

Now ambition's earthly fire
Purer glows in faith's desire,
That our parting may but mean
A few, rushing years between.

And these years of joy and pain
Shall to me be not in vain;
For the pain will cleanse the dross,
And the joy support the cross.

Never year shall come or go,
When thy thoughts I shall not know;
And the love-light in thy face,
Will become a means of grace.

Oh, my Mother, thou and I
Still live in the years gone by;
Though our wishes now are fled,
They shall blossom, Christ has said.

TO HARVARD COLLEGE.

On storied heights of Knowledge thou dost stand
O Mother-Queen, who from thy throne of fame
Shedst light of learning's soul-exalting flame
O'er many realms, but chief upon that land
Whose burning hopes ideals high demand;
The young Republic, stainless yet of shame,
Comes, as Prometheus to old Gaia came,
To find the Truth of Truth in thy fair hand;

As high thy state, so be thy high emprise!
Nor faiths outworn, nor dreams of things agone,
Find ceaseless habitation in thy halls!
Morn-fronted Progress mirrored in thine eyes,
Is but the presage of thy greater dawn,
If thou art true when trump of action calls!

ALL IN ALL.

Who strangles fear, and puts hope from his throne,
Yet seats thereon a silent, tireless will,
To be not conquered, but to conquer still,—
That man can call the golden world his own!

THE DAYS OF YOUTH.

Across the light and shadow comes
The vision of a perfect day,—
A dream of thought in Grecian years,—
When winsome April dried her tears
To kiss the smiling mouth of May.
For in the beauty of the Spring,
With Loveliness,—to me more sweet,—
I wandered o'er a flowery lea
To golden-misted Arcady,
With singing heart and tripping feet.

—*To my Lady in Arcady.*

ROBERT JONES BURDETTE.

THE kindly humorist may or may not put his poetry into verse, but he is always a poet. Yet the merry laughter of the world as it listens to his jests, often drowns the music of the sweet songs of his serious moods. This is notably true of Robert Jones Burdette; whom everybody knows, yet who is not commonly called a poet. The story of Mr. Burdette's life is not a new one. It has been modestly and delightfully told by himself in "The Confessions of a Reformed Humorist," and admiringly written by more than one friend.

Mr. Burdette was born in Pennsylvania, though we are apt to think of him as a Western man because as editor of *The Hawkeye* of Burlington, Iowa, he was first introduced to the world by fame. Indeed he *was* a Western man; since in the west he grew to manhood. At the age of two years he departed with his parents from Greensboro, Pa., where he was born July 30, 1844, to take up his abode in Cincinnati. Six years later another move brought the boy to Peoria, Ill. Here he entered school, graduating from the High School in 1861, to enter the army in 1862—brief, as to age and stature, but valiant as to heart. He served through the war with bravery, was in more than one important battle and especially distinguished himself at Corinth. At the end of the war he marched back to peaceful scenes—a private of Co. C, 47th Regiment, Illinois Volunteers.

In 1869 Mr. Burdette became one of the editors of the Peoria *Transcript* and afterward, in connection with others established the Peoria *Review*, an evening paper which was unsuccessful. In 1874 he removed to Burlington, Iowa, and began work on *The Hawkeye*, which soon came to have a national reputation because of his witty and philosophical contributions.

In 1877 Mr. Burdette, encouraged by his wise and gentle wife, essayed the lecture field. Everybody knows how he has taught patience, honor, charity—every Christian virtue, while his laughing audiences perhaps only realized what solid food they had got when they had gone home and digested it.

For some years Mr. Burdette has not been connected with *The Hawkeye*, but does his work mainly for the Brooklyn *Eagle*. His wit is still as fresh and his laughter as spontaneous as at first. And he enjoys this rare distinction: He has never stooped to coarseness nor provoked the laughter of fools. The purest mother can read to her innocent daughter all his fun without hesitation or regret.

Personally, few men win you so quickly. His frank, unaffected kindness, his ready helpfulness and his utter lack of egotism are plain to all. He calls himself a "little nonpareil lion" and takes his reputation as if it were the gift of hosts of generous friends—something to be thankful for but not half deserved. Any notice of Mr. Burdette is incomplete without a reference to his wife, "Her Little Serene Highness," whose beautiful life was early done and whose death he has so deeply mourned. He has so honored her by word and deed that the fragrance of her tender influence has floated far. Mr. Burdette has one son—a young Robert of about twelve years, much like his father.

The collections of humorous writings made by Mr. Burdette have not, he says, been eminently successful. Should he some day see fit to put into book form his soberer attempts, many a lover of tender poems, faithful to every-day, human experience and full of the genuine insights of the reverent lover of nature and mankind, would be glad. It would certainly not take the pen of the partial admirer to commend it to the homes of Americans, nor would the pen of the critical keep it out. Indeed, the critic's pen will be long unemployed before it writes an adverse line of Robert J. Burdette.

MRS. G. A.

BARTIMÆUS.

"And Jesus answered and said unto him, What wilt thou that I should do unto thee? The blind man said unto him, Lord, that I might receive my sight."

I WOULD receive my sight; my clouded eyes
Miss the glad radiance of the morning sun,
The changing tints that glorify the skies
With roseate splendors when the day is done,
The shadows soft and gray, the pearly light
Of summer twilight deep'ning into night.

I cannot see to keep the narrow way,
And so I blindly wander here and there,
Groping amidst the tombs, or helpless stray
Through pathless, tangled deserts, bleak and bare;
Weeping I seek the way I cannot find:
Open my eyes, dear Lord, for I am blind.

And oft I laugh with some light, thoughtless jest,
Nor see how anguish lines some face most dear;
And write my mirth—a mocking palimpsest—
On blotted scrolls of human pain and fear;
And never see the heartache underlined:
Pity, O Son of David! I am blind.

I do not see the pain my light words give,
The quivering, shrinking heart I cannot see;
So, light of thought, midst hidden griefs I live,
And mock the cypressed tombs with sightless glee;
Open mine eyes, light-blessed ways to find:
Jesus, have mercy on me—I am blind.

My useless eyes are reservoirs of tears,
Doomed for their blind mistakes to overflow,—
To weep for thoughtless ways of wandering years,
Because I could not see—I did not know;
These sightless eyes, than angriest glance less kind:
Light of the World, have pity! I am blind.

WHEN MY SHIP COMES IN.

SOMEWHERE, out on the blue seas sailing,
Where the winds dance and spin,—
Beyond the reach of my eager hailing,
Over the breakers' din,—
Out where the dark storm-clouds are lifting,
Out where the blinding fog is drifting,
Out where the treacherous sand is shifting,
My ship is coming in.

Oh, I have watched till my eyes were aching,
Day after weary day;
Oh, I have hoped till my heart was breaking,
While the long nights ebbed away;
Could I but know where the waves have tossed her,
Could I but know what storms have crossed her,
Could I but know where the winds have lost her,
Out in the twilight gray!

But, though the storms her course have altered,
Surely the port she 'll win;
Never my faith in my ship has faltered,
I know she is coming in;
For through the restless ways of her roaming,
Through the mad rush of the wild waves foaming,
Through the white crest of the billows combing,
My ship is coming in.

Breasting the tides where the gulls are flying,
Swiftly she 's coming in;
Shallows and deeps and rocks defying,
Bravely she 's coming in;
Precious the love she will bring to bless me,
Snowy the arms she will bring to caress me,
In the proud purple of kings she will dress me,
My ship that is coming in.

White in the sunshine her sails will be gleaming,
See, where my ship comes in;
At mast-head and peak her colors streaming,
Proudly she's sailing in:
Love, hope and joy on her decks are cheering,
Music will welcome her glad appearing,
And my heart will sing at her stately nearing,
When my ship comes in.

ALONE.

SINCE she went home—
The evening shadows linger longer here,
The winter days fill so much of the year,
And even summer winds are chill and drear,
Since she went home.

Since she went home—
The robin's note has touched a minor strain,
The old glad songs breathe but a sad refrain,
And laughter sobs with hidden, bitter pain,
Since she went home.

Since she went home—
How still the empty rooms her presence blessed;
Untouched the pillow that her dear head pressed;
My lonely heart hath nowhere for its rest,
Since she went home.

Since she went home—
The long, long days have crept away like years,
The sunlight has been dimmed with doubt and fears,
And the dark nights have rained in lonely tears,
Since she went home.

AT FORTY-FIVE.

"HALT!" cry the bugles, down the column's length:
And nothing loth to halt and rest am I,
For summer's heat hath somewhat taxed my strength,
And long the dusty ways before me lie.

The dew that glittered when the echoing horn
Called *reveille* to greet the waking day;
The cool sweet shadows of the cheery morn,
The birds that trilled, the bugle's roundelay;

The scented violets with eyes of blue,
That breathed sweet incense when we trod them down;
The wild-wood buds and blooms of brightest hue,
Fair prophecy of Honor's radiant crown:

And all that made the earlier marching light,
Have passed like incense of the rosy hours;
And many a beaten field of fiercest fight
Lies between noonday and auroral flowers.

For all its promise, morning brought us care,
For soon its songs and pleasant shadows passed;
Our ambushed foes lurked in each woodland fair;
On every smiling plain we saw them massed.

Our standards gay, war's bright heraldic page—
Our uniform, with gold and silver drest,
Are rent and torn in battle's furious rage,
Blood-stained and marred with dust each glittering crest.

The light young hearts that made a jest of life
And laughed at death, when we broke camp at dawn,
Changed are their merry songs for shouts of strife,
Or hushed where Valor mourns a comrade gone.

And loitering here awhile at "Rest at ease,"
I note the shadows falling to the east;
Behind me, plume-crowned, looms the hill, whose trees,
Promised us glory, wealth and love and peace,—

Beckoned us on, when morning time was bright,
To certainty of victory and rest;
And now—'tis afternoon; 't will soon be night;
And I have passed the green hill's waving crest.

"Forward!" the bugles call: ready am I;
For, though my step hath lost its springing gait,
I am more prompt to march, quick to obey,
Less apt to question or to hesitate.

Yet, when some belted trooper gallops by,
I lift my eyes, warned by the swift hoofs' tramp;
And hail him with the infantryman's cry—
"Ho, comrade, tell me, how far is 't to camp?"

"TEAMSTER JIM."

IT ain't jest the story, parson, to tell in a crowd like this,
Weth the virtuous matron a-frownin' an' chidin' the gigglin' miss,
An' the good old deacon a noddin' in time weth his patient snores,
An' the shocked aleet of the Capital stalkin' away through the doors.

But then, it's a story that happened, an' every word of it's true,
An' sometimes we can't help talkin' of the things that we sometimes do.
An' though good society coldly shets its doors onto "Teamster Jim,"
I'm thinkin' there's lots worse people thet's better known than him.

I mind the day he was married, an' I danced at the weddin', too;
An' I kissed the bride, sweet Maggie—daughter of Ben McGrew;
I mind how they set up housekeepin', two young, poor, happy fools;
When Jim's only stock was a heavy truck an' four Kentucky mules.

Well, they lived along contented, weth their little joys an' cares,
An' every year a baby come, an' twice they come in pairs;
'Till the house was full of children, weth their shoutin' and playin' and squalls,
An' their singin' and laughin' an' cryin' made Bedlam wethin its walls.

An' Jim, he seemed to like it, an' he spent all his evenin's at home:
He said it was full of music an' light, an' peace from pit to dome.
He joined the church, an' he used to pray that his heart might be kept from sin—
The stumblin'est prayin'—but heads and hearts used to bow when he'd begin.

So, they lived along in that way, the same from day to day,
With plenty of time for drivin' work, and a little time for play.
An' growin' around 'em the sweetest girls and the liveliest, manliest boys,
'Till the old gray heads of the two old folks was crowned with the homeliest joys.

Eh? Come to my story? Well, that 's all. They 're livin' just like I said.
Only two of the girls is married, an' one of the boys is dead.
An' they 're honest, an' decent an' happy, an' the very best Christians I know,
Though I reckon in brilliant comp'ny they'd be voted a leetle slow.

Oh, you're pressed for time—excuse you? Sure, I'm sorry I kept you so long;
Good by. Now he looked kind o' bored-like, an' I reckon that I was wrong
To tell sech a commonplace story of two sech commonplace lives;
But we can't all git drunk an' gamble an' fight, an' run off with other men's wives.

JULIA P. BOYNTON.

IT IS rare, indeed, that a life which has but just begun to realize its potentiality, in which hope has not been exchanged for disappointing fruition, and whose dreams may yet prove substantial verities, should have already won its way to public recognition.

Miss Boynton first looked upon the fields over which she has cast the garment of her own beautiful song scarcely more than a quarter century ago. In the little village of South Byron, in Western New York, she and the sister Jean, to whom "Lines and Interlines" is inscribed, led a more than ordinarily free and happy childhood. At fifteen Miss Boynton and her elder sister entered Ingham University, at Le Roy, N. Y., where they both remained a year, spending the subsequent one in preparation for Wellesley College. The sisters entered this institution, only to be summoned home because of domestic bereavement. The education so broken was again resumed for several years, mainly at Nyack-on-the-Hudson. The greater part of two winters was spent in New York engaged at studies in art, for which Miss Boynton has marked aptitude; then followed a season in London, as a guest in the home of a popular clergyman. Plans were forming in the spring of 1888 for an extended tour upon the continent, when she was again summoned home, because of the serious illness of her mother, and her place since then has been mostly at the side of this loved and loving parent.

Miss Boynton is possessed of fine, scholarly tastes, with that critical acumen which seldom belongs to youth. The conventional poetic temperament is not hers; she is, happily, endowed with an even disposition, free from nervous exaltation or depression, with practical abilities which are a marvel to those who only think of her as a poet. It is in the realm of nature that Miss Boynton is most at home; the voices she listened to in childhood, with their occult messages, have found revelation through the poet's song. The "Tragedy of a Field" is both picture and poem; only one who had looked with love and pity upon the scene could have so sympathetically reproduced its inanimate woe. Miss Boynton is, happily, so situated that she is able to cultivate the muse at her leisure. J. W. K.

THE "SOLE GOOD."

"Le seul bien que me reste au monde
Est d'avoir quelquefois pleuré."—A. DE MUSSET.

NOT to have won renown, to have loved and laughed,

Not to have wished, and gained what was desired,
Not to have dreamed, and struggled, and aspired,
Not to have grasped the cup of life and quaffed
Its bright best drops, but to have drained the bowl,
Only this good is left thee, O my Soul,

To have some times wept! O great World-heart, O Heart
Of all the Human, cry ye not, Amen?
Your quick tears follow where the poet's pen
Ran falteringly; what wealth would force you part
With the wide prospect seen in true relief
From the lone awful summit of your grief?

To have sometimes wept! O sweet World-bond, O Bond
Of all the Human! Even those holy eyes
That looked on God and Heaven were not too wise
For weeping, but their tears fell fast and fond
When Lazarus died; and grief from age to age
Has blurred with passionate kisses that one page.
Bliss hath its revelations; Love hath swept
The soul up from its playthings to the true
Full, only Life. But thanks as deep are due
For this dear blessing, to have sometimes wept.

INTRODUCTION FOR A BOOK OF POEMS.

I SEND you from me, and I have no care:
Go left or right, go east or south or west;
The heart you leave, you leave all unoppressed
By doubt or fear or longing or despair.
I have no dream of laurel, hear no blare
Of visionary brass; Time's ruthless test
I dread not, nor the long Lethean rest;
Hold steadfast eyes, unvexed by gloom or glare.

Patient of praise and careless of renown,
At the world's mart I barter smile for frown;
The censor's shaft leaves no resentful sting;
My heart repeats its steadfast—*Ye are wrong!*
I know the vital ecstasy of song,
I know that somehow, somewhere, I shall sing!

AFTER READING A VOLUME OF CONTEMPORARY VERSE.

I.

WHAT do we then, audacious, who presume
Where worthier footfalls sowed the earth with stars?
And shall we echo Homer with his wars?
Or follow Dante through the nether gloom?
Or, with one later, heap a favored tomb
With lyric largess? or, forgetting scars,
Sing Nature only? (Ah! such music jars
Despite its sweetness.) Shall we find no room

For verses that shall stimulate and rouse
To nobler love and living? Drown the cry
Of art for art's sake; all humanity
With one great voice the outrage disallows.
A spiritual Tyrtæus rather, I,
Thundering of battle to the souls that drowse.

II.

For we are not so strong we may disdain
The blossom-wreathen prop of poesy;
Such succor do we sorely need, whereby
To climb to that far height we would attain.
Beneath the cold autocracy of brain
The slight, shy soul would slowly droop and die;
Truths that all science fails to bring more nigh
Shine out resplendent, by a dream made plain.

Give me to send some trenchant message out,
Such as have braced my faith and fired my heart,
Praising meek patience, or dispelling doubt,
Purveying solace for some human smart;
Hearing which, some one shall rise up with speed
To fix a fluent impulse into deed.

THE TRAGEDY OF A FIELD.

THERE was a field lay glad in early dew;
Where, arm in arm with the tall grasses, grew
Clover and crimson cockle, and a few
Rough thistles, which, since heaven their ostracism
Confirmed not, but poured out her blessed chrism
Of sun and rain on whatso flower did sue
With lifted lip the field might not eschew;

Wild mustard, like a spot of fallen sun,
So yellow you would never notice one
Gold butterfly, or say they fed upon
Its petals for the color of their wings;
These and a host of other sweet wild things,—
Convolvulus which the fence did overrun,
And many a daisy, white-frilled like a nun.

And in the midst a streamlet did divide
The field's green lips with melody. Its tide
Scarcely the bobolink's morning bath supplied;
But the wild iris, for the stream's sole sake,
Blue with her favors all the banks did make
Sleek minnows in the pools did dart and glide,
And buttercups leaned bright from either side.

The merry swallows made the tall grass sway
Beneath their glancing wings. A dim, green way
Full many a sparrow knew, to where, some day,

Instead of silent eggs within the nest,
Four precious fledgelings should reward his quest.
A meadow-lark sang loud, and set his spray
A-tremble with his passionate essay.

* * * * * * * * *

A field lay wounded; its embroidered weft
Rent in a thousand rags; outraged, bereft
Of bloom, its cherished nests laid bare to theft;
All such small secrets hid so lovingly,
Told rudely to the far, unpitying sky;
And every spray of fragrant clover cleft
Asunder,—not one crimson cockle left.

Yet, field, charge not the reaper's hand with wrath,
To thy life's purpose led no other path,—
Seed-time and sunshine, sorrow and the swath.
Still mercy waits in many a sudden burst
Of healing rain upon thee,—faint, athirst,
And dying. Lo, beyond the sickle's scath
The chastened promise of the aftermath.

DIVIDED.

I CANNOT reach thee; we are far, so far
Apart, who are so dear!
Love, be it so;
Else we might press so close we should not grow.
One doth deny even this so sweet a bar
For fear our souls' true shape should suffer mar.
Ah, surface-sundered, yet do we not know
A hidden union in the deeps below?
An intertwining where the strong roots are?

So husbandmen plant trees, Sweetheart, a space
Between. Complete the figure. High in air
After the trees are grown, their spreading boughs
Reach forth and mingle. In some far glad place,
When thou and I are straight and tall and fair,
We shall clasp hands again,—if God allows.

LIMITED.

O LOVE, this cup of mine is all too shallow,
Wherein thy generous vintage I must bear!
O Life, full half thine acreage lies fallow
Where I can never drive my ardent share!

My eager hands so tremble that they spill it,
That priceless wine,—alas for haste! but then,
Repentant tears run down again to fill it,
Till all the scanty chalice brims again.

My own small plot yields blossoms in abundance,
And wheat enough to serve my life-long leaven;
I plough and prune, and check the weed's redundance,
And furnish timely drink denied of heaven.

Yet o'er the sunny tilth beyond my hedges
My eyes will wander with a strong desire;
And, but my Master showed my solemn pledges,
I should stray off, forgetful of my hire.

From the bright pageant of the eastern heaven
The lordly hours, whereby our zeal is pent,
Rush, with their glowing coursers overdriven,
Toward the late revel of the occident.

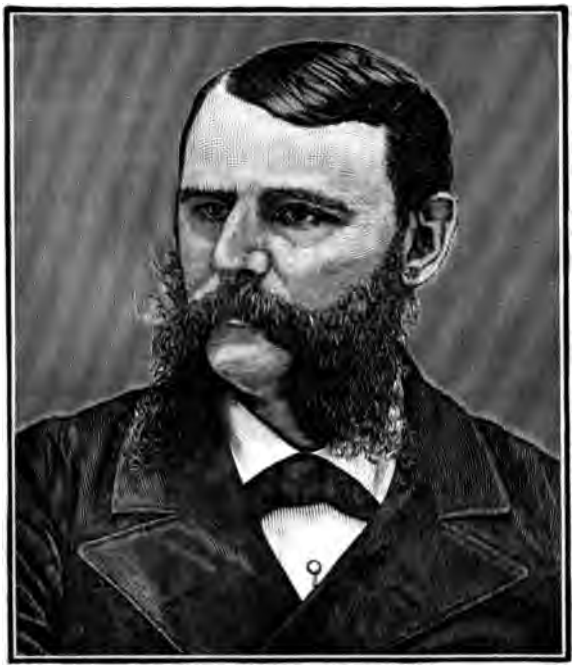
Ah! never one a moment stays or lingers,
Though we do throng their path with mad desires,
Grasp at their dizzy wheels with frenzied fingers,
Wash with our bravest blood their ruthless tires.

I think sometime my soul will cast this langour,
The bondage-bred, and rise with thunderings;
Burst all the golden links in noble anger,
And fling the fragments from her liberate wings.

I think sometime my soul the cup will shatter,—
Impatient of its hindrance,—by the force
Of passionate thirst,—and, as the clay sherds scatter,
Will press with bare lips to the very Source.

WILD TIGER-LILY.

ISOLATE in her conscious grandeur, creature of a royal blood,
She doth rule,—the one unrivaled Cleopatra of the Wood.
Something in her regal stature,
In her fierce and fervid nature,
Brings to mind a vivid vision of the Lady of the Nile.
How the splendor of her presence, how her sudden-flashing smile
Glorifies the slumbrous spaces of the dusky forest aisle!
And a face of Orient oval, olive-browed, and midnight-eyed,
Looks from flowing, flame-hued draperies in its dark, imperial pride.
While a figure fancy fashions, faultless in its mold and mien,
Supple, sinuous, seductive as some tawny jungle queen.
Then, as though a gathering tempest smote athwart Æolian wires
All a-thrill with pride and passion, sad as death, a voice inquires:
"Do you wonder at my Roman? do you marvel how I died?"



Thos. O. Collier,

AT MOUNT DESERT.

The grasses with sweet hardihood have crept
On slow, soft feet out to the very verge,
All unaffrighted by the thundering serge;
The mists have gathered, and the fogs have wept—
A thousand winters over them have slept,
Yet greener still and greener they emerge
From every storm, and patiently they urge
Their fond excuse. On rocks below are swept
Fragments of wreck. The wrathful waves recede
Into the sullen bulk of beryl brine.
The storm is spent, belovéd; only heed
That glad break in the lowering sky! Ah, mine
Forever! This means life to me—cliffs, sea,
Surge, storm, brave grasses, breaking sky—
and thee!

MEMORY.

So true, the matchless rose that shed
Its passionate fragrance yesternight,
Half-sensed, unvalued,—now, alas,
Seems doubly dear, since it is dead.
And never any equals quite
That perfect bloom which memory has.
—*Absent: To J——*

ZENITH.

The sunny summits beckon, we must climb.
One breath of heaven makes braver lungs for aye.
One flash from the Eternal rends the clay,
And leaves transformed the irk of flesh and time.
—*Zenith.*

LOVE.

I lived on, not once foretasting
The glad moment toward me hasting;
Sooth, the herald of salvation was the faint light
of a star:
Heaven's first court on earth a manger,
Ah, Belovéd, is it stranger
That upon us, unforewarnéd, dawned love's dazzling
avatar?
—*Lionel to Lorain.*

UNSUNG.

Ah, my dead songs, the songs I might have sung!
What alien service claimed my faithless tongue?
The world's unworthy wage to me seemed good,—
Ah, my dead songs, it was the price of blood.
Who knows what glorious message God had sent,
Had he found one devoted instrument!
—*Unsung.*

THOMAS S. COLLIER.

THE name of Thomas S. Collier can hardly fail to be familiar to the reader, as his productions both in prose and verse have during the past fifteen years frequently appeared in the leading periodicals and papers of this country. While an ingenious writer of short stories it is as a poet that Mr. Collier has won his widest reputation. The *Atlantic*, the *Century Magazine*, the *Youth's Companion*, and other publications of that ilk have given his fancies a printed form, and more than one of his poems, by constant reprinting and by the fact of finding a place in collections, has become one of those familiar poems that everybody knows. This is particularly true of his "Cleopatra Dying," which as a companion piece to Lytie's well-known "Anthony," has followed it side by side in many collections of verse. Still another poem of Mr. Collier's, entitled "Sacrilege," which first appeared in the *Youth's Companion*, has been so often reprinted that it might almost claim a continuous publication in our newspapers. He is perhaps at his best in some poem of occasion, like "In Pace," a memorial of the men who fell in the massacre in Fort Griswold, Groton Heights, Connecticut, September 6, 1781. To this class, and displaying the same conspicuous merit, belongs the poem which Mr. Collier wrote for the unveiling ceremonies of the statue recently erected by the State of Connecticut to commemorate the heroic achievement of Major John Mason and his comrades. Somewhat different in vein, perhaps not as widely known as the poems mentioned, but displaying to the best advantage the skill and technique of the writer, is the exquisite sonnet entitled, "Not Lost," contributed by Mr. Collier to "A Masque of Poets," a collection of some few years ago which included all of our best known poets; and in this brief summing up of his most familiar poems one would not care to omit "The Forgotten Books," published in Mr. Matthews's excellent collection entitled, "Ballads of Books."

Mr. Collier was born in New York City Nov. 14, 1842. He went to sea when he was fifteen years old; entered the American Navy at an early age. He was on the ship that opened the Japanese ports to commerce, and on that which brought the Japanese embassy back. He served in the navy all through our civil war and was retired in 1883. Since 1866 he has made his home in New London, Conn.

Mr. Collier is the Secretary of the New London County Historical Society, and has taken a deep interest in the collection and preservation of many

valuable colonial documents, which, but for his watchfulness, would have been lost. He is a book lover and a book collector. His library is a most interesting and valuable one, containing many rare and out-of-the-way volumes. The collector's instinct has carried him outside of the field of literature. He is a numismatist of reputation, and possesses a valuable collection of coins and medals, while the walls of his study are adorned with rare bits of old China. Mr. Collier has a volume of poems prepared for the press which will be published soon. W. L.

SACRILEGE.

Beside the wall, and near the massive gate
Of the great temple in Jerusalem,
The legionary, Probus, stood, elate,
His eager clasp circling a royal gem.

It was an offering made by some dead king
Unto the great Jehovah, when the sword
Amid his foes had mown a ghastly ring,
Helped by the dreaded Angel of the Lord.

There, on his rival's crest, among the slain,
Through the red harvest it had clearly shone,
Lighting the grimness of the sanguine plain
With splendors that had glorified a throne.

Above the altar of God's sacred place,
A watchful star, it lit the passing years,
With radiance falling on each suppliant's face,
Gleaning alike in love's and sorrow's tears.

Till swept the war-tide through the sunlit vales
Leading from Jordan, and the western sea,
And the fierce host of Titus filled the gales
With jubilant shouts, and songs of victory.

Then came the day when over all the walls
The Romans surged, and Death laughed loud and high;
And there was wailing in the palace halls,
And sound of lamentations in the sky.

Torn from its place, it lay within the hand
Of Probus, whose keen sword had rent a way,
With rapid blows, amid the priestly band
Whose piteous prayers moaned through that dreadful day.

And there, beside the wall, he stopped to gaze
Upon the fortune that would give his life
The home and rest that come with bounteous days,
And bring reward for toil, and warlike strife.

There was no cloud in all heaven's lustrous blue,
Yet suddenly a red flash cleft the air,
And the dark shadow held a deeper hue,—
A dead man, with an empty hand, lay there.

CLEOPATRA DYING.

Sinks the sun below the desert,
Golden glows the sluggish Nile;
Purple flame crowns sphynx and temple,
Lights up every ancient pile
Where the old gods now are sleeping;
Isis and Osiris great!
Guard me, help me, give me courage
Like a Queen to meet my fate!

"I am dying, Egypt, dying!"
Let the Cæsar's army come—
I will cheat him of his glory,
Though beyond the Styx I roam.
Shall he drag this beauty with him
While the crowd his triumph sings?
No, no, never! I will show him
What lies in the blood of kings.

Though he hold the golden scepter,
Rule the Pharaohs' sunny land,
Where old Nilus rolls resistless,
Through the sweeps of silvery sand,
He shall never say I met him
Fawning, abject, like a slave—
I will foil him, though to do it
I must cross the Stygian wave.

Oh, my hero, sleeping, sleeping—
Shall I meet you on the shore
Of Plutonian shadows? Shall we
In death meet, and love once more?
See, I follow in your footsteps—
Scorn the Cæsar and his might;
For your love I will leap boldly
Into realms of death and night.

Down below the desert sinking,
Fades Apollo's brilliant car,
And from out the distant azure
Breaks the bright gleam of a star;
Venus, Queen of Love and Beauty,
Welcomes me to death's embrace,
Dying free, proud and triumphant,
The last sovereign of my race.

Dying! dying! I am coming,
Oh, my hero, to your arms:
You will welcome me, I know it—
Guard me from all rude alarms.
Hark! I hear the legions coming,
Hear their cries of triumph swell;
But, proud Cæsar, dead I scorn you,
Egypt—Antony—farewell!

THE FORGOTTEN BOOKS.

Hid by the garret's dust, and lost
  Amid the cobwebs wreathed above.
They lie, these volumes that have cost
  Such wrecks of hope, and waste of love.

The theologian's garnered lore
  Of scripture text, and words divine;
And verse, that to some fair one bore
  Thoughts that like fadeless stars would shine;

The grand-wrought epics, that were born
  From mighty throes of heart and brain,
Here rest, their covers all unworn,
  And all their pages free from stain.

Here lie the chronicles that told
  Of man, and his heroic deeds—
Alas! The words once "writ in gold,"
  Are tarnished so that no one reads.

And tracts that smote each other hard,
  While loud the friendly plaudits rang,
All animosities discard,
  Where old moth-eaten garments hang.

The heroes that were made to strut
  In tinsel on "life's" mimic stage,
Found, all too soon the deepening rut
  Which kept them slient in the page;

And heroines, whose loveless plight
  Should wake the sympathetic tear,
In volumes somber as the night
  Sleep on through each succeeding year.

Here Phillis languishes forlorn,
  And Strephon waits beside his flocks,
And early huntsmen wind the horn,
  Within the boundaries of a box.

Here, by the irony of fate,
  Beside the "peasant's humble board,"
The monarch "flaunts his robes of state,"
  And spendthrifts find the miser's hoard.

Days come and go, and still we write,
  And hope for some far happier lot
Than that our work should meet this blight:
  And yet, some books must be forgot.

WHEN THE ROSES COME.

The red rose blooms by the tumbling wall,
  The blush rose bends by the open gate—
The mocking-bird, with his low, clear call,
    Sings on, though the hour is late;

The yellow rose like a star shines out,
  The white rose sways like a wan, sweet ghost—
The beetles boom, and the marshes shout
    The joy of their living host.

The red rose burns with a crimson glow,
  Like wine that gleams when the blood is warm
And brings vague dreams of the long ago,
    When the world was wild with storm;
When a stalwart knight with lance at rest
  Drove swift through the battle's angry tide,
With a red rose bound to his helmet's crest,
    And there in the carnage died.

The blush rose tells of a distant time
  When the Persian groves were loud with song;
And camel-bells made a merry chime,
    Where the desert paths grew long.
When a love-lorn maiden lingering strayed,
  Waiting for one who had grown a-cold,
Till the rose and she at rest were laid
    In the garden's sodden mould.

The yellow rose, with its heavy breath,
  Recalls wide forests and dim lagoons,
Where the loathsome serpents watch for death
    In the light of tropic moons;
And ruins, massive and grim and vast,
  In silent grandeur a vigil keep,
Where the giant kings of a mighty past
    Lie cold in a dreamless sleep.

The white rose pictures a vision dim
  Of aisle, and transept, and sculptured saint,
Where the dying echoes of a hymn
    In the far, cool distance faint,—
And shining out, where the arches bar
  The purple gloom of the rounded dome,
A face that glows like a glorious star,
    Set deep in a sea of foam.

The red rose tosses its crimson spray;
  The blush rose falls in a fragrant rain;
The mocking-bird, where the cool leaves sway,
    Sings on with his low refrain:
The yellow rose with the dew is wet,
  The white rose—where has the white rose flown?
Ah, yes, I made it a coronet
    For a great love all my own.

ACCURST.

Devoid of love, bereft of hope,
  Companioned by a grim despair,
He roams where blinded spirts grope
    O'er deserts hot and bare.

The narrow path is rough and hard,
And desolate the dreary land;
Hills glittering with flinty shard,—
Plains swept by burning sand;

Low clouds, o'er which swift lightnings play,
Freighted with never falling rain,
Shroud cities crumbling in decay,
Whose gates he cannot gain.

His slow steps pass like throbs of fate
Where grinning skulls in thousands lie,
Mute records of remorseless hate,
Staring toward the sky;—

Through darksome valleys, to a shore
Bestrewn with long forgotten wrecks,
Damp, slimy weeds the only store
Between their rotten decks.

Down silent hollows of the sea
He floats, a horror-haunted thing,
Tide-swept o'er many a wide degree,
Where long dank grasses cling.

He feels the earthquake's mighty throe
Sweep, shuddering, 'mid the somber waves,
And drifts where languid currents flow,
Through deep, far-reaching caves;

Dim caves, where shapes gigantic loom,
Through darkened depths of restless green,
And cast a weird and ghastly gloom
The sunken ships between.

Then slowly he revolves again,
Where, with wind-tossed, disheveled locks,
Wild faces, white from ceaseless pain,
Fade down the sloping rocks.

Flung far along a trackless space,
Where lurid stars with flames a-light,
Swing, thundering, in an endless race,
Through realms of doleful night;

Grand visions where rare faces gleam,
Flash for a moment on his sight,
And then red fires in fierceness beam
On some demoniac fight.

There luring phantoms, saintly fair,
With passionate, love-throbbing zones,
Show, as he clasps their amber hair,
A mass of rattling bones.

So through long days, and years that grow
Bitter from loss of hope and trust,
And heavy with their load of woe,
He seeks for death and dust;

But Time's decay is not for him—
The ages, that resistless roll,
Have no nepenthe that can dim
The anguish of a soul.

The countless centuries that hold
Dead worlds to their oblivion tost,
Like short years, swift, yet drear and cold,
Speed by and leave him lost.

VENUS.

For thou art fairer than all dreams, and hold'st within thy hands
The gifts that conquer death and tears, and mighty is the spoil
Thy smile and kiss have won for thee, and in thy sunlit lands
The harvest-time is recompense for all the days of toil.
The new God's temples tower aloft, His fanes are loud with song;
Along the ancient mountain peaks thy ruined altars shine;
And oh! the world is fierce and mad, and doth thee grievous wrong,
But time is everlasting, and the years, the years are thine!

—*Hymn to Venus.*

LOVE.

You ask what love is? It is this, my own,
To hold all women pure because of you,
Yet give heart-reverence unto *you* alone,
And for *your* sake be steadfast, brave, and true.

—*Traveler's Record, 1885.*

DISAPPOINTMENT.

From dreary wastes of unfulfilled desire,
We harvest dreams that never come to pass;
Then pour our wine amid the dying fire,
And on the cold hearth break the empty glass.

—*Atlantic Monthly, 1885.*

REWARD.

One, toiling through wide wastes of sand,
Scorched by the high sun's torrid heat,
At evening saw the fertile land
Cast its cool shadows to his feet.

—*A Handful of Quatrains.*

ANNA BOYNTON AVERILL.

ANNA BOYNTON AVERILL has an enviable place among New England poets. Whenever her song is heard, we listen with an interest, heightened, if possible, by the atmosphere of seclusion and mystery which surrounds the singer. To the many who would gladly know something of the personality of Miss Averill, it is a pleasant task to present a few biographical notes.

She was born in the town of Alton, Maine, February 25, 1843, the eldest of a family of ten children. Her father, George Averill, was at that time a lumberman on the Penobscot river, but later became a farmer, and has for some years resided in the town of Foxcroft, Maine, on the place known to the friends of his poet-daughter as "Sunny Slope."

At four years of age, while playing with other children, Anna had a fall which permanently injured her spine. Years of suffering followed, checking her growth and leaving their marks on her form, but by the time she reached maturity, her health was fully restored and she became the right hand of the household. Her mother was for twenty years totally blind, having never looked upon the face of her youngest child, Florence. This daughter of her darkness was always tenderly devoted to her afflicted parent, and was known in the family as "Mother's Eyes." But if the youngest daughter became "mother's eyes," the eldest filled the place of "mother" herself to the large family of boys and girls; and her life has been one of constant domestic care. The love of books, however, grew with her growth, and these soon became her dearest companions, if we except the forest trees and birds, who were her first teachers. She soon learned that she found her happiest expression in poetry, and sent her first contributions to the *Portland Transcript*. Her talent was immediately perceived and encouraged by the editors of that paper; a new world, that of literary recognition and comradeship, opened before her, and if she had ever felt the want of wider social life, she now found it, unsolicited and unexpected. *The Atlantic*, *Lippincott's* and other magazines published gems of her poetry which were widely copied and grafted into numerous collections both of music and verse.

While living in such seclusion that few of her own townspeople were acquainted with the quiet and busy little woman, in the world outside many were listening for the utterances of her graceful and original thought and inquiring where she could be found. To this day, however, she chooses to be known only by her written words, and very few are admitted to her personal acquaintance.

The word which best describes her face is *serenity*, and it applies to her character as well. Cheerful, calm, far-seeing with the inner sight of the spirit, life is sweeter and brighter to her than to myriads more favored by worldly fortune. Her poetry has a fine and penetrating tone, and it has also that quality of suppressed and unexpended power which is the sure sign of genius.

She has not yet gathered her scattered poems in a volume. F. L. M.

BIRCH STREAM.

AT NOON, within the dusty town,
Where the wild river rushes down
  And thunders hoarsely all day long,
I think of thee my hermit stream,
Low singing in thy summer dream,
  Thine idle, sweet, old tranquil song.

Northward Katahdin's chasmed pile
Looms through thy low, long, leafy aisle,
  Eastward Olamon's summit shines;
And I upon thy shadowy shore,
The dreamful, happy child of yore,
  Worship before mine olden shrines.

Again the sultry noontide hush
Is sweetly broken by the thrush,
  Whose clear bell rings and dies away
Beside thy banks in coverts deep,
Where nodding buds of orchis sleep
  In dusk, and dream not it is day.

Again the wild cow-lily floats
Her golden-freighted, tented boats
  In thy cool coves of softened gloom,
O'ershadowed by the whispering reed,
And purple plumes of pickerel-weed,
  And meadow, sweet in tangled bloom.

The startled minnows dart in flocks
Beneath thy glimmering, amber rocks,
  If but a zephyr stirs the brake;
The silent swallow swoops, a flash
Of light, and leaves, with dainty plash,
  A ring of ripples in her wake.

Without, the land is hot and dim,
The level fields in languor swim,
  Their stubble grasses brown as dust.
And all along the upland lanes,
Where shadeless noon oppressive reigns,
  Dead roses wear their crowns of rust.

Within, is neither blight nor death;
The fierce sun woos with eager breath,
But cannot win thy sylvan heart;
Only the child who loves thee long,
With faithful worship, pure and strong,
Can know how dear and sweet thou art.

So loved I thee in days gone by,
So love I yet, though leagues may lie
Between us, and the years divide.
A breath of coolness, dawn, and dew,
A joy forever fresh and true,
Thy memory doth with me abide.

SWALLOW SONG.

O, TO FEEL the wild thrill of the swallow,
The wonder of the wing,
On the soft, blue billows of air to follow
The summer, and soar to sing!

To drink blue air and to feel it flowing
Through every dainty plume,
Uplifting, pillowing, bearing, blowing,
And the earth below in bloom.

Is it far to Heaven, O swallow, swallow?
The heavy hearted sings;
I watch thy flight and I long to follow,
The while I wait for wings.

BREAKING CAMP.

WE LEFT the purple shore at eve,
The lonely, silent forest shore,
And sang, "O summer land, we leave
Thy sylvan haunts to come no more!"
And to our ears the night wind bore
No more!

Against the tender, saffron west,
The wooded peaks stood dark and high,
And when we sang, "O realm of rest,
O summer dells, good bye, good bye!"
We heard the solemn cliffs reply
Good Bye!

LONGING.

Youth with its gladness is here,
Time with its treasures untold,
Toil with its promise and cheer,
Love that will never grow cold.
Yet out of this sweetness and warmth,
I fade, and I follow afar
A voice that is vague as a dream,
A light that is faint as a star.

—*Why?*

CARLOTTA PERRY.

CARLOTTA PERRY is one of the few women-poets who do not disappoint one's expectations. She is attractive in appearance, has beautiful brown eyes that laugh and melt and sparkle with every change of mood, an abundance of warm brown hair, a well-developed and finely poised head and a slender, graceful figure, with a woman's love for pretty gowns and ornaments and that artistic skill in trifles which we Americans are apt to call Frenchy. She can design a wrap or knot a ribbon as well as she can write a poem. A most magnetic conversationalist, she wins you with a charm of manner as frank and irresistible as it is unconscious;—that is, if you please her. The rude, the haughty, the utter materialist may find another side to her character: the falling lashes, the expressive carriage of the head, the slight compression of the lips may show that, though a very charming woman is before them, the poet is "not at home."

In life as in art, Miss Perry wins by her strongly marked and satisfying qualities of character. You feel that she is genuine, earnest, steadfast, with a high appreciation of and unconquerable aspiration toward the good, the true and the beautiful. She is a most patient worker and stubbornly relentless toward her own poems when they decline to approximate her standard. She has fine literary taste and is capable of measuring the available worth of an article as well as its purely artistic qualities.

Miss Perry has not been a prolific writer but she has done little work that is not worthy of preservation in some permanent form. Her volume of poems, issued last year, is a carefully winnowed publication; but it comprises only a small part of her best poems. Her prose sketches and stories, as well as her poems, find a ready market in leading publications east and west. In fact she enjoys the distinction of receiving the best prices for her work of any writer of the Northwest. She is a favorite contributor to the *Independent*, Harper's publications, *Lippincott's Magazine*, the *Youth's Companion* and other periodicals.

Miss Perry is a resident of the beautiful lake city, Milwaukee. She is not a seeker after notoriety and considers that her work, rather than her personality, is what belongs to the public.

S. D. H.

ENCHANTMENT.

THE sails we see on the ocean
Are as white as white can be;
But never one in the harbor,
As white as the sails at sea.

The clouds that crown the mountains
With purple and golden light,
Turn to cold gray mist and vapor,
Ere ever we reach the height.

The mountains wear crowns of glory,
Only when seen from afar;
And the sails lose all their whiteness,
Inside of the harbor bar.

Oh, Distance, the dear enchanter,
Still hold in the magic veil,
The glory of far-off mountains,
The gleam of the far-off sail!

Hide in thy robes of splendor,
O, mountain gold and gray!
O, sail in thy snowy whiteness,
Come not into port, I pray.

IF I HAD KNOWN.

If I had known one year ago to day
The little something that to-day I know,
I would have warded off the heavy blow
That sent you on your sorrow-laden way,
With all your hopes laid low.

With saddest of all hunger sore accurst,
We miss by just a step the healing streams;
Miss the true bread of which the faint soul dreams;
On hunger unappeased and unslacked thirst,
Too late the right path gleams.

What is so hard in all the bitter years,
As to look back and see the closéd gate
That one dear day we might have opened. Fate
Wrings from our eyes the saddest, saltest tears,
O'er wisdom won too late.

AUF WIEDERSEHEN.

A day of perfect summer grace, where green boughs meet and interlace,
A sky of perfect summer blue, the yellow sunshine sifting through;
And all above and all around, uprising from the teeming ground,
Pulsing upon the happy breeze, on billowy crests of green wheat seas,
Pouring from out the robin's throat, from fleecy cloud and hill remote,
On shadows cool, and soft, and fleet, on waves of trembling, quivering heat,
From over fields of clover-blooms, from out the dim wood's fragrant glooms.
Such miracles of color glow—such spicy, subtle odors flow,
Such sounds, fine, deep, tumultuous; so Nature fills her cup for us,
And we, through every quickening sense, drink it with grateful reverence;
O, happy draught unmixed with bane! This have we, dear, Auf Wiederseh'n.

O, smiling skies; O, shadows fleet; O, day of days so bitter sweet;
O, hungry hearts unsatisfied, the bread and wine of life denied;
O, kindling eye and glowing cheek! O, longing lips forbid to speak!
O, silence mightier far than speech! O, souls that signal each to each!
O, sorrow sweet! O, joy that stands bereft amid the fruitful lands!
O, love pierced through and through with pain! These are our own Auf Wiederseh'n.

Auf Wiederseh'n! When will that be? God knows, dear one—God knows, not we;
But Oh! till then, or soon or late, Faith holds our hands and bids us wait;
Bethink you, dear, how it will be when that day comes to you and me;
How exiled Joy will come with hands ready to fill our glad commands,
How care and doubt will flee away, and peace abide with us that day!
How Love, the deathless, starry-eyed, will clasp and keep us undenied;
How Life will turn upon its track, and Youth the blesséd will come back.

Whether the royal June shall hold the Earth within its gracious fold,
Or Winter's icy hand be pressed upon her mute, insensate breast,
Still all our pulses—O, my sweet—will thrill with Summer when we meet;
And in the rapture so supreme, the past will vanish like a dream.
O, faithful heart, in loss or pain, remember this Auf Wiederseh'n.

A MODERN MINERVA.

'T was the height of the gay season, and I can not tell the reason,
But, at a dinner party given by Mrs. Mayor Thwing,

It became my pleasant duty to take out a famous beauty—
The prettiest woman present—I was happy as a king.

Her dress beyond a question, was an artist's best creation;
A miracle of loveliness was she from crown to toe.
Her smile was sweet as could be, her voice just as it should be—
Not high, and sharp, and wiry, but musical and low.

Her hair was soft and flossy, golden, plentiful and glossy;
Her eyes so blue and sunny, shone with every inward grace.
I could see that every fellow in the room was really yellow
With jealousy, and wished himself that moment in my place.

As the turtle soup we tasted, like a gallant man I hasted
To pay some pretty tribute to this muslin, silk, and gauze;
But she turned and softly asked me—and I own the question tasked me—
What were my fixed opinions on the present suffrage laws.

I admired a lovely blossom, resting on her gentle bosom;
The remark I thought a safe one—I could hardly make a worse;
With a smile, like any Venus, she gave me its name and genus,
And opened very calmly a botanical discourse.

But I speedily recovered. As her taper fingers hovered
Like a tender benediction o'er a little bit of fish,
Further to impair digestion, she brought up the Eastern Question.
By that time I fully echoed that other fellow's wish.

And as sure as I'm a sinner, right through that endless dinner
Did she talk of moral science, of politics and law,
Of natural selection, of Free Trade and Protection,
Till I came to look upon her with a sort of solemn awe.

Just to hear that lovely woman, looking more divine than human,
Talk with such discrimination of Ingersoll and Cook,
With such a childish, winning smile, quoting Huxley and Carlyle,
It was quite a revelation—it was better than a book.

Chemistry and mathematics, agriculture and chromatics,
Music, painting, sculpture—she knew all the tricks of speech—
Bas-relief and chiaroscuro, and at last the Indian Bureau,
She discussed it quite serenely as she trifled with a peach.

I have seen some dreadful creatures, with vinegary features,
With their fearful store of learning setting me in sad eclipse;
But I am ready quite to swear, if I have ever heard the Tariff
Or the Eastern Question settled by such a pair of lips.

Never saw I dainty maiden so remarkably o'erladen
From lip to tip of finger with the lore of books and men;
Quite in confidence I say it, and I trust you'll not betray it,
But I pray to gracious heaven that I never may again.

WISDOM.

She doth not flaunt her treasures in the face,
Nor thrust them in the undesiring hand;
Nor doth she at the imperious command
Of swift, unthinking lips, unveil her grace.
Who sees aright, the hidden spring may trace
Where dull eyes see but wastes of barren land;
So to the seeking souls that understand,
Doth she disclose her blest abiding place.

And, as the cooling spring, once found, doth rise
With bountiful responsiveness to meet
And bless the patient digger, so, at length,
She doth her faithful followers recognize,
And unto these alone yields up the sweet
Eternal beauty of her truth and strength.

HER EYES AND MINE.

Her eyes are quicker than my own to see
The one worm-eaten leaf upon the rose,
Or the one flaw the diamond faintly shows;
She says when I have grown as wise as she
I will not prate of snowy sails, nor be
Deceived by the delusive light that glows
Upon the distant hills, she knows, she knows,
And for my ignorance she pities me.

English press; and he appears to have seriously considered at the time the possibility of reviving the poetic drama of the stage. His study of the condition of the drama, however, led him to abandon the idea as, for the present, impracticable; but, happily, he did not abandon the dramatic form of literature, and between the years 1871 and 1876 his *magnum opus*, the triology entitled the "Tragedy of Israel," was written and published.

In 1871, he had been appointed Professor of English Literature and History in the Queen's College of Cork, a post which he still holds, to the great advantage of that institution. He is also a Fellow of the Royal University; and the Queen's University, together with his own University of Dublin, have acknowledged his literary distinction by honorary degrees. In 1879 he married Miss Marie Elizabeth Wrixon. A period of Continental travel followed, of which the most important memorial is his beautiful volume, "A Garland from Greece." Besides this, his most substantial literary works since the Triology have been the "Life and Letters" of his brother Edmund (a deeply interesting volume), the "Stories of Wicklow," in which he fulfilled the cherished scheme which he and his brother were to have executed in common, and a satire named "Mephistopheles in Broadcloth." He has also lately produced a work of great antiquarian, historical, and, through the beautiful drawings of Mrs. Armstrong, artistic interest—a family history of the Irish branches of the Savage family, whose blood has flowed in the veins of so many English poets — Tennyson, Landor and others. To these must be added Armstrong himself, who (through his mother) now represents the Glastry branch of the Savages of the Ards.

Professor Armstrong lives in Cork for the time that his official duties keep him there, but spends several months of the summer in Bray, W. Wicklow, among scenes in which, to this day, he finds the strongest impulse to his poetic faculty. He has taken no part in the passionate politics of his day and land, but is known to hold decidedly Unionist opinions. At the same time his interest in Ireland, its scenery, people and national history, is that of a true patriot. He is, indeed, far too much of a poet, as well as of a patriot, not to respect all that gives his country an individual place and character in the Empire of which it forms a part.

J. W. R.

THE LIVING AND THE DEAD.

Our dead sleep on. Draw closer to the fire,
And keep the poor life warm in the lorn breast
A little longer—for the months or years.
I marvel which is worthier of desire—
Their lot who lie in that cold seeming-rest,
Or ours, with aching hearts and bursting tears,
Who mourn for them, and stretch our hands and cry
To bring them back to us, or start to find
The old seats vacant and no dear one by
To learn the last bright thought that flashes from the mind.

O, lovely are the earth and the wide heaven!
How fair a world to close the eyes upon
For ever! They who loved these breaking waves
And these green woods, and yon pale tints of even,
See them no more. The wandering breeze of dawn
Makes music in the grasses of their graves;
The birds about their bright homes tenantless
Warble to infant ears; the sunbeams creep
Into their chambers' utter nakedness;
The rills besides their doors in light unheeded leap.

But we have still our Mountains that we love,
And the full streams with all their melodies,
Boughs brightening with a promise of sure spring
I' the level beam that gilds the winter grove,
Still the quick blood that tingles in the breeze,
Warm sleep secure of dawn's awakening,
Reviving hope that reasserts her sway
Even in the saddest heart, soft twilight hours
Wherein to dream our weariness away,
Still the keen eye and still the mind's unvanquished powers.

Compensates their cold rest the loss of these,
Joy of hale hearts, the rapture of the strife,
Imagination's ecstasy, the flight
Of venturous thought, the meditative ease,
The summer seasons of tempestous life?
Or, find they larger bliss and lovelier light
Beyond the doors none enter save alone?
Whether 't were good to follow them and dare,
As they have dared, the void of Death unknown,
Which of them shall arise from darkness and declare?

IN THE MOUNTAIN LAND.

Dread Spirit, that, whate'er the uncertain tongue
Of crude Conjecture unto credulous ears
May stammer, still to me, with heart yet young
To learn, to feel, from out the measureless years
Speakest, and everywhere through earth, sky, sea,
Dost palpitate in ceaseless energy,—

Be it mine, while here these senses vibrating
  Reveal Thee, life to life, to watch the play
Of Thine abounding forces, and to sing
  Thy might, Thy love, Thy beauty, day by day
Gathering the tokens of Thy various power
In midnight storm or iris of the shower.

And is *this* idleness,—to sit alone
  Morn after morn above the moving sea,
Bending the ear to every separate tone
  Amid its multitudinous harmony,
That comes from its great depths' unceasing roar
Far off, or sighs along its voiceful shore;

To watch its myriad motions hour on hour,
  Each fleeting shadow and light that gleams and flies,
On days of off-shore winds, when sun and shower
  And hurrying cloud with ever-varying dyes
Career across its breaker-whitened deeps
Where, light in gloom, the glimmering sea-bird sweeps;

And treasure in the inmost of the mind
  Its every delicate color, swirl and sound,
As some most precious hint of Thee; and find
  Fit words wherein to hold their beauty bound?
Or lie upon the mountains when the Spring
At last has set the slow woods burgeoning,

And brood upon the valleys lovingly,
  Learning the thousand hues that flame and glow
On every brightening bush and kindling tree;
  Or when glad tempests o'er the woodlands blow,
Warm in some sheltered mossy nook reclined,
Count every cadence of the wandering wind;

That so I may a nearer commune hold
  With Thee, who to deaf ears alone art dumb,
And, back returning to a world grown cold
  Amid Thy signs, to Thee from whom they come,
Some unexpected sweetness I may bear
To waken wonder or to shame despair?

NAVARINO.

Navarino! Navarino!
  Where the surges sweep and roar,
O'er Sphacteria's islet towering
  On thy bare Messenian shore,
As I glide beside thee, wondering,
  Wave and wind thy name repeat,
And my pulses bound and tingle
  With a rapture strange and sweet.

Navarino! Navarino!
  Deeds of light thy name recalls.
England, Russia, France forget not
  What they wrought beneath thy walls!
By thy rocks their fleets in thunder
  Battled for thy land's release.
There in valiant fight our warriors
  Broke the chain of trampled Greece.

By their blood for Hellas squandered,
  What shall be the rude world's gain?
Earth without the star of Hellas
  Lingering over sea and plain
Had been darkness. Shall hereafter
  Earth from Hellas find anew
Health and gladness, light and beauty,
  Dropping like the rain and dew?

Hers to mould in rhythmic order
  Spoil of thought and hoard of truth
Heaved from out the Abyss and lying
  Shapeless in our palms uncouth;
Hers to draw with hand Promethean
  Down from heaven a lovelier light;
Hers to carve a cosmic Eden
  From our chaos and thick night.

Navarino! Navarino!
  Every wave thy name repeats
With a sweet prophetic music,
  And my heart in rapture beats,
As I sail by sandy Pylos,
  Where the dolphins plunge and play,
Round the rocks of weird Mothoni,
  Into Koron's gulf of spray.

WAR-SONG OF THE GREEKS.

War to the knife!
  Rouse ye, arouse for the strife!
Let not a thought of compassion have sway,
  Repentance or pity take hold of the heart.
  Every man bend with his hand on the dart,
Crouch like a leopard that waits for his prey.
  Greeks, come ye forth
  From the south, from the north,
Watch for the signal, abide and obey!

  What shall be said
  If pity, if pity, or dread
Of death or of torture, have power to subdue
  The heart of the soldier whose fathers of old
  The hosts of the Mede in the battle-dust rolled,
The vanguard of Asia at Marathon slew?

Who shall deserve
Life if we swerve
From the deeds we are banded to dare and to do?

Ages are gone
Since the glory, the glory that shone
From Hellas, has dropt into darkness of night.
All that was left of her beauty and power
Rome in her ravine had spared to devour,
Frank or Venetian had spurned in his might,
Is trampled to dust,
In the pride and the lust
Of the Turk and his bastards whose breath is your blight.

Athens, awake!
Chio, thy lethargy break!
Isles, rend the chain that your liberty locks!
Pour down, Olympus, from valley and height
Armatoli and Klephts as a storm of the night!
Shepherds of Pindus, descend from your flocks!
Valiant Mainote,
Hydriote, Suliote,
Forth to the fight from your mountains and rocks!

Rise in your ire,
With slaughter, with slaughter, with fire!
As a brood of foul snakes from your valleys expel
Man, woman and child that in blasphemy bow
To the Prophet of Mecca, with turban on brow!
Sweep on the knaves that in infamy dwell
In your fields they have spoiled,
In your homes they have soiled
With their blood-dabbled feet and their orgies of Hell!

Earth will admire,
As we fight, as we fight, and aspire;
France, Britain, Russia, will cleave to our side,
And across the rough ocean America's hand
Stretch to deliver the Light-giving Land
The world ever loves, as a lover a bride.
Prate not of peace!
Strike ye for Greece!
Triumph, or die as your fathers have died!

LOVE OF NATURE.

Love nothing base, keep clean thy heart,
Thy senses clear of sensual slime,
Live from the meaner strifes apart,
Nor take the soilure of the time;

Then loose thyself in God's fair earth,
Taste all the raptures of thy lot,
Embrace its boons, drink deep its mirth,
And let thy conscience vex thee not.

AUTUMN MEMORIES.

When russet beech-leaves drift in air,
And withering bracken gilds the ling,
And red haws brighten hedgerows bare,
And only plaintive robins sing,
When autumn whirlwinds curl the sea,
And mountain-tops are cold with haze,
Then saddest thoughts revisit me,—
I sit and dream of the olden days.

When chestnut-leaves lie yellow on ground,
And brown nuts break the prickled husk,
And nests on naked boughs are found,
And swallows shrill no more at dusk,
And folks are glad in house to be,
And up the flue the faggots blaze,
Then climb my little boys my knee
To hear me tell of the olden days.

A DIFFICULTY.

As in Heaven no hate can be,
Or scorn that worketh dole,
And my hate of thee and my scorn of thee
Never can leave my soul,

It followeth sure that one of us twain
Into the flame must go;
And since thy conscience hath no stain
And all thy face doth glow

With a greasy, gleaming righteousness
And an archangelic dye,
If either it be, thou wilt confess,
It cannot but be I;

So there cometh a question of interest,—
Where were it good to dwell?
Which would the rest consider the best,
Thy Heaven or my Hell?

BYRON.

Was it all-glorious, Byron, to have died
To loose the despicable yoke that bound
Degenerate Greece, to strive on alien ground
To break a mouldering chain, and yet deride
With peevish lip the stern, the stubborn pride
Of thine own England, hurling from his place
Freedom's Imperial Foe in foul disgrace?
We ask not. And for that pure love which woun
Thy ruined heart like the green ivy-twine,

For that heroic impulse of thy breast,
Strong o'er its baser tumults triumphing,
We honor thee, and still thy name enshrine
With England's brightest, close by England's best,
Poet, or statesman, soldier, priest, or king.

TURKEY.

I STOOD beneath the walls of Constantine,
And thought of Moorad with his rapturous host
That swept o'er Asia, and the iron coast
Of Europe with a valor half divine
Assailed; and of Mohammed and his line
Back-beating in fierce fight from post to post
Frank, Goth, and Sclave and Greek subdued and lost,
And gathering kingdoms in their snaky twine.

In rent and seam of tower and barbican
I read the might, the weakness, and the doom
Of Osman's empire, and with bated breath
Passed through the gates of Stambool, but to scan,
Amid the desolation and the gloom,
White on the Nation's brows the brand of death.

KNOWLEDGE.

Sweet it is to learn,
When the mind craves it. There are seers wise
Who watch the stars, and draw hid truth thereout.
—*King Saul.*

PROGRESS.

Man was not made to freeze to fixed form,
Like peak or promontory, or to flow
But one way with the rivers of the vale,
But, ever changeful, grow, nor cease to grow
Here, nor beyond the realm of gloom or dawn,
—*Ibid.*

HELP.

When strong men lean for help upon the love
Of children, all they seeing well may weep.
—*Ibid.*

CUSTOM.

Custom is nature's potent ministress,
Ofttimes co-equal nature; stronger she
Than prejudice or anger, wounds or grief;
Sin's sanctioner, dread usurpation's seal;
Give her a space to make complete thy sway.
Rest, and let grow.
—*King David.*

WAR.

War, like the tasselled grass that's left afield,
Sheds its own seed for harvests ever new,
And every body slain is as that seed,
And tears of hearts bereaved its rain and dew.
—*King Solomon.*

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH.

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH was born in Liverpool on the first day of the year 1819. When he was four years of age, his father migrated to the United States, and the early years of his boyhood were spent in Charleston, South Carolina. In the autumn of 1828, the Cloughs returned to England, and Arthur was sent to a school in Chester, whence he proceeded to Rugby in the summer of 1829. Here he came under the marvellous influence of the greatest of English schoolmasters; and in Clough, Dr. Arnold found a pupil after his own heart,—a youth largely dowered by nature with that intellectual and ethical strenuousness which it was Arnold's chief aim to inspire and develop. His school career was a brilliant one. At fifteen he was the head of the fifth form; he edited for some time the *Rugby Magazine*, to which he contributed his earliest verse; he took an active part in some of the school games, his name appearing in William Arnold's "Rules of Football" as that of the best goal-keeper on record; and when, in October, 1837, he passed on to Oxford, having won the Balliol scholarship in the preceding year, he had gained every honor which Rugby had to bestow. Oxford was then the center of the memorable Tractarian movement, and a mind so sensitive as Clough's, so full of fine ardors and high enthusiasms, could not fail to be affected by the ferment of new thought in which he found himself. For some little time his intellectual activities were turned into an unfamiliar channel, and the earliest evidence that a disturbing element had come into his life was furnished by his failure to take a first-class, and his unsuccessful competition for a fellowship at Balliol. But, though Clough's mind was sensitive, it was stable; and he was not long in recovering his equilibrium. In the spring of 1842, he was elected Fellow of Oriel, and by this time he had worked his way through the storm and stress in which, to use his own words, he had been "like a straw," and had regained possession of himself. Still, such a conflict seldom leaves a man where it found him, and in struggling to make a stand against what he felt to be alien influences, Clough's intellectual attitude had insensibly changed. An aggressive doubter he could never have been, but he had become an eager questioner; and the final result of his questioning was the resignation, in 1848, of his Oriel Fellowship, and also of the tutorship to which he had been subsequently appointed. Then came a month in Paris among the sights of the Revolution; a visit to Liverpool, during which he wrote "The Bothie of Tober-na-Vuolich"; his appointment as Head of University Hall, London; and a visit to

Rome, one result of which was his second long poem, "Amours de Voyage," his earliest volume of verse, "Ambervalia," having been published during his residence at Oxford. In 1852, he resigned his headship and went to America, settling at Cambridge, Massachusetts, where he engaged himself in literary work, and where he might have remained permanently, had he not been tempted home by the offer of an examinership in the Education Office, which would secure him a small but regular and permanent income, now of some importance to him, as he was looking forward to an immediate marriage. This event took place in 1854, and for the next seven years, during which three children were born to him, he lived quietly at home. It was a time of happy content, but also of unwearying labor of many kinds, and at last the strain began to tell. In 1860, he was compelled to take what was believed to be only a temporary leave of absence from his duties. Malvern, the Isle of Wight, and the continent, were successively visited, and in September, 1861, on the Italian Lakes, he caught a chill, which by the time of his arrival in Florence, during the following month, had developed into a malarial fever. The fever wore itself out, but its victim was worn out also. Paralysis, which had been threatening, struck him down, and on the 13th of November, 1861, Arthur Hugh Clough passed away. His body lies in the little Protestant cemetery, just outside the walls of Florence, upon which the beautiful Tuscan hills look down.

Any attempt to anticipate the verdict of posterity upon Clough's contribution to English poetry would be foolish and futile. To the more serious and thoughtful of his contemporaries it must have a peculiar interest, for it utters—and utters with singular clearness and adequacy—their own aspirations, their own doubts, and not less, their own certainties. For Clough, though in one sense a poet of doubt, was in a deeper sense a poet of faith—faith in the Heart of Goodness at the Heart of the Universe, which will make its warmth felt, and its beatings heard by Him who, in the darkness, is "Not disobedient to the heavenly vision."

J. A. N.

QUA CURSUM VENTUS.

As ships, becalmed at eve, that lay
  With canvas drooping, side by side,
Two towers of sail at dawn of day
  Are scarce long leagues apart descried;

When fell the night, upsprung the breeze,
  And all the darkling hours they plied,
Nor dreamt but each the self-same seas
  By each was cleaving, side by side:

E'en so—but why the tale reveal
  Of those, whom year by year unchanged,
Brief absence joined anew to feel,
  Astounded, soul from soul estranged?

At dead of night their sails were filled,
  And onward each rejoicing steered—
Ah, neither blame, for neither willed,
  Or wist, what first with dawn appeared!

To veer, how vain! On, onward strain,
  Brave barks! In light, in darkness too,
Through winds and tides one compass guides
  To that, and your own selves, be true.

But O blithe breeze! and O great seas,
  Though ne'er, that earliest parting past,
On your wide plain they join again,
  Together lead them home at last.

One port, methought, alike they sought,
  One purpose hold where'er they fare,—
O bounding breeze, O rushing seas!
  At last, at last, unite them there!

"WITH WHOM IS NO VARIABLENES NEITHER SHADOW OF TURNING."

It fortifies my soul to know
That, though I perish, Truth is so:
That, howsoe'er I stray and range,
Whate'er I do, Thou dost not change.
I steadier step when I recall
That, if I slip, Thou dost not fall.

ON A GONDOLA.

Afloat; we move. Delicious. Ah,
What else is like the gondola?
This level floor of liquid glass
Begins beneath us swift to pass.
It goes as though it went alone
By some impulsion of its own.
(How light it moves, how softly! Ah,
Were all things like the gondola!)

How light it moves, how softly! Ah,
Could life, as does our gondola,
Unvexed with quarrels, aims and cares,
And moral duties and affairs,
Unswaying, noiseless, swift and strong,
For ever thus—thus glide along!
(How light we move, how softly! Ah,
Were life but as the gondola!)

With no more motion than should bear
A freshness to the languid air;
With no more effort than exprest
The need and naturalness of rest,
Which we beneath a grateful shade
Should take on peaceful pillows laid!
(How light we move, how softly! Ah,
Were life but as the gondola!)

In one unbroken passage borne
To closing night from opening morn,
Uplift at whiles slow eyes to mark
Some palace front, some passing bark;
Through windows catch the varying shore,
And hear the soft turns of the oar!
(How light we move, how softly! Ah,
Were life but as the gondola!)

"AS I SAT AT THE CAFÉ."

As I sat at the café, I said to myself,
They may talk as they please about what they call pelf,
They may sneer as they like about eating and drinking,
But help it I cannot, I cannot help thinking,
How pleasant it is to have money, heigh ho!
How pleasant it is to have money.

I sit at my table *en grand seigneur*,
And when I have done, throw a crust to the poor;
Not only the pleasure, one's self, of good living,
But also the pleasure of now and then giving.
So pleasant it is to have money, heigh ho!
So pleasant it is to have money.

It was but last winter I came up to town,
But already I'm getting a little renown;
I make new acquaintance where'er I appear;
I am not too shy, and have nothing to fear.
So pleasant it is to have money, heigh ho!
So pleasant it is to have money.

I drive through the streets, and I care not a d—n;
The people they stare, and they ask who I am;
And if I should chance to run over a cad,
I can pay for the damage if ever so bad.
So pleasant it is to have money, heigh ho!
So pleasant it is to have money.

We stroll to our box and look down on the pit,
And if it were n't low should be tempted to spit;
We loll and we talk until people look up,
And when it's half over we go out to sup.
So pleasant it is to have money, heigh ho!
So pleasant it is to have money.

The best of the tables and the best of the fare—
And as for the others the devil may care;
It is n't our fault if they dare not afford
To sup like a prince and be drunk as a lord.
So pleasant it is to have money, heigh ho!
So pleasant it is to have money.

We sit at our tables and tipple champagne;
Ere one bottle goes, comes another again;
The waiters they skip and they scuttle about,
And the landlord attends us so civilly out.
So pleasant it is to have money, heigh ho!
So pleasant it is to have money.

It was but last winter I came up to town,
But already I'm getting a little renown;
I get to good houses without much ado,
Am beginning to see the nobility too.
So pleasant it is to have money, heigh ho!
So pleasant it is to have money.

O dear! what a pity they ever should lose it!
For they are the gentry that know how to use it:
So grand and so graceful, such manners, such dinners,
But yet, after all it is we are the winners.
So pleasant it is to have money, heigh ho!
So pleasant it is to have money.

Thus I sat at my table *en grand seigneur*,
And when I had done threw a crust to the poor:
Not only the pleasure, one's self, of good eating,
But also the pleasure of now and then treating.
So pleasant it is to have money, heigh ho!
So pleasant it is to have money.

They may talk as they please about what they call pelf,
And how one ought never to think of one's self,
And how pleasures of thought surpass eating and drinking—
My pleasure of thought is the pleasure of thinking
How pleasant it is to have money, heigh ho!
How pleasant it is to have money.

SAY NOT THE STRUGGLE NAUGHT AVAILETH.

Say not, the struggle naught availeth,
The labor and the wounds are vain,
The enemy faints not, nor faileth,
And as things have been they remain.

If hopes were dupes, fears may be liars;
It may be, in yon smoke concealed,
Your comrades chase e'en now the fliers,
And, but for you possess the field.

For while the tired waves, vainly breaking,
Seem here no painful inch to gain,
Far back, through creeks and inlets making,
Comes silent, flooding in, the main,

And not by eastern windows only,
When daylight comes, comes in the light,
In front, the sun climbs slow, how slowly,
But westward, look, the land is bright.

QUI LABORAT, ORAT.

O ONLY Source of all our light and life,
Whom as our truth, our strength, we see and feel,
But whom the hours of mortal moral strife
Alone aright reveal!

Mine inmost soul, before Thee inly brought,
Thy presence owns ineffable, divine;
Chastised each rebel self-encentered thought,
My will adoreth Thine.

With eye down-dropt, if then this earthly mind
Speechless remain, or speechless e'en depart;
Nor seek to see—for what of earthly kind
Can see Thee as Thou art?—

If well-assured 't is but profanely bold
In thought's abstractest forms to seem to see,
It dare not dare the dread communion hold
In ways unworthy Thee,

O not unowned, Thou shalt unnamed forgive,
In worldly walks the prayerless heart prepare;
And if in work its life it seem to live,
Shalt make that work be prayer.

Nor times shall lack, when while the work it plies,
Unsummoned powers the blinding film shall part,
And scarce by happy tears made dim, the eyes
In recognition start.

But, as Thou willest, give or e'en forbear
The beatific supersensual sight,
So, with Thy blessing blest, that humbler prayer
Approach Thee morn and night.

THROUGH A GLASS DARKLY.

* * * * *

AH, yet, when all is thought and said,
The heart still overrules the head;
Still what we hope we must believe,
And what is given us receive;
Must still believe, for still we hope
That in a world of larger scope,
What here is faithfully begun
Will be completed, not undone.

My child, we still must think, when we
That ampler life together see,
Some true result will yet appear
Of what we are, together, here.

PESCHIERA.

WHAT voice did on my spirit fall,
Peschiera, when thy bridge I crost?
"'T is better to have fought and lost,
Than never to have fought at all."

The tricolor—a trampled rag
Lies, dirt and dust; the lines I track
By sentry-boxes yellow-black,
Lead up to no Italian flag.

I see the Croat soldier stand
Upon the grass of your redoubts;
The eagle with his black wings flouts
The breath and beauty of your land.

Yet not in vain, although in vain,
O men of Brescia, on the day
Of loss past hope, I heard you say
Your welcome to the noble pain.

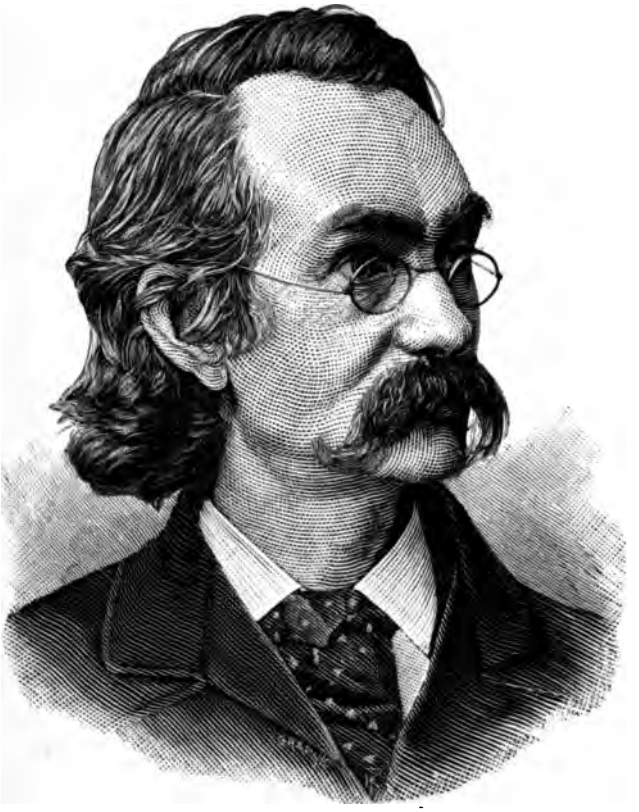
You say, "Since so it is,—good bye
Sweet life, high hope; but whatsoe'er
May be, or must, no tongue shall dare
To tell, 'The Lombard feared to die!'"

You said (there shall be answer fit),
"And if our children must obey,
They must; but thinking on this day
'T will less debase them to submit."

You said (Oh, not in vain you said),
"Haste, brothers, haste, while yet we may;
The hours ebb fast of this one day
When blood may yet be nobly shed."

Ah, not for idle hatred, not
For honor, fame, nor self-applause,
But for the glory of the cause,
You did, what will not be forgot.

And though the stranger stand, 't is true,
By force and fortune's right he stands;
By fortune which is in God's hands,
And strength, which yet shall spring in you.



Yours Cordially
M. N. Denslow.

This voice did on my spirit fall,
Peschiera, when thy bridge I crost,
"'T is better to have fought and lost,
Than never to have fought at all."

SUBMISSION.

Howe'er we turn, and pause and tremble,
Howe'er we shrink, deceive, dissemble,
Whate'er our doubting, grief, disgust,
The hand is on us, and we must.
'Tis common sense, and human wit
Can find no better name than it.
Submit, submit!

—*Dipsychus.*

SIN.

O wickedness, O shame and grief,
And heavy load, and no relief!
O God, O God! and which is worst,
To be the curser or the curst,
The victim or the murderer?

—*Ibid.*

IDLENESS.

Contamination taints the idler first.

—*Ibid.*

ACTION.

We ask action,
And dream of arms and conflict; and string up
All self-devotion's muscles; and are set
To fold up papers.

—*Ibid.*

VAGUENESS.

Prate then of passions you have known in dreams,
Of huge experience gathered by the eye;
Be large of aspiration, pure in hope,
Sweet in fond longings, but in all things vague.

—*Ibid.*

MODESTY.

Maiden reserve torn from off it, grows never again to reclothe it;
Modesty broken through once, to immodesty flies for protection.

—*The Bothie of Tober-na-Vuolich.*

WISHES.

Would I could wish my wishes all to rest,
And know to wish the wish that were the best!

—*Mari Magno.*

UNKINDNESS.

By nature he to gentlest thoughts inclined,
To most severe had disciplined his mind;
He held it duty to be half unkind.

—*Mari Magno.*

WILLIAM HENRY VENABLE.

WILLIAM HENRY VENABLE, of Cincinnati, was born in Warren County, Ohio, April 29, 1836. His father, of whom the son says,

> "He was both meek and brave,
> Not haughty and yet proud,"

was a character exceptional in his time and place: he was a man of books and fine tastes in the country while it was yet new, on a small farm that he tilled with his own hands. In the longer season he worked on his farm, and in that shorter, cold one in which the farmers' boys and girls got their learning he taught the district-school. He was a scholar of considerable attainments and wide reading, and the purity, and sincerity, and simple dignity of his life illustrated the primitive meaning of the word *gentleman:* he was a gentle man. In short, with his friendship for nature and his love of literature, he was such a man as his son well might cite for proof that he is a poet born. And on the mother's side, too, Dr. Venable comes from a brainy stock of farmers with literary tastes and tendencies. In a home full of books, with such a father's keen appreciation of them for a constant inspiration, young Venable very naturally and very early became an enthusiastic reader and ardent student.

He soon outgrew the limits of learning in the country school, and went to town for the advantages of higher institutions. His circumstances did not permit him to take a course at college; but, with his academic privileges and his industry and ardor in availing himself of them, he was not slow in coming into notice as an educated man and an educator. His intellectual curiosity had taken him into Latin, Greek and German, but much more into science, history and literature; which latter—notably the last—are his specialties. To the promotion of liberal education in these, by teaching, and speaking, and writing, he has given himself with an energy that, but for his strong will and cheerful temperament, would long ago have wrecked the delicate physical organization which he has inherited.

Notwithstanding his nature is underlaid with a stratum of intense melancholy, and in spite of his apparently slight hold on existence, he is an optimist, a resolute and indefatigable worker, and a successful man of affairs. His labor has gained him a delightful home on a romantic hill at Tusculum (a suburb of Cincinnati), where dwells a charming family—a wife, as he truly characterizes her in the dedication of one of his books of verse, "wise, noble, loved and loving," and half a dozen admirable children.

His quick eye for character, his delicious humor and swift imagination, and his dramatic instinct of scene and situation make him an interesting storyteller whether in speaking or in writing; as witness his "Thomas Tadmore," a narrative lecture of the "humor and pathos of boy-life," with which he has delighted so many audiences—not to mention the various short stories of like character which he has contributed to periodicals and newspapers.

But such work as this—and measurably, too, the same may be said of his poetic utterance—has been but the byplay of a career of earnest, toilsome (often irksome) endeavor. His life has been devoted to the higher interests of his time, especially the furtherance of liberal education and literary culture. With tongue and pen he has wrought incessantly for the diffusion of "sweetness and light." He has written innumerable articles for the periodical press, and has lectured on elevating subjects hundreds of times to audiences in all parts of the Ohio Valley and elsewhere. He has done a great deal of periodical and newspaper work in the line of editorial writing, and has made extensive original research in local history and biography. In the yet obscure annals of the settlement and early growth of the Northwest Territory—north of the Ohio and west of the Alleghanies—he is an authority. He is a member of numerous societies for the advancement of knowledge and civilization, and has been complimented with the collegiate degrees of A.M. and LL.D.

Among Dr. Venable's first publications was a line of books for use in schools—a "History of the United States," "The School Stage," "The Amateur Actor," and "Dramatic Scenes." Following these, "Chronicles of the Great Rebellion," "Prize-Essay on the Use of the Dictionary," "Facts and Experiments in Chemistry," "Sketches of Cincinnati Libraries," "A Series of Studies of the Literature of the West," "Footprints of the Pioneers in the Ohio Valley," "Sketch of the Life of Wm. D. Gallagher," "Down South Before the War," etc.

His first volume of poems, "June on the Miami," appeared in 1871; "The Teacher's Dream," a gift-book, in 1880; "Melodies of the Heart, Songs of Freedom, and Other Poems," in 1884, and "Songs of School-days," in 1889.

Of Venable as a man, the distinguished artist C. T. Webber, of Cincinnati, writes: "I know a great many things about Venable which it will not do to tell here; but he will be taken off one of these days, and then those who remain can speak out, and they will love to speak it, and the world will be the better for the hearing of it;"—and adds that he is "as keenly alive to the moral beauty, to the intellectual and artistic harmony of his peers as he is to the music of the Miami's soft waters, that flow, one must think, in the more contented melody for his praise."

Another friend, in writing of him as a poet, says: "Mr. Venable is a poet born and a poet by culture. He has the fine poetical physique, and lives and breathes in the melody of nature. All his tastes, all his aspirations, all his belongings, are colored through and through with the ethereal blood of song."

C. K.

THE TEACHER'S DREAM.

THE weary teacher sat alone
  While twilight gathered on:
And not a sound was heard around:
  The boys and girls were gone.

The weary teacher sat alone,
  Unnerved and pale was he:
Bowed 'neath a yoke of care, he spoke
  In sad soliloquy:

"Another round, another round
  Of labor thrown away,—
Another chain of toil and pain
  Dragged through a tedious day.

"Of no avail is constant zeal,
  Love's sacrifice is loss,
The hopes of morn, so golden, turn,
  Each evening, into dross.

"I squander on a barren field
  My strength, my life, my all;
The seeds I sow will never grow,
  They perish where they fall."

He sighed, and low upon his hands
  His aching brow he pressed;
And o'er his frame ere long there came
  A soothing sense of rest.

And then he lifted up his face,
  But started back aghast,—
The room by strange and sudden change
  Assumed proportions vast.

It seemed a senate hall, and one
  Addressed a listening throng;
Each burning word all bosoms stirred,
  Applause rose loud and long.

The 'wildered teacher thought he knew
  The speaker's voice and look.
"And for his name," said he, "the same
  Is in my record book."

The stately senate hall dissolved,
  A church rose in its place,
Wherein there stood a man of God,
  Dispensing words of grace.

And though he heard the solemn voice,
  And saw the beard of gray,
The teacher's thought was strangely wrought:
  "My yearning heart, to-day,

Wept for this youth whose wayward will
  Against persuasion strove,
Compelling force, love's last resource,
  To 'stablish laws of love."

The church, a phantasm, vanished soon:
  What saw the teacher, then?
In classic gloom of alcoved room,
  An author plied his pen.

"My idlest lad!" the teacher said,
  Filled with a new surprise—
"Shall I behold his name enrolled
  Among the great and wise?"

The vision of a cottage home
  The teacher now descried;
A mother's face illumed the place
  Her influence sanctified.

"A miracle! a miracle!
  This matron, well I know,
Was but a wild and careless child,
  Not half an hour ago.

"And when she to her children speaks
  Of duty's golden rule,
Her lips repeat, in accents sweet,
  My words to her at school."

The scene was changed again, and lo,
  The school-house rude and old;
Upon the wall did darkness fall,
  The evening air was cold.

"A dream!" the sleeper, waking, said,
  Then paced along the floor,
And, whistling low and soft and slow,
  He locked the school-house door.

And, walking home, his heart was full
  Of peace and trust and love and praise;
And, singing slow and soft and low,
  He murmured, "After many days."

THE SALUTATORIAN.

In snowy lace and satin,
  Bedecked with floral glory,
She bows, and reads, in Latin,
  The class salutatory.

A scarlet rose resembles
  Her cheeks aglow with blushes;
Her timid bosom trembles
  Like a singing hermit thrush's.

Her charming agitation,
  More than any word she utters,
Captivates my admiration;
  And my heart excited flutters.

Oh, fair and gentle creature,
  Trained in language and *belles lettres*,
I'm very sure no teacher
  Than I can love you better.

She has won my heart completely
  Spite of faults in Roman grammar,
For she smiled so very sweetly
  Just because she chanced to stammer.

She's the flower of the college;
  I care not, Sir Professor,
What you say about her knowledge,
  She is educated,—bless her.

Though I never saw the maiden
  Ere to-night, nor photo' of her,
I shall go away, heart-laden,
  Her devoted slave and lover.

Come hither, gracious usher!
  Carry these enraptured roses,
And give them to yon blusher,
  When her salutation closes.

And, gentle roses, tarry
  In her presence like a tutor,
And warn her not to marry
  If her suitors do not suit her.

THE COMING MAN.

The Coming Man I sing: the Coming Man
Evolved in nature since the world began
By Energy Divine: the Man foretold
Forevermore, whom Hope and Faith behold.

All voices shall he hear, all volumes read:
Probe to the heart of every code and creed:
Cut uncut pages of Creation's book:
In life itself for life's deep secrets look;
Intent his heart and vigilant his brain
The seventh essence of the truth to gain.
He shall be humble, yet supremely bold
The scroll of Time's experience to unfold:
Where Science lifts her daring flambeau high
He greets the glowing torch with fearless eye;
Where, past the known, Religion wings her flight
His solemn gaze pursues her starry light.

Not knowledge only enters in the plan
And consummation of the Coming Man,
And not belief alone, however true:
The best is not to rest, it is *to do*;
The Coming Man shall be a man of deeds
Employing substance and supplying needs.
His wisest word shall bear a fitting act,
And all his speculation bloom to fact;
The goodness of his ethics he shall prove
By logical results of active love.

THE VENAL VOTE.

AND *thou* didst sell thy vote, and *thou* didst buy!
Contempt disdains to point at such as ye.
Slink from the sight of freemen—slink and die.
Name not the name of Holy Liberty.

Stain not your flag by glancing at its stars.
Ye are polluted by a shameful crime:
Ye have no right but right to prison bars:
Go! branded on the forehead for all time.

TO MY WIFE.

WISE, noble, loved and loving wife,
These heart-born songs, a gift, I bring
To thee, whose deeds, thy muses, sing
The poem of a perfect life.

EMERSON.

The Transcendentalist—he now transcends
The cloud of death to join immortal friends.
The Saadi of the West, the Saint, the Sage,
The north-sprung Plato of an un-Greek age,
Hath changed his habitation. Lo! the shore
Of time and matter bears his form no more.
On earth he has become that sacred thing
Of living Book for mankind's bettering;
A Book immortal, yet his other ghost
Takes note authentic of the unknown coast.

—*The Concord Seer.*

GIRLHOOD.

A charm attends her everywhere;
A sense of beauty;
Care smiles to see her free of care;
The hard heart loves her unaware;
Age pays her duty.
She is protected by the sky;
Good spirits tend her;
Her innocence is panoply;
God's wrath must on the miscreant lie,
Who dares offend her.

—*The School Girl.*

LAURA JACINTA RITTENHOUSE.

THE subject of this sketch, Mrs. Laura J. Rittenhouse, *née* Arter, was born in 1841, in an humble but well-provided home in Pulaski County, Illinois, on the crest of forest-crowned hills overlooking the waters of the beautiful and usually placid Ohio river. The strong natural endowments of her parents (Dr. and Mrs. Daniel Arter) were transmitted to the child. Her opportunities to improve these qualities were few and poor, but as good as the sparcely settled country afforded.

On December 31, 1863, Miss Arter was married to Mr. Wood Rittenhouse, a prosperous merchant and honored citizen of Cairo, Ill. She has lived very happily with him, and is the mother of a bright girl and four studious, industrious and promising boys.

For many years after her marriage, the cares of home and the training of her children occupied Mrs. Rittenhouse's time so fully that her literary work was almost abandoned, but for the past two or three years she has had a few hours occasionally to devote to her pen, and that she improves these intervals the columns of many magazines and papers abundantly testify.

A woman pure and fine of character, unflinching in principle, strong in her love of truth and justice, generous, warm-hearted, magnetic, cheery and gifted with large executive power, she has been a natural leader among her kind, first in all benevolent and social enterprises, a tireless worker for home and church and fellow-kind. Her warmest interest has, for years, been given to the work of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, and for that body and its great cause she has worked and written unceasingly.

Although Mrs. Rittenhouse is the author of a number of poems, her best efforts are her stories. She possesses the peculiar faculty of clothing everyday and even commonplace incidents in most attractive garb. She never drifts into the unreasonably sensational. She invests all the topics with which she deals and all the plots she constructs with rare interest to the reader, and her style is at once healthful and elevating. M. B. H.

IN THE COUNTRY.

IN GORGEOUS chaplets on the trees,
No longer flame-like leaves are hung,
And crystal ices flash out where
The mellow fruits of autumn clung.
The cedars droop their stately heads,
Bowed down with diamonds pure and bright,
And fleecy robes have draped the earth
Where flowed the golden summer light.

Respectfully,
Lama J. Rittenhouse.

The wild-briar twines its thorny lengths
  Through the rail-fences, rough and old,
And in the fields the dead stalks stand,
  Where gleamed the autumn's harvest gold.
Within the woods no more the birds
  With flutt'ring wings the green leaves stir,
And 'round the hives no more the bees
  Are buzzing with their drowsy whirr.

The royal lily pallid lies,
  The frost drank up the roses' blood,
And all the dainty flowers fled
  Before the winter's chilling flood.
No clover-breath makes sweet the air,
  The moss is covered o'er with snow,
And only scarlet berries flash
  Where blushing sweet-briars used to grow.

The roads that wound in summer time,
  Like yellow ribbons through the shade
Of forest trees, now seem to be
  So many bands of ermine made;
And all athwart the western sky
  The rose-tinged clouds are thickly spread;
Fold after fold with silv'ry fringe,
  Is drawn in festoons overhead.

And in the midst the old house stands,
  The dear old house, my home no more;
And girlish forms flit through the rooms,
  And children play around the door.
But nevermore beneath its roof
  Shall we who made and love it meet;
Our hungry hearts can only yearn
  Over its memories, old and sweet.

And though to others it may seem
  A queer, old-fashioned house at best,
We know how many happy years
  It gave us shelter, peace and rest.
And when around us cares spring up,
  And Hope withholds her cheering ray,
Our dreary, gloomy thoughts turn to
  The dear old home, so far away.

AN OCTOBER MORNING.

THE ruby morn sprang from the close embrace of night,
  Her soft wings flutt'ring o'er the drowsy earth,
HER bosom throbbing with ten thousand gems
  Of pearls and flashing sapphires, and the birth
OF loving kisses falling from her nectared lips
  Upon the slumbering birds and flowers,
THAT slept through all the weary, gloomy night,
  That they might greet her in her youthful hours.

Her rosy fingers shook with gentle chiding
  The lazy trees, till every trembling leaf
Turned to the sun its many diamonds;
  She, taking from her heart a gleaming sheaf
Of sunlight, darted in the darkened woods,
  And, picking up the shadows pinned them high
Upon the hills, in lines of softened blue,
  Bidding the sunbeams in their places lie.

She walked with loving tread within the orchard,
  Where the rich, mellow fruit, golden and red,
Lay on the hard, white ground, and whispering
  To them some kindly words, she onward sped,
Pausing to bathe her beauteous form
  In every glittering, limpid stream;
Bending her graceful head but just a moment
  To see her mirrored face—the gentle gleam
That shone from out her eyes,—then flying on
  She skimmed above the luscious, dusky grapes,
And drew her magic lines of light and shade,
  And gave e'en to the fleecy clouds their shapes.
Then as the noon-tide waves ebbed o'er the world,
  Without a vain regret or parting sigh,
She kissed her children, folded 'round her azure robes,
  And in the ocean sank—content to die.

I KNOW.

I know just how my girlhood's home
  Is beautiful to-day;
Just how the spring-time sun sifts down
  Its mystic, golden spray.
The orchard trees their snowy foam
  Of fragrant blossoms toss;
And threads of light play through the leaves,
  Like veins of silv'ry floss.

I know just how the yard is filled
  With roses sweet and rare;
Just how the honeysuckles spill
  Their incense on the air,
The lilacs with their hearts of gold,
  The snow-balls pure and white,
The sturdy cedars where the birds
  Find shelter in the night.

The old swing in the cooling shade,
  Waves idly to and fro—
The swing where words of truest love,
  Were spoken long ago.
The maple where the mocking-bird
  And bright-winged robin trill,
And the wood-lark with its clear, sweet notes,
  The leaves with rapture thrill.

I know just how the little room,
That once was mine, appears,
The room that knew my sweetest joys,
And saw my girlish tears;
The dormer windows, queer and small,
The pleasant lane in view;
Ah! when that peaceful home was mine,
Few were the cares I knew.

My heart was filled with light and joy,
My life a golden glow;
Such light and careless days for me
Can come no more, I know.
And yet I know—Oh, sweeter yet,
A haven far more blest;
Where I can find, in joy or woe,
A sure and happy rest,

A home where I shall ever reign,
Of its dear self a part;
Where prying eyes can never gaze;
Dear love, within thy heart.
Sweet were those happy, girlish days,
The present sweeter far;
My life is now bright as the sun,
'T was then a little star.

For as each year steals swiftly by,
I learn thy goodness more;
Some gentle trait, some loving thought,
I had not known before.
Dear love, true heart, dear kindly face;
Thank God for that glad day,
When angels gave me this new life
And put the old way.

RECOMPENSE.

Some lives are clad with darkness,
Through long and weary years;
Some eyes have lost their brightness,
In unavailing tears,
But clouds and tears shall vanish
In radiant light above,
Where souls that see more clearly,
Shall know that "God is love."

—*Recompense.*

WEARINESS.

Life lies before her blank and cold,
A sunless sky, a roadway dreary;
Already travel-worn and faint,
With aching limbs and feet a-weary.

—*On the Ferry.*

THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON.

THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON was born in Cambridge, Mass., December 22, 1823. He graduated at Harvard College in 1841, and at the divinity school in 1847.

Mr. Higginson was first settled over a church in Newburyport in 1847, but preached himself out of that pulpit within three years by his vigorous championship of the anti-slavery cause. In the same year—1850—he was, through no desire of his own, the candidate of the Free Soil party for Congress from the third Massachusetts district.

From 1852 to 1858 Mr. Higginson was in charge of the Free Church in Worcester. His people were in hearty accord with the anti-slavery faith and works of their pastor. The originator of the plan to save Burns, Martin Stowell, was one of the faithful abolitionist circle in Worcester. Mr. Higginson, with Wendell Phillips and Theodore Parker, were indicted for murder shortly after the Burns episode, on account of the rather mysterious death of one of the defenders within the court house during the melee, but the case was never brought to trial.

In 1856 this free pastor of a free church worked energetically in organizing parties of northern emigrants to aid in securing political control of Kansas, spent some time in the new state, and served on the staff of James H. Lane in the civil war which ensued. In Kansas Mr. Higginson came to know John Brown, of Osawatomie, with whom his relations of confidence and mutual regard continued until the latter's death.

To the civil war Higginson, as a philanthropist, looked forward fearlessly and even confidently. Like Frederick Douglas and so many others, he saw that slavery, at any rate, must go down in the struggle. At once, in 1861, it was arranged with Gov. Andrew that he should raise a regiment, but just then recruiting was stopped and nothing resulted for the moment. In 1862, nevertheless, Mr. Higginson recruited two white companies in and about Worcester, and was in camp as commander of one of them when he received a most unexpected request to take command of the 1st regiment of South Carolina volunteers, then just organizing. How he trained and led to victory these refugees, fresh from slavery in South Carolina and Florida, has been modestly related by Col. Higginson himself in one of the most fascinating and instructive books which our civil war produced—"Army Life in a Black Regiment." On an exciting expedition up the Edisto, in 1863, Col. Higginson received a wound which robbed him of health and strength for several years. After a

short furlough he attempted to resume active duties, but in the following year found it necessary to resign his commission.

The most aggressive of abolitionists, brave as the bravest among soldiers, Col. Higginson has yet always continued to live in the present. Until all men and women are indeed equally free, and enjoy equal opportunity for happiness and self-improvement, there will always be abundant occupation for a philanthropy as broad as his. He himself would, no doubt, prize most highly his fair fame as the ever faithful champion of the weaker sex. We can all honor his efforts for the elevation of women, whether we share or not his hope in the purification of politics through their influence. His outspoken sympathy for home rule in Ireland has been characteristic of the man, and, of course, also perfectly sincere and unselfish.

Col. Higginson is a scholar; a lover of books and of "divine philosophy." He is none the less a fit representative man of Cambridge and Boston for that. W. C. L.

THE SOUL OF A BUTTERFLY.

OVER the field where the brown quails whistle,
Over the ferns where the rabbits lie,
Floats the tremulous down of a thistle.
Is it the soul of a butterfly?

See! how they scatter and then assemble;
Filling the air while the blossoms fade,—
Delicate atoms, that whirl and tremble
In the slanting sunlight that skirts the glade.

There goes the summer's inconstant lover,
Drifting and wandering, faint and far;
Only bewailed by the upland plover,
Watched by only the twilight star.

Come next August, when thistles blossom,
See how each is alive with wings!
Butterflies seek their souls in its bosom,
Changed thenceforth to immortal things.

PRELUDE.

I DREAMED one night that the calm hosts of heaven
Had lost their changeless paths; and as I stood
Beside the latticed window, I could watch
Those strange, fair pilgrims wandering from their shrines.
Up to the zenith rose the moon, and paused;
Stars went and came, and waxed and waned again,
Then vanished into nothing; meteors pale
Stole, soft as wind-blown blossoms, down the night;
Till I awoke to find the cold gray morn
Hymning its lonely dirges through the pines.
Were it not better that the planets fail,
And every heavenly orbit wander wide,
Than that this human life, its years like stars,
Should miss the accustomed sequence of content?
All times are good; life's morning let us sing,
Its sunny noon, high noon, the whole world's pause,
Nor less that sweet decline which ends in eve.
Life were monotonous with its morning hours,
Came not the hurrying years to shift our mood,
Unfold an altered heaven and spread its glow
O'er the changed landscape of time's afternoon.

HEIRS OF TIME.

FROM street and square, from hill and glen
Of this vast world beyond my door,
I hear the tread of marching men,
The patient armies of the poor.

The halo of the city's lamps
Hangs, a vast torch-light, in the air;
I watch it through the evening damps:
The masters of the world are there.

Not ermine-clad or clothed in state,
Their title-deeds not yet made plain;
But waking early, toiling late,
The heirs of all the earth remain.

Some day, by laws as fixed and fair
As guide the planets in their sweep,
The children of each outcast heir
The harvest-fruits of time shall reap.

The peasant brain shall yet be wise,
The untamed pulse grow calm and still;
The blind shall see, the lowly rise,
And work in peace Time's wondrous will.

Some day, without a trumpet's call,
This news will o'er the world be blown:
"The heritage comes back to all!
The myriad monarchs take their own!"

A SONG OF DAYS.

O RADIANT summer day,
Whose air, sweet air, steals on from flower to flower!
Couldst thou not yield one hour
When the glad heart says, "This alone is May?"

O passionate earthly love,
Whose tremulous pulse beats on to life's best boon!
Couldst thou not give one noon,
One noon of all noons, all other bliss above?

O solemn human life,
Whose nobler longings bid all conflict cease!
Grant us one day's deep peace
Beyond the utmost rumor of all strife.

For if no joy can stay,
Let it at least yield one consummate bloom,
Or else there is no room
To find delight in love, or life, or May.

I WOULD ARISE AND GO UNTO MY FATHER.

To THINE eternal arms, O God,
Take us, Thine erring children, in;
From dangerous paths too boldly trod,
From wandering thoughts and dreams of sin.

Those arms were round our childish ways,
A guard through helpless years to be;
Oh leave not our maturer days,
We still are helpless without Thee.

We trusted hope and pride and strength:
Our strength proved false, our pride was vain,
Our dreams have faded all at length,—
We come to Thee, O Lord, again!

A guide to trembling steps yet be!
Give us of Thine eternal powers!
So shall all our paths lead to Thee,
And life smile on like childhood's hours.

PANTHEISM AND THEISM.

NO HUMAN eyes Thy face may see,
No human thought Thy form may know;
But all creation dwells in Thee,
And Thy great life through all doth flow!

And yet, O strange and wondrous thought!
Thou art a God who hearest prayer,
And every heart with sorrow fraught
To seek Thy present aid may dare.

And though most weak our efforts seem
Into one creed these thoughts to bind,
And vain the intellectual dream
To see and know the Eternal Mind,—
Yet Thou wilt turn them not aside
Who cannot solve Thy life divine,
But would give up all reason's pride
To know their hearts approved by Thine.

So, though we faint on life's dark hill,
And thought grow weak, and knowledge flee,
Yet faith shall teach us courage still,
And love shall guide us on to Thee.

THE HOPE OF MAN.

THE Past is dark with sin and shame,
The Future dim with doubt and fear;
But, Father, yet we praise Thy name,
Whose guardian love is always near.

For man has striven, ages long,
With faltering steps to come to Thee,
And in each purpose high and strong
The influence of Thy grace could see.

He could not breathe an earnest prayer,
But Thou wast kinder than he dreamed,
As age by age brought hopes more fair,
And nearer still Thy kingdom seemed.

But never rose within his breast
A trust so calm and deep as now;
Shall not the weary find a rest?
Father, Preserver, answer Thou!

'T is dark around, 't is dark above,
But through the shadow streams the sun;
We cannot doubt Thy certain love;
A Man's true aim shall yet be won!

COURAGE.

Courage is first and last of what we need
To mould a nation for triumphal sway:
All else is empty air,
A promise vainly fair,
Like the bright beauty of the ocean spray
Tossed up toward heaven, but never reaching there.
Not in the past, but in the future, we
Must seek the mastery
Of fate and fortune, thought and word and deed.

—*Memorial Ode.*

BEAUTY.

What channel needs our faith except the eyes?
God leaves no spot of earth unglorified;
Profuse and wasteful, loveliness rise;
New beauties dawn before the old have died.

—*Poems from "Thalatta."*

Very respectfully
Charles Lotin Hildreth

CHARLES LOTIN HILDRETH.

FEW young poets achieve distinction by their first books. Mr. Hildreth is a conspicuous exception to this rule. Not only has he won praise from those critics who are most careful in the distribution of it; but his poetry seems to have pleased minds that are seldom swayed by either rhyme or rhythm. Mr. Hildreth is a New Yorker, was born August 28th, 1856, and hence has just passed his thirty-third year. He is related, through his father (who was of Puritan stock) to President Franklin Pierce, and also to Daniel Webster, while Gen. Benjamin Butler is married to one of his near kinswomen. He was educated at the College of the City of New York. He was always noted for his desire to obtain fresh and novel experiences, this tendency sometimes leading him into strange and even perilous adventures. In 1887 he dragged a man, his wife and his child from a burning building in Brooklyn; and again in New York, during 1889, he performed a like service for a girl.

He began to write verses at a very early age, though he has been wise enough to destroy all the products of his youthful pen. He published in his nineteenth year, however, a novel entitled "Judith," and a novelette, "The New Symphony," these being followed later by "Damar's Revenge." For a considerable time he supported himself by literature; writing stories, sketches, etc., and even acquitting himself of that most unusual performance for a poet, an article of scientific character. He is passionately fond of music and is something of an amateur musician. Both on art and music he has written many critical essays. For a long time he so doubted concerning his poetry that he allowed it to be seen only by certain friendly eyes. But having once entered the lists as a lyrist for the magazines, he contributed copiously to the *Atlantic*, *Lippincott's*, the *Overland*, the *American*, the *Manhattan*, and *Our Continent*. Not until this year were his collected poems published, and a few months ago the volume appeared under the title of "The Masque of Death, and Other Poems." Its reception has been already referred to as almost unique for spontaneous cordiality on the part both of public and press. His publishers have recently issued another work of his, entitled "Oo," a story of adventure; and he has a novel nearly completed.

The beauty of Mr. Hildreth's poetry cannot be too highly commended in this age of metrical flippancies and calisthenics. His chief qualities are an exquisite dignity and chastity of expression, a fine taste for the subtlist and sweetest melodies, and an admirable freedom from all the tricks, petty conceits and idle mannerisms with which so much English verse of the present century abounds. Hundreds of lines could be quoted in evidence of these equipments. With his nervous and sinewy hand, Mr. Hildreth should give us more in the future. Let us hope they will (some of them, at least) be pictures painted on a larger canvas. No one could have accomplished the potent lyrical effects with which we must accredit him, and fail in more sustained work. He has the right sense of reserve, the true eye and sensitive ear, the patient capacity for chiseling and polishing. I can think of no younger American poet to-day who equals him except Miss Edith Thomas; and she, with all her merit, is occasionally given to dilettante archaisms and unhappy imitations of Keats which Mr. Hildreth would never allow his muse to dally with. As for any younger English poet with whom to compare him, I know of none whom such comparison would not disparage. E. F.

THE MASQUE OF DEATH.

A FUNERAL passed me in the street to-day—
  A dolorous procession moving slow
With all the grim respectable display
  Which makes a hideous mockery of woe.

Ah, but 't was brave! A spectacle so fine
  Might almost tempt an humble wight to die,
For once in proud pre-eminence to shine
  Chief actor in a grisly tragedy.

In truth I turned away in sick disgust
  With all the proud parade of plume and pall,
And some small pity for the senseless dust
  Consigned to earth with ghastly festival.

The savage past still clings to us, we deem
  It sacred duty to display our woe
In ostentatious mummery, and dream
  The dead are honored by the dreadful show.

The grave is very humble, and the pride
  That fools us here the dead have all forgot;
The king and slave lie calmly side by side,
  Each well contented with his lowly lot.

Impartial earth receives into her breast
  The varied brood she bears, the great and small,
High-thoughted man and stolid brute, the best
  And worst unfavored, for she loves them all.

But man, too conscious of himself, resents
The pure democracy of Nature's plan,
And rears above his bones brief monuments
To bear the empty tale: Here lies a Man!

Years wear serenely on, another age
Treads laughing on the sorrows of the last,
Time wears the letters from the granite page,
And weeds grow on the memories of the past.

And, rightly viewed, it is a gracious doom;
The dead and their traditions pass away
To give new life, new thought, new beauty room,
A higher law of being to obey.

GHOSTS.

TWELVE by the chime: from idle dreams awaking,
I trim my lamp and mount the creaking stair;
The shadows through the carven arches shaking,
Seem mocking phantoms that pursue me there.

The faded portraits in the lamp-light's glamour
Look down with cold inquisitorial gaze;
The sculptured busts, the knights in rusted armor,
Loom large against the window's pictured maze.

Thick dust falls from the time-worn, tattered hangings,
Thick dust lies on the tessellated floor;
My step sounds loud, the door's sepulchral clangings
Roll far along the gusty corridor.

Ah me! amid my dwelling's desolation
It seems some fable that my brain recalls,
That once a glad and gallant generation
Loved, laughed, and feasted in these lonely halls.

Silent the voice of song, and hushed the laughter,
Cheerless and cold the empty banquet-room;
The spider weaves in gilded groin and rafter,
The shrill wind whistles through the vaulted gloom.

Vanished those dear ones, by what hidden highways,
In what far regions, o'er what stormy waves,
I know not, nor in what oblivious byways,
The sere grass sighs above their nameless graves.

And yet, as if my soul's imperious longing
Were as a spell unspoken yet supreme,
Pale shapes seem through the hollow darkness thronging,
Like those wan visitants which haunt a dream.

They gather round me through the silent spaces,
Like clouds across the waning twilight blown;
Till all the room is filled with flickering faces,
And hovering hands that reach to wring my own.

With friendly greeting and familiar gesture,
Wearing the form and feature that they wore
When youth and beauty clothed them like a vesture,
They come, the unforgotten ones of yore.

On cheek and brow I feel their chill caresses,
Like cold, faint airs of autumns long ago;
I hear the sighing of their ghostly tresses,
And trailing of their garments to and fro.

Up from the gulfs of time, the blind abysses,
Those radiant phantoms of the past arise,
And bring again the perfume of their kisses,
The peril and the splendor of their eyes.

But cold their lips, they breathe no warm affection,
And cold their breasts as frozen shapes of snow;
Their luminous eyes are but a vague reflection;
Stray starbeams in the ice-bound stream below.

'T is well; nay, if by spell or incantation
The loved and lost I might again behold,
Breathing and warm in youth's bright incarnation,
And glowing with the loveliness of old,—

That word I would withhold, for their sakes only:
Estranged and changed as in a haggard dream,
Time-tossed and tempest-beaten, old and lonely,
To their young eyes what specters we should seem!

FROST.

THE pane is etched with wondrous tracery;
Curve interlaced with curve and line with line,
Like subtle measures of sweet harmony,
Transformed to shapes of beauty crystalline.

Slim, graceful vines and tendrils, of such sort
As never grew save in some fairy world,
Wind up from roots of misted silver wrought
Through tulip flowers and lilies half unfurled.

Shag firs and hemlocks blend with plumy palms,
Spiked cacti spring from feathery ferns and weeds,
And sea-blooms, such as rock in southern calms,
Mingle their foamy fronds with sedge and reeds.

And there are flights of birds with iris wings
That shed in mid-air many a brilliant plume,
And scintillating shoals of swimming things
That seem to float in clear green ocean gloom.

And there are diamond-crusted diadems,
And orbs of pearl and scepters of pale gold,
Stored up in crystal grottoes, lit with gems
And paved with emeralds of price untold.

And marvelous architecture of no name,
Façades and shafts of loveliest form and hue,
Keen pinnacles and turrets tipped with flame,
And fretted domes of purest sapphire blue.

All these the genii of the Frost last night
Wrought through the still cold hours by charm and rune;
And now, like dreams dispelled before the light,
They float away in vapor on the noon.

THE CHIMES.

The night is stirred with liquid murmurings,
That ripple softly through the silent hour,
As in a placid pool the dimpled rings
Curve round the broken petals of a flower.

From the gray steeple pointing to the stars,
Dim in the darkling cluster of old trees,
The golden notes pour through the belfry bars
And fill the air with choral harmonies.

Over the moonlit hills they come and go;
Over the misty fields they melt and die;
Over the glimmering river, sweet and low,
Floating and failing on the night-wind's sigh;

Re-moaning through the arches of the wood,
Like the last breathings of the organ's tone,
When in an old cathedral's solitude
A pilgrim lingers there to pray alone;

Mingling faint echoes with the bubbling fall
Of waters in deep glens and lonely dells,
As at the close of some bright festival
Soft strains of music blend with low farewells.

Whispering sweet dreams in many a sleeper's ear—
Incarnate memories of other years;
Speaking with voices he no more shall hear,
So that he starts and wakes in happy tears.

AMONG THE MOUNTAINS.

Ye lone, majestic silences that keep
The hoary secrets of primeval time!—
Titans, that with dark frontlets ponder deep
On unconjectured mysteries sublime,
Like minds of lofty mould that stand alone,
Wrapped in a wilderness of mighty thought—
The shadow of your solemn power is thrown
Over the world below, and it has caught
And awéd quiet, somber yet serene,
A grave repose, a cold, autumnal gleam;
While past your firm feet, shod in russet green,
With joyous murmur flows the broad, bright stream,
As light and song and laughter might illume
Some old cathedral's immemorial gloom.

INVOCATION.

Take what thou wilt and leave me love, O Fate!
Take all I have—friends, honor and fair fame;
Turn me to laughter in the eye of hate,
Clothe me with scorn and bind my brow with shame,
Give me for bread the bitter fruit of care,
Give me to drink the poison-wine of pain.
Seal me with sleepless sorrow and despair—
Take all, change all, O Fate! so love remain.

MUTABILITY.

Life is a journey with but little rest;
A cruising bark that anchors nowhere long;
A migratory bird that builds no nest,
Seeking new haunts on pinions swift and strong;
An endless longing, and a fruitless quest.

HONESTY.

Ah, no, we lack the courage to be real;
Each in his various folly toils and tries
To mould his nature to some false ideal,
And walks a-tiptoe to increase his size,
Decked out in borrowed plumage, jackdaw-wise.
Who dare say: I have neither gold nor lands,
High heritage of ancient blood or name;
Labor hath set its seal upon my hands;
Son of the sons of toil unknown to fame
I am, and thereunto I take no shame?

—*Insincerity.*

FEAR.

And wailing shrilly like a childless woman,
The bleak wind moaned and clamored fitfully,
And like the stealthy step of nothing human,
The dead leaves seemed softly pursuing me.

—*Random Chords.*

THOMAS MACKELLAR.

IT IS hardly necessary to acquaint our readers with the hymns of Thomas MacKellar; they are known far and wide to Christian experience. But the man himself is endeared, as Dr. Palmer was, to many hearts that have been comforted and uplifted by his power of sacred song, and to such a sketch of his life may not prove unwelcome.

He was born in New York city August 12, 1812, of a mixed stock, compounded of Scotch, Dutch, Huguenot and English. He began life's work at the age of fourteen in the office of *The New York Spy*. Four "sticks" of solid brevier was the first day's foundation of his worldwide fame as a master-printer. At the age of seventeen we find him promoted to the mature position of proof-reader in the office of J. & J. Harper—a place that stimulated his greed for reading, for the sake of which he had preferred the printer's craft to others. He accepted on May 1st, 1833, the position of proof-reader in the type and stereotype office of Messrs. Johnson & Smith, Philadelphia. His familiarity with all the varied work of the printing office, and his skill and taste with types, caused his promotion to the foremanship of the establishment. In 1845 he was taken into the house as a partner. In 1856 he started *The Typographic Advertiser*. He also wrote a treatise on practical printing, which has reached its fourteenth edition—a work which contains a great fund of historical and practical information, and has its uses for the publisher and the author as well as the practical printer. After the death of Mr. Johnson in 1860, Mr. MacKellar became the head of the firm, in a house which may now be called the largest type foundry in the world. In 1834 Mr. MacKellar married, and ten children came to bless and brighten his home. His wife and five children have been taken in death. Mr. MacKellar's hymns reach the heart of the bereaved and sorrowful, because they are the product of prayer in the time of tears. Notwithstanding the inheritance of an aching head, and the daily labors of an exacting business, Mr. MacKellar was a toiler on Sundays and at nights for the benefit of his fellows. He started one of the first mission schools in a neglected section of the city. As an elder in the old Pine-street Church, and afterwards in the First Presbyterian Church of Germantown, he frequently ministered to the sick and dying, to the poor, the vicious, the struggling. He still retains membership in the Historical Society, the Academy of Natural Sciences, the Pennsylvania Museum of Art, and in other organizations; and besides his time and influence, he has been a generous giver of his money to benevolent objects.

And how, with all this pressure of business, did the literary gift within him find time for expression? "The American Printer" was written and compiled during lulls in business hours. The volume of poetry entitled "Rhymes Atweentimes" was made in the dinner-hour and at night. Sometimes the fifteen minutes' walk homeward would give birth to a sonnet, or two or three verses. Sometimes an hour or two before bedtime would hum with rhyming bees. W. C. S.

LET ME KISS HIM FOR HIS MOTHER.

LET me kiss him for his mother!
  Ere ye lay him with the dead;
Far away from home, another
  Sure may kiss him in her stead.
How that mother's lip would kiss him
  Till her heart should nearly break!
How in days to come she'll miss him!
  Let me kiss him for her sake.

Let me kiss him for his mother!
  Let me kiss the wandering boy:
It may be there is no other
  Left behind to give her joy.
When the news of woe the morrow
  Burns her bosom like a coal,
She may feel this kiss of sorrow
  Fall as balm upon her soul.

Let me kiss him for his mother!
  Heroes ye, who by his side
Waited on him as a brother
  Till the Northern stranger died;
Heeding not the foul infection,
  Breathing in the fever-breath:—
Let me, of my own election,
  Give the mother's kiss in death.

"Let me kiss him for his mother!"
  Loving thought and loving deed!
Seek nor tear nor sigh to smother,
  Gentle matrons, while ye read;
Thank the God who made you human,
  Gave ye pitying tears to shed;
Honour ye the Christian woman
  Bending o'er another's dead.

THE HYMNS MY MOTHER SUNG.

THERE are to me no hymns more sweet
  Than those my mother sung
When joyously around her feet
  Her little children clung.

Thomas Muckallar

The baby in its cradle slept,
My mother sang the while:
What wonder if there softly crept
Across his lips a smile?

And once, a silent, suffering boy,
Bowed with unwonted pain,
I felt my bosom thrill with joy
To hear her soothing strain.

The stealing tear my eye bedims,
My heart is running o'er:—
The music of a mother's hymns
Shall comfort me no more.

"THERE IS A LAND IMMORTAL."

THERE is a land immortal,
The beautiful of lands;
Beside its ancient portal
A sentry grimly stands:
He only can undo it,
And open wide the door;
And mortals who pass through it
Are mortal nevermore.

That glorious land is Heaven,
And Death the sentry grim:
The Lord thereof has given,
The opening keys to him;
And ransomed spirits, sighing
And sorrowful for sin,
Pass through the gate in dying,
And freely enter in.

Though dark and drear the passage
That leads unto the gate,
Yet grace attends the message
To souls that watch and wait;
And at the time appointed
A messenger comes down,
And guides the Lord's anointed
From cross to glory's crown.

Their sighs are lost in singing;
They're blessed in their tears;
Their journey heavenward winging,
They leave on earth their fears.
Death like an angel seeming,
"We welcome thee!" they cry:
Their eyes with glory gleaming,
'Tis life for them to die.

AN EVENING STORM AT THE SEASIDE.

OH, GLORIOUS is the sight to see!
And gentle bosoms, burning
With pure and holy ecstasy—
Their vision upward turning—
Bless God for storm as well as calm,
Alike the theme of wonder,
And reverend voices swell the psalm
To him who wields the thunder.

Ho, brothers! this of mortal life
Most truly is the limning:
What joy, what woe, what peace, what strife,
The burden of our hymning!
Though dark the clouds within the breast,
Though horrors round us gather,
Our Lord will give His perfect rest
To all who love the Father.

Over the land and over the sea
The thunder peals are crashing,
And merrily—oh, how merrily—
The countless drops are plashing!
Down pours the wild fantastic rain
On maple and the willow,
And roof and wall and window-pane,
And meadow, beach, and billow.

The curtain rises: far away
The cohorts stern are flitting;
The sun comes forth in grand array
On a throne of glory sitting.
The clouds that shroud the flying storm
With bows of promise lighting,
Majestic beauty wreathes the form
Whose mission seemed so blighting.

The heat is on the land and sea,
And every breast is panting;
Still from the westward, burningly,
The fervid rays are slanting;
When, lo! a long-drawn line of cloud,
Far in the north-east quarter,
Sends mutterings ominous and loud
Over the land and water.

See night-black clouds, up-toppling fast,
To heights of heaven soaring,
Whose heralds sound a startling blast
As troops of lions roaring.
The hurrying winds rush to and fro
Like armies struck with panic,
While streams of liquid lightning flow
From cloudy mounts volcanic.

SOMETIMES IN QUIET REVERY.

SOMETIMES in quiet revery
When day is growing dim,
The heart is singing silently
A sweet unwritten hymn.

The strains are not to measure wrought
By cunning of the mind,

But seem like hymning angels brought
From Heaven, and left behind.

The misty hills of bygone grief,
Once dark to look upon,
Stand out like blessings in relief
Against the setting sun.

The rain may fall, the wind may blow;
The soul unhindered sings,
While, like the bird 'neath sheltering bough,
She sits with folded wings—

A brief and pleasant resting space,
A glance at Beulah land,
Before she girds herself apace
For work that waits the hand.

Then giving thanks to Him who poured
Refreshments in her cup,
She hears the calling of her Lord,
And takes her labor up.

A POET AND HIS SONG.

He was a man endow'd like other men,
With strange varieties of thought and feeling;
His bread was earn'd by daily toil; yet when
A pleasing fancy o'er his mind came stealing,
He set a trap and snared it by his art,
And hid it in the bosom of his heart.
He nurtured it and loved it as his own,
And it became obedient to his beck;
He fixed his name on its submissive neck,
And graced it with all graces to him known,
And then he bade it lift its wing and fly
Over the earth, and sing in every ear
Some soothing sound the sighful soul to cheer,
Some lay of love to lure it to the sky.

THE BROTHERHOOD OF MAN.

If any man must fall for me to rise,
Then seek I not to climb. Another's pain
I choose not for my good. A golden chain,
A robe of honor is too poor a prize
To tempt my hasty hand to do a wrong
Unto a fellow man. This life hath woe
Sufficient, wrought by man's satanic foe;
And who that hath a heart would dare prolong
Or add a sorrow to a stricken soul
That seeks some healing balm to make it whole?
My bosom owns the brotherhood of man;
From God and truth a renegade is he
Who scorns a poor man in his poverty,
Or on his fellow lays his supercilious ban.

LEWIS C. BROWNE.

Lewis Crebasa Browne was born in 1810. His early opportunities for education were slender. His youth was passed in farm and clerk work and in teaching school. At the age of twenty-three he became a minister of the Universalist denomination, and is now the oldest living representative of its clergy, with two or three exceptions. His principal parishes were at Fort Plain and Troy, N. Y., Nashua, N. H., Norwich, Conn., Hudson, Canton and Newark, N. Y. In 1835 he wrote "Briers and Berries," which was originally published in the *Utica Evangelical Magazine and Gospel Advocate*, whence it found its way all over this country and even to England. In middle life Mr. Browne produced but few poems, but almost half a century later, with seriously failing eyesight the poetic vision seemed restored to him in a remarkable manner, and after the age of seventy he wrote "Threescore and Ten," "The Model Minister," and "Teaching School and Boarding Around." He has written little beside these, and has been too reticent, both in producing and in publishing. For some years he has lived on a small farm at Honeoye Falls, N. Y., some twenty miles from Rochester. He has perfect possession of his mental faculties, and has retained his physical vigor in large measure, except that his eyesight has been very feeble for upwards of thirteen years. He has preached but little during this period, but occasionally has officiated by reciting the scripture selections, and the hymns as well as his sermon from memory. Those who have been privileged to hear these services describe them as exceedingly impressive and affecting. I. B.

THREESCORE AND TEN.

"Our age to seventy years is set;"
'T was so the sacred lyrist sung.
I've crossed that boundary, and yet
My inner being seemeth young.

I feel no wrinkles on the heart,
Time has not chilled the social glow,
Music and chastened mirth impart
Their pleasing spell of long ago.

The birds that carol at the dawn,
The bees that through the clover swarm,
And children playing on the lawn,
For me have lost no early charm.

Science, invention, art and song,
The life and progress of the age,
The warfare with the false and wrong
That patriots and Christians wage,

All that promotes the weal of men,
  Or keeps them on their upward way,
Attracts me at threescore and ten
  As under life's meridian ray.

And though my eye is doubly dim,
  And natural force begins to wane,
Less strong of arm and lithe of limb,
  Still thought and memory remain.

But early friends of whom I dream
  Are growing fewer year by year,
And if I linger I shall seem
  A lone belated stranger here.

The friendly deference I meet
  From younger travelers near and far,
When crossing o'er the crowded street,
  Or stepping from the halted car,

Reminds me that the Alpine snow
  Has drifted over brow and beard;
'Tis sweet to be beloved, I know,
  But solemn thus to be revered.

It tells me that the hour is near,
  Although the journey has been long,
When I from earth shall disappear
  And mingle with the silent throng.

But earth will smile as gay and green
  And Heaven still shine in gold and blue,
When I have vanished from the scene,
  And friends will soon their calm renew.

How little good we can achieve
  With all the foils encountered here!
Then it were weak and vain to grieve
  When passing to a purer sphere.

New ranks will rush with deed and thought
  To bear the moral standard high;
And the small good that I have wrought
  Has taken root and cannot die.

And on this truth I rest my heart:
  Since all to future life aspire,
He who implanted will not thwart
  This inborn, deathless, pure desire.

As the long-voyaging Genoese
  To the new world he sought drew near,
The balm of flowers borne on the breeze
  Came from the land his faith to cheer.

So when we near the Eden shore,
  Before its hills of light are seen,
The fragrance of its peace comes o'er
  The narrowing sea that flows between.

BRIERS AND BERRIES.

'T WAS on a cloudy, gloomy day,
  About the middle of September
  If rightly I the date remember—
For certainly I cannot say—
When I, astride my pacing gray,
Was plodding on my weary way
To spend a night and preach the Word
To people who had never heard
The Gospel, or, to say the least,
Had never viewed it as a "feast
    Of fat things full of marrow."

In silence as I rode along
  And crossed the silver Unadilla,
The robin sung his plaintive song
  And faintly drooped the fading lily.
The smoky sky, no longer blue,
  Assumed a dim and dusky gray,
And autumn o'er my spirit threw
  The coloring of its own decay,
And I almost forgot the words
Of Him who preached of flowers and birds—
    The lily and the sparrow.

I had been pondering o'er and o'er
  The trials of the traveling preacher;
The heavy burdens that he bore
  In carrying truth to every creature;
His wearied brain and frame worn down,
  Emaciated and dyspeptic;
The hardened bigot's iron frown;
  The jest of scoffer and of skeptic;
One mocking Revelation's page,
  Another ridiculing reason;
With the rude storms he must engage
  And all inclemencies of season.

In this despondent, somber mood
  I rode perhaps a mile or two,
When, lo! beside the way there stood
  A little girl with eyes of blue,
Light hair and lips as red as cherries;
  And through the briers with much ado
She wrought her way to pick the berries.
  Quoth I, "My little girl, it seems
To me you buy your berries dear,
  For down your hand the red blood streams,
And down your cheek there rolls a tear."
  "Oh yes," said she, "but then, you know,
  There will be briers where berries grow."

These words came home with keen rebuke
  To me, annoyed by petty jostles,
And brought to mind the things that Luke
  Has written of the old Apostles

Who faced the world without a fear,
And counted even life not dear.
And since, from that good hour to this,
In sunny, dark, or stormy weather,
I still reflect that woe and bliss
In life's deep cup are found together.
Come smiling friend or frowning foe:
"There will be briers where berries grow."

TEACHING SCHOOL AND BOARDING AROUND.

My thoughts go back to the rosy prime,
And memory paints anew the scenes
Afar in the bleak New England clime,
Though half a century intervenes.
On a highway corner the school-house stands
Under an elm-tree, broad and tall,
And rollicking children in laughing bands
Come at the master's warning call.
They pile together their sleds and skates,
Hang hats and hoods in the entry-way,
And gathering pencils, books and slates,
Diligent study succeeds to play.
A mountain stream turns a gray stone mill,
That runs with a low and slumberous sound;
And there in fancy I wander still,
Teaching school and boarding around.

Near by is a farm-house, large and square,
With doors and casements of faded red,
A stoop that shades from the summer glare,
And wood well piled in the sheltering shed.
There's an ancient barn with swallow-holes
High in the gable, three in a line.
The lithe bay colt in the deep snow rolls;
From racks of hay feed the docile kine.
Closely are huddled the timorous sheep
As the flails resound on the threshing-floor;
The pilfering poultry stealthily creep
And silently watch at the open door
For each stray kernel of shelling grain.
Full of content was the lot I found
Among the farm-folk, honest and plain,
Teaching school and boarding around.

The farmer's table has lavish supplies:
Chicken and sausage of flavor rare,
Crullers and cookies and puddings and pies
Are items rich in the bill of fare.
The teacher sleeps in a wide soft bed
Kept clean for guests in the great spare room,
With gay chintz curtains over his head,
And blankets wove in the old hand-loom.
The thrifty wife, ere the break of day,
Springs from her rest, though the morn is cool,
And, breakfast ended, we haste away
O'er the shining crust to the district school.

Here morals are pure and manners sincere;
And men in church and in state renowned
Have made the first step in a grand career
Teaching school and boarding around.

In the moonlight evening, long and still,
The youth assemble from many a farm;
Though the air without is crisp and chill,
There's a bright wood fire and a welcome warm,
Walnuts and apples are passed around,
The hands of the clock get a backward turn,
Innocent frolic and mirth abound
Till low in their sockets the candles burn.
Young men and maidens of artless ways
Are drawn together in groups like this;
There hands are joined in the rural plays
And sweet lips meet in the guileless kiss.
Twin hearts are linked with a golden chain,
And love with marriage is early crowned.
How oft in dreams I am there again,
Teaching school and boarding around.

E. H. CHAPIN.

* * * * *

No man could blend so much of force and beauty,
Such radiant imagery with tones so grand,
Such strong persuasion to the way of duty,
Such skill to move, to soften and command.

Before the Father, meek and reverential,
He bowed submissive as the feeble lamb;
Bold as a lion when with arm potential
He bravely battled against fraud and sham.

Shrewd as the serpent, watchful, wise and wary,
Still like the dove he knew no stain of guile;
He scorned in speech from his true thought to vary
Whether the multitude might frown or smile.

With manly strength, the tenderness of woman
Was in his texture exquisitely wrought;
His charity encircled all that's human;
His chiselled brow beamed with electric thought.

Goodness and genius were so deftly blended
In the broad countenance, so strong and kind;
A heart so simple with a mind so splendid
In him alone so happily combined.

* * * * *

His work is done; and what shall be the sequel?
What ripened fruitage shall his mission yield?
His place is vacant, he has left no equal,
So skilled a reaper in the whitened field.

Still as I read his words of light and splendor,
In treasured volumes from the laden shelf,
I hear that voice, full, round, clear, deep and tender,
His living sermons are so like himself.

—*The Model Minister.*

Sincerely yours
Francis Lathrop Allmond

MARCUS BLAKEY ALLMOND.

AT STANARDSVILLE, Va., August 17, 1851, was born Marcus Blakey Allmond, son of Alfred D. Allmond and Jane Allen Blakey. Here, also, within a radius of twenty-five miles were the homes of James Madison and Thomas Jefferson, and here also is situated the University of Virginia. It would seem that young Allmond was well-favored in the matter of birth-place, having the example of two illustrious men ever before him, and the pure, strong breath of the mountains from which to draw inspiration.

The elder Mr. Allmond was, before the war, a merchant in Stanardsville, and owner of large landed estates adjacent to the town, and of a number of slaves. He was also member of the magisterial court and postmaster. Mrs. Allmond was a descendant of a captain in the Revolutionary war, who was also a large land-owner, leaving a large amount of property to his heirs. But the Civil war came, home and fortune were swept away, and young Allmond was obliged to depend upon his own resources for a livelihood; first a farmer boy, then a clerk in a store, but through it all a close student.

Alternately attending and teaching school until 1869, he then entered the University of Virginia, where he remained two years. At the age of 21 he became principal of the Paris, Mo., High School, with six assistants and 372 pupils. The following year he returned to the University of Virginia and completed a four-year course, winning the high honor of magazine medalist, and an award of a fifty-dollar gold medal for the best article in the magazine for the entire session. Mr. Allmond was also editor of the magazine and secretary of the Jefferson Society. After leaving the University, he taught school in Virginia, until he was elected to the chair of Ancient Languages in the Male High School, Louisville, Ky. While there he married Miss Virginia Carey Meade of Virginia, daughter of William Washington Meade, and niece of Bishop William Meade, the talented leader of the Episcopal church. Miss Meade is a relative of the Washingtons, Randolphs, Nelsons, Pages and Lees of Virginia. She, too, was a teacher, and is the real heroine of Professor Allmond's poem "Estelle." Two years later Professor Allmond took the chair of Mental and Moral Science and Logic in the South-Western University, Jackson, Tenn., but being again called to his chair in Louisville, he determined to return thither and did so. Here he remained five years, receiving several calls to other colleges during that time, but being attached to Louisville he preferred to remain there. During his professorship in the High School "Estelle" was published. The first edition was exhausted in five weeks. A second edition was soon published and sold. Professor Allmond has also published "Agricola, an Eastern Idyl," and "Outlines of Latin Syntax and Rules for Gender (Latin)," which have found a ready sale. Many of Professor Allmond's writings are unpublished, because he has been so immured in his duties as head master of the University School at Louisville, Ky.

Professor Allmond has lectured on the "Wrath of Achilles," and his lectures are always well attended by eminent literary people, and people of reading and research. He is an ardent prohibitionist and has a volume of poems pertaining to the great temperance question nearly ready for the press.

N. L. M.

IN QUIET CAVE HILL.

My heart is so weary
When I picture to-day
The hopes I have buried
Forever away,
In a grave they have dug
Deep down in the clay,
In quiet Cave Hill.

Oh! the dreams I have dreamed
Throughout the long years
Have blossomed in sorrow
And fruited in tears,
And rest now forever
Beyond my fond fears,
In quiet Cave Hill.

A heart that was tuned
To a song ever sweet,
A hand that was warm
To welcome and greet,
Are lying forever,
Where rich and poor meet,
In quiet Cave Hill.

The star and the crown
I placed there, above;
The cross of sweet flowers
And lily-white dove
But faintly foreshadowed
My infinite love,
In quiet Cave Hill.

But the star and the crown
Are faded and gone,
The dove and the cross
Together have flown,
And the grave of my loved
Is there all alone,
In quiet Cave Hill.

I taught the young flowers
  To bloom by his head,
The lily, all white,
  The rose, ever red;
But winter has come
  And the flowers are dead,
    In quiet Cave Hill.

"Oh! what shall I do?"
  My weary heart cries;
As slowly toward heaven
  I lift up my eyes,
The archangel points
  His hand to the skies,
    In quiet Cave Hill.

A CONSOLATION.

If the bird but sing its sweetest
  While it poises on the wing,
If the bud is the completest
  In the rosy wreath of spring,

If the dew-drop's pearly beauty
  Gives new joy unto the leaf,
This is life, for this is duty;
  This is life, though it be brief.

In a thousand thousand morrows,
  Read it through your blinding tears,
Twenty winters with their sorrows
  Are a weary length of years;

Twenty summers with their flowers,
  With their birds and bees and braes,
Are but one of all the hours
  In the shortest of the days.

DEAL GENTLY, LORD.

Deal gently, Lord! Our souls are bowed
  In grief; our hearts are fraught with tears;
Shed sun-light on the passing cloud,
  And chase away our rising fears.

Deal gently, Lord! Thy mighty ways
  Are not as ours: O Blessed Name,
Teach us in sorrow still to praise
  Thy goodness and Thy love proclaim.

Deal gently, Lord! For we are weak;
  The archer, Death, has smitten low
Our leader, and we pray Thee speak
  And cheer us in this hour of woe.

Deal gently, Lord! In darkness let
  Thy fiery pillar lead the way;
Bring us, though foes within beset,
  Unto the bright and better day.

Deal gently, Lord! Our dead shall be
  New cause to fill our hearts with love;
New peace and joy in man and Thee;
  New hope and faith in Heaven above.

VIRGINIA.

In that fair land of light and love,
  Where heroes sleep entombed in throngs,
Where laughing skies are blue above
  And Nature sings her sweetest songs—
In that dear land we love, and hold
  The saintliest of the sisterhood,
The State of States, whose arms enfold
  Yet hosts on hosts of great and good,
Whose virgin soil bears virgin name,
  Whose best of people wear the grace
Of heirship in their fathers' fame
  With ease that marks a kindred race,
Whose men love honor as their soul,
  And women are Cornelias all,
Who count their jewels by the roll
  Of sons who heed their country's call;—
Close nestling under mountains blue
  A streamlet rises in a glen
And makes its way to broader view
  Amid the busier haunts of men;
But ere it leaves its mountain home
  It laughs along fair sloping hills
And catches with its whiter foam
  The ripples of unnumbered rills;
It passes houses, one by one,
  That, nestling 'mid their groves of trees,
Escape the noon-heat of the sun
  When plays the fitful summer breeze;
It passes scenes that would delight
  The painter's or the poet's eye—
That breathe anew by day, by night,
  The glories of an Arcady.

—*Estelle.*

MISINTERPRETATION.

Hard was his lot, and bitter words
  Were often of him said
Not that *he* did so bad a thing—
  They misintepreted.

—*Quatrains.*

FAITH.

On faith believing, their response
Was fresh and sweet, and pure and true.
In faith believing, man and wife
A richer consolation knew.

—*Agricola.*

PAIN.

The ecstacy of his delight
Foreran the ecstacy of pain.

—*Ibid.*

WILL CARLETON.

WILL CARLETON was born October 21, 1845, in Hudson, Michigan, whither his father had gone, in early manhood, from the hills of New Hampshire. The youngest of five children, he was not born too late to share the privation of a pioneer household. "The First Settler's Story" could never have been sung by a soul cradled in luxury. A hard-working, matter-of-fact man, Will's father would have chosen to see his son develop into a tolerably good farmer; and, though of a kindly, generous disposition, his righteous soul was not a little vexed at the wayward fancies and oratorical eccentricities of the eager, aspiring boy. "It is a pleasant memory," writes the poet-orator, years afterward, "that my father lived to see me earning a hundred dollars a night, and admitted, with a grave twinkle in his eye, that, having looked the matter over from a non-agricultural standpoint, he had concluded there was more in me than he had supposed." A stalwart Christian, the blameless life of the priest-like father finds fitting tribute in the affectionate lines wherewith the poet dedicates his "Farm Legends": "To the memory of a nobleman, my Farmer Father." When ten years old, Will wrote his first poem, a letter in rhyme to his sister. He says, "I did up everything at the farm and in the vicinity in choice doggerel, and mailed it to her." Fortunately for him, and for us, and for many who shall come after us, those simple lines, written half in fun and half in earnest, met with an appreciative reception. "She was a dear, sweet girl, and upon her return home she petted and encouraged my poor little rhymes much more than they deserved. The grief of my boyhood was her death, a few years afterward."

Struggling, much of the time in frail health, with the obstacles which thronged his upward way, he reaches at last the end of his college course, June 17, 1869, and entered the larger University without. It was a world in which he was soon to find his proper place. After a brief apprenticeship in Chicago, the young newspaper-poet returned to Hillsdale, his college town, where better remuneration rewarded his versatile journalistic ability. It seems passing strange, but the record shows that a score or more of publishers "declined with thanks" to assume the responsibility of announcing his name to the thousands who were eager to know him. But "Betsy and I are Out," in 1871, got even with the publishers. It took the country by storm. Messrs. Harper & Brothers were shrewd enough to see that there was *more* where THAT came from,—hence the mutually remunerative fellowship which has continued to this day. At the age of twenty-six Will Carleton was famous. The plucky plow-boy had won his place among the popular poets of America. In 1873 appeared the "Farm Ballads," dedicated to his mother. In a beautiful old age, saintly with that serenity which is the gift of God, the mother, whose rich and responsive nature was the fount of inspiration to her highly talented child, now shares his multiplied honors, and in his home and hers lives over and over again the days long gone.

Following the "Farm Legends" in 1875, came the "Young Folks' Centennial Rhymes" of 1876, "Farm Festivals," 1881. In 1885 he published his "City Ballads," dedicating the same to "Adora, friend, comrade, lover, wife." He had married in 1882. Latest, but not least, is his "City Legends."

It is the under-tone of pathos that, to many minds, constitutes the chief charm of Carleton's poetry. Some admire most his quaint philosophy, as devout as it is sagacious. Nor is there lack of merriment in his lines. Here and there, too, is a fine burst of anger, as forceful as it is unfeigned; and there are couplets whose analytical keenness would command a stoic's admiration. But it is not in these qualities that his fame finds its firmest ground. It is his *large-heartedness* which has won him his laurel. It is because he is so human that he sings so well. An instinct as unerring as it is unselfish guides him to his best accomplishment.

Mr. Carleton lives in Brooklyn, N. Y., having an ideal home on one of the principal residence streets of that city. B. C.

BETSEY AND I ARE OUT.

DRAW up the papers, lawyer, and make 'em good and stout;
For things at home are crossways, and Betsey and I are out.
We, who have worked together so long as man and wife,
Must pull in single harness for the rest of our nat'ral life.

"What is the matter?" say you. I swan, it's hard to tell!
Most of the years behind us we 've passed by very well;
I have no other woman, she has no other man—
Only we've lived together as long as we ever can.

So I have talked with Betsey, and Betsey has talked with me,
And so we 've agreed together that we can 't never agree;

Not that we've catched each other in any terrible crime;
We've been a-gathering this for years, a little at a time.

There was a stock of temper we both had for a start,
Although we never suspected 't would take us two apart;
I had my various failings, bred in the flesh and bone;
And Betsey, like all good women, had a temper of her own.

The first thing I remember whereon we disagreed
Was something concerning heaven—a difference in our creed;
We arg'ed the thing at breakfast, we arg'ed the thing at tea,
And the more we arg'ed the question, the more we did n't agree.

And the next that I remember, was when we lost a cow;
She had kicked the bucket for certain, the question was only—how?
I held my own opinion, and Betsey another had;
And when we had done a-talkin', we both of us was mad.

And the next that I remember, it started in a joke;
But full for a week it lasted, and neither of us spoke.
And the next was when I scolded because she broke a bowl,
And she said I was mean and stingy, and had n't any soul.

And so that bowl kept pourin' dissensions in our cup;
And so that blamed cow-critter was always a-comin' up;
And so that heaven we arg'ed no nearer to us got,
But it gave us a taste of somethin' a thousand times as hot.

And so the thing kept workin', and all the self-same way;
Always somethin' to arg'e, and somethin' sharp to say;
And down on us came the neighbors, a couple dozen strong,
And lent their kindest sarvice for to help the thing along.

And there has been days together—and many a weary week—
We was both of us cross and spunky, and both too proud to speak;
And I have been thinkin' and thinkin', the whole of the winter and fall,
If I can 't live kind with a woman, why, then I won't at all.

And so I have talked with Betsey, and Betsey has talked with me,
And we have agreed together that we can 't never agree;
And what is hers shall be hers, and what is mine shall be mine;
And I 'll put it in the agreement and take it to her to sign.

Write on the paper, lawyer—the very first paragraph—
Of all the farm and live stock that she shall have her half;
For she has helped to earn it, through many a weary day,
And it 's nothing more than justice that Betsey has her pay.

Give her the house and homestead—a man can thrive and roam;
But women are skeery critters unless they have a home;
And I have always determined, and never failed to say,
That Betsey never should want a home if I was taken away.

Ther' is a little hard money that 's drawin' tol'rable pay:
A couple of hundred dollars laid by for a rainy day,
Safe in the hands of good men, and easy to get at;
Put in another clause there, and give her half of that.

Yes, I see you smile, sir, at my givin' her so much;
Yes, divorce is cheap, sir, but I take no stock in such!
True and fair I married her, when she was blithe and young;
And Betsey was al'ays good to me exceptin' with her tongue.

Once, when I was young as you, and not so smart, perhaps,
For me she mittened a lawyer, and several other chaps;
And all of them was flustered, and fairly taken down,
And I for a time was counted the luckiest man in town.

Once when I had a fever—I won't forget it soon—
I was hot as a basted turkey and crazy as a loon—

Never an hour went by me when she was out of sight—
She nursed me true and tender, and stuck to me day and night.

And if ever a house was tidy, and ever a kitchen clean,
Her house and kitchen was tidy as any I ever seen;
And I don't complain of Betsey, or any of her acts,
Exceptin' when we 've quarrelled, and told each other facts.

So draw up the paper, lawyer, and I 'll go home to-night,
And read the agreement to her, and see if it 's all right;
And then in the mornin' I 'll sell to a tradin' man I know,
And kiss the child that was left to us, and out in the world I 'll go.

And one thing put in the paper, that at first to me did n't occur:
That when I am dead, at last, she 'll bring me back to her;
And lay me under the maples I planted years ago,
When she and I was happy before we quarrelled so.

And when she dies, I wish that she would be laid by me,
And, lyin' together in silence, perhaps we will agree;
And, if ever we meet in heaven, I would n't think it queer
If we loved each other the better because we quarrelled here.

THANKSGIVING HYMN.

We thank thee, O Father, for all that is bright,—
The gleam of the day, and the stars of the night,
The flowers of our youth and the fruits of our prime,
And blessings that march down the pathway of time.

We thank thee, O Father, for all that is drear,—
The sob of the tempest, the flow of the tear;
For never in blindness, and never in vain,
Thy mercy permitted a sorrow or pain.

We thank thee, O Father, for song and for feast,—
The harvest that glowed and the wealth that increased:
For never a blessing encompassed earth's child,
But thou in thy mercy looked downward and smiled.

We thank thee, O Father of all, for the power
Of aiding each other, in life's darkest hour;
The generous heart and the bountiful hand,
And all the soul help that sad souls understand.

We thank thee, O Father, for days yet to be,—
For hopes that our future will call us to Thee,—
That all our eternity form, through thy love,
One Thanksgiving Day in the mansions above.

THE MARCH OF THE CHILDREN.

List to the sound of the drumming!
Gaily the children are coming;
Sweet as the smile of a fairy,
Fresh as the blossoms they carry,
Pride of the parents who love them,
Pure as the azure above them,
Fresh as the winds that caress them,
Bright as the sunbeams that bless them.

List to the voice-echoes ringing!
Sweeter than birds they are singing,
Thoughts that to virtue invite them,
Wed unto airs that delight them,
Truths that their future will cherish
Soul-planted, never to perish!
Only to senses completer,
Heaven's choicest music were sweeter.

Virtue, unconscious and pretty,
Walks through the streets of the city;
See the gay bannerets flying,
Mottoes and titles undying;
Truths dearly hallowed and olden,
Braided in strands that are golden;
Words for the spirit's desiring,
Sentences sweetly inspiring!

* * *

When, in a voice of caressing,
Christ gave the children His blessing,
'T was not for one generation,—
But for each epoch and nation.
So through the present it lingers,
Shed from His bountiful fingers:
So unto these it is given,—
Types of the angels in Heaven.

DEATH OF THE RICHEST MAN.

He owned, to-day, a large and gleaming share
Of this earth's narrow rim;
A sigh—a groan—a gesture of despair—
The earth owned him.

The richest one of any clime or land,
The old-time lesson taught:
A human mine of gold!—God raised His hand,
And he had naught.

OVER THE HILL TO THE POOR-HOUSE.

OVER the hill to the poor-house I 'm trudgin' my weary way—
I, a woman of seventy, and only a trifle gray—
I, who am smart and chipper, for all the years I've told,
As many another woman that 's only half as old.

Over the hill to the poor-house—I can't quite make it clear!
Over the hill to the poor-house—it seems so horrid queer!
Many a step I've taken, a-toilin' to and fro,
But this is a sort of journey I never thought to go.

What is the use of heapin' on me a pauper's shame?
Am I lazy or crazy? Am I blind or lame?
True, I am not so supple, nor yet so awful stout;
But charity ain't no favor, if one can live without.

I am willin' an' anxious an' ready, any day,
To work for a decent livin', an' pay my honest way.
For I can earn my victuals, an' more too, I 'll be bound,
If any body only is willin' to have me 'round.

Once I was young an' han'some—I was, upon my soul—
Once my cheeks was roses, my eyes as black as coal;
And I can 't remember, in them days, of hearin' people say,
For any kind of a reason, that I was in their way.

'T ain't no use of boastin', or talkin' over free,
But many a house an' home was open then to me;
Many a han'some offer I had from likely men,
And nobody ever hinted that I was a burden then.

And when to John I was married, sure he was good and smart,
But he and all the neighbors would own I done my part;
For life was all before me, an' I was young an' strong,
And I worked the best that I could in tryin' to get along.

And so we worked together: and life was hard, but gay,
With now and then a baby for to cheer us on our way;
Till we had half a dozen, an' all growed clean an' neat,
An' went to school like others, an' had enough to eat.

So we worked for the childern, and raised 'em, every one;
Worked for 'em summer and winter, just as we ought to've done;
Only perhaps we humored 'em, which some good folks condemn,
But every couple's childern 's a heap the best to them.

Strange how much we think of our blessed little ones!
I 'd have died for my daughters, I 'd have died for my sons;
And God he made that rule of love; but when we 're old and gray
I've noticed it sometimes, somehow, fails to work the other way.

Strange, another thing: when our boys an' girls was grown,
And when, exceptin' Charley, they 'd left us there alone;
When John he nearer an' nearer come, an' dearer seemed to be,
The Lord of Hosts he come one day an' took him away from me.

Still I was bound to struggle, an' never to cringe or fall—
Still I worked for Charley, for Charley was now my all;
And Charley was pretty good to me, with scarce a word or frown,
Till at last he went a-courtin', and brought a wife from town.

She was somewhat dressy, an' had n't a pleasant smile—
She was quite conceity, and carried a heap o' style;
But if ever I tried to be friends, I did with her, I know;
But she was hard and proud, an' I could n't make it go.

She had an edication, an' that was good for her;
But when she twitted me on mine, 't was carryin' things too fur;
An' I told her once, 'fore company (an' it almost made her sick),
That I never swallowed a grammar, or e't a 'rithmetic.

So 't was only a few days before the thing was done—
They was a family of themselves, and I another one;
And a very little cottage one family will do,
But I never have seen a house that was big enough for two.

An' I never could speak to suit her, never could please her eye,
An' it made me independent, an' then I did n't try:
But I was terribly staggered, an' felt it like a blow,
When Charley turned ag'in me, an' told me I could go.

I went to live with Susan, but Susan's house was small,
And she was always a-hintin' how snug it was for us all;
And what with her husband's sisters, and what with childern three,
'T was easy to discover that there was n't room for me.

An' then I went to Thomas, the oldest son I 've got,
For Thomas's buildings 'd cover the half of an acre lot;
But all the childern was on me—I could n't stand their sauce—
And Thomas said I need n't think I was comin' there to boss.

An' then I wrote to Rebecca, my girl who lives out West,
An' to Isaac, not far from her—some twenty miles at best;
And one of 'em said 't was too warm there for anyone so old,
And t' other had an opinion the climate was too cold.

And so they have shirked and slighted me, an' shifted me about—
So they have well-nigh soured me, an' wore my old heart out;
But still I 've borne up pretty well, an' was n't much put down,
Till Charley went to the poor-master, an' put me on the town.

Over the hill to the poor-house—my childern dear, good-bye!
Many a night I 've watched you when only God was nigh;
And God 'll judge between us; but I will al'ays pray
That you shall never suffer the half I do to-day.

THE NEW CHURCH ORGAN.

THEY 'VE got a brand-new organ, Sue,
For all their fuss and search;
They 've done just what they said they 'd do,
And fetched it into church.

They 're bound the critter shall be seen,
And on the preacher's right
They 've hoisted up their new machine
In everybody's sight.
They 've got a chorister and choir,
Ag'in' my voice and vote;
For it was never my desire
To praise the Lord by note.

I 've been a sister good an' true
For five-an'-thirty year;
I 've done what seemed my part to do,
An' prayed my duty clear;
I 've sung the hymns both slow and quick,
Just as the preacher read,
And twice, when Deacon Tubbs was sick,
I took the fork an' led;
And now, their bold, new-fangled ways
Is comin' all about;
And I, right in my latter days,
Am fairly crowded out!

To-day the preacher, good old dear,
With tears all in his eyes,
Read, "I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies."
I al'ays liked that blessed hymn—
I s'pose I al'ays will—
It somehow gratifies my whim,
In good old Ortonville;
But when that choir got up to sing,
I could n't catch a word;
They sung the most dog-gondest thing
A body ever heard!

Some worldly chaps was standin' near;
An' when I see them grin,
I bid farewell to every fear,
And boldly waded in.
I thought I 'd chase their tune along,
An' tried with all my might;
But though my voice is good an' strong,
I could n't steer it right;
When they was high, then I was low,
An' also contra-wise;
An' I too fast, or they too slow,
"To mansions in the skies."

An' after every verse, you know,
They play a little tune;
I did n't understand, and so
I started in too soon.
I pitched it pretty middlin' high,
I fetched a lusty tone,
But oh, alas! I found that I
Was singin' there alone!

They laughed a little, I am told;
  But I had done my best;
And not a wave of trouble rolled
  Across my peaceful breast.

And Sister Brown—I could but look—
  She sits right front of me;
She never was no singin'-book,
  An' never went to be;
But then she al'ays tried to do
  The best she could, she said;
She understood the time right through,
  An' kep' it with her head;
But when she tried this mornin', oh,
  I had to laugh, or cough!
It kep' her head a-bobbin' so,
  It e'en a'mos' came off!

An' Deacon Tubbs—he all broke down,
  As one might well suppose;
He took one look at Sister Brown,
  And meekly scratched his nose.
He looked his hymn-book through and through,
  And laid it on the seat,
And then a pensive sigh he drew,
  And looked completely beat.
And when they took another bout,
  He did n't even rise;
But drawed his red bandanner out,
  An' wiped his weepin' eyes.

I've been a sister, good an' true,
  For five-an'-thirty year;
I've done what seemed my part to do,
  An' prayed my duty clear;
But death will stop my voice, I know,
  For he is on my track;
And some day I to church will go,
  And never more come back;
And when the folks get up to sing—
  Whene'r that time shall be—
I do not want no patent thing
  A-squealin' over me!

LEGEND SONG.

I.

Dreamy legends of the past,
  Somber-hued or pleasant,
Though by sun or cloud o'ercast,
  Plain you show the present!
And the future you can see,
For what was again shall be;
Shadows far ahead you cast,
Dreamy legends of the past!

II.

Stirring legends of to-day,
  Draped in modern dresses,
How you light the darksome way
  Of the past recesses!
Showing, as the age goes on,
What men were in days agone;
For, with inconsistence strange,
Times may change, but never change.

THE VESTAL.

Into the bay—the great, wide, wealth-fringed bay,
  Whose every tide sweeps hamlets to our shores—
Where king-slaves have their fetters struck away—
  Whence can be read, on the new nation's doors,
"Leave hopelessness behind, who enters here!"
Harbor of hope!—invaded, without fear,
By ships of labor, sailed from rotting ports,
And toil whose plumage had been stol'n by courts—
Into that bay a virgin-guest comes nigh,
And holds her lamp unto the star-gemmed sky.

They sent her from that empire of the East,
  Whose "king" hath dynasty the same as ours;
From the rich harvest, and the vineyard-feast;
  From glistening domes, and ivy-mantled towers.
Peasants have toiled, throughout the sultry day,
The tributes of her ocean-march to pay;
The artisan has wrought, that she might rise
And smile into his western brother's eyes;
The thought-smith—he with busy heart and brain—
Helped feed her torch that gleams across the main.

She brings to us a century that is past;
  The legend of a gift of long agone;
A favor that like diamonds shall last,
  And gleam but brighter as the years gloom on.
They gave us gold when recompense was doubt;
Perish the greed that blots that memory out!
They gave us hope, when our own star had set;
May the brain soften that would shun the debt!
They gave us heroes, with a fame as bright
As mountain watch-fires on a winter's night.

Stand, Vestal, with thy virgin flame e'er clear,
  And guard our future pilgrims to their rest
In the great city, where, year after year,
  Their march shall feed our never-failing West,
Till those who hated greed, and hurried thence,
That honest toil hath here a recompense;
Say to the lawless—whoso'er they be—
That men must live obedient, to live free;
And sing for us, o'er the blue waves' expanse,
"With all our faults and thine, we love thee, France!"

Truly Yours
Grace Adele Pierce

GRACE ADELE PIERCE.

MISS GRACE ADELE PIERCE was born in Randolph, a beautiful village in the western part of New York. The only child of devoted parents, her life has been passed in the loving atmosphere of a pleasant home, among the quiet surroundings of country life. The beauty of fertile fields and forest-covered hills ministered to the poetic spirit of the child, and fed the passionate love of nature that has always characterized her. Her education was obtained at Chamberlain Institute, a first-class seminary situated in her native town. As a student, she was marked for intelligent acquisition; the underlying principle was sought and mastered. At an early age she commenced the composition of poems and poetic dramas. When her poems were first offered to the public they were accepted and more were called for. Encouraged by this success, she tried her pen in prose essays. These met at once appreciation and response. Of late she has produced some charming stories for the young. All of her work bears the impress of her own fervent, sensitive nature. The tenderness of a warm, loving, earnest spirit, deeply imbued with religious devotion, breathes through her writings. The success she has achieved so early in her career as an author is unusual and full of promise. E. A. E.

INDUCTION TO AN ANTIQUE WEDDING SONG.

THE sheep are in the pasture, and the shepherd's gone away;
The sheep are in the pasture all this long, bright summer day;
And they alone must tarry,
For the shepherd's gone to marry,
And he'll not come back till morning; well-a-day, well-a-day!

The wedding bells are ringing,
The Troubadour is singing;
The orange blooms and daisies
Delight to frame her praises
Who walks with him she loveth best, to-day.

There is no thought of sorrow,
No thought of sad to-morrow;
For the wedding bells are ringing,
The Troubadour is singing,
And she doth walk with her best loved, to-day.

So while the sheep are waiting, and the shepherd's far away,
Come, let us join our voices in a merry roundelay;
Let us sing to merry pipes all the long, bright, summer's day.
While we alone must tarry,
While young Collin's gone to marry,
Come, let us sing his praises, well-a-day, well-a-day!

LIKE TO SOME STORM-BELATED BIRD.

LIKE to some storm-belated bird that lingers
Far from its mates upon a winter's night,
Beating its tender wings in sad affright;
So stands she now with soft unclasping fingers,
And wistful eyes that, in their strained sight,
Peer far beyond the darkness of the night.

O wistful eyes! that, in your tender sadness,
So long have known the ministry of tears!
O gracious mouth! that to the heart endears
A mournful smile above all youthful gladness!
O weary heart! that never leaps with fears
Nor hopes for joy through all the coming years!

Would I might lift, one moment, thy dull burden,
And, with my heart's deep sympathy, atone
For all the sorrows thou hast ever known;
Would I might give thee some celestial guerdon,
Some gift of love from God's eternal throne,
To fill the dark hours when thou art alone.

WALKING VILLAGEWARD AT EVENING.

LOUD, blust'ring winds across the pastures sweep,
The meadows all are silent under snow;
The voiceless streams no longer, in their flow,
Break from the bondage of their icy sleep.
Far from the drifting woodlands, shadowed deep,
Smooth and untarnished on the vale below
Mid-winter's beauty lies—the glist'ning snow,
And all things seem their Sabbath peace to keep.

How white it is, and beautiful—this earth!
Yon far-off village seems enchanted quite,
Silent between the chill earth and the stars.
And yet, O Vale! how much of pain hath birth
Within thy seeming quiet this fair night—
How much of tumult thy calm beauty mars!

BLIND EYES.

SO MUCH, so much, we can not understand!
So much that leaves the heart unsatisfied!
Ofttimes we turn beneath God's chast'ning hand,
And, in the passion of our human pride,
Feel that our mighty Maker is unkind,
Because we can not see—our eyes are blind.

We can not see why we should suffer so,
  Who have not deeply sinned nor gone astray.
O blinded eyes, how can we rightly know
  How far we wander from the blessed way!

Our finite vision can not see above us
  The stretching shade of the Almighty wing:
We can not know how truly God doth love us,
  Nor how He strives from pain His peace to bring.

We can not know because our eyes are blind;
  We turn away from His anointing hand,
And, groping, seek that we can never find,
  Until in perfect peace, we calmly stand—
Content to wait till we shall plainly see
In the new light of an eternity.

A WOMAN'S TEARS.

A WOMAN'S tears; ah, yes, a woman's tears!
  You, in your manly strength, say, "'T is not much
That stirs the fountain of her hopes and fears—
  A woman weeps e'en at the slightest touch."

And yet, so little do you know, indeed!
  So little in your own life's stirring part,
How deep that fountain is; what currents feed
  That fountain's troubled source—a woman's heart.

When you are loved you take it but your right,
  Saying, "She loves to love me." Do you know
Aught of that inner heart-flood, whose swift might
  Sweeps to her eyes their first warm overflow?

Or when you prove, in tenderness, to be
  Not all her love had thought you, do you take,
In chiding to your heart, this comfort, she
  Her tears and prayers will mingle for your sake?

Or when your child—her hard-earned treasure—lies
  Safe on the heart that dared for it death's fears!
But then you would not question if those eyes—
  Those weary, wistful eyes—were filled with tears.

Why question you at all? Her tears are not
  The idle things they seem; they are the flow
Of darkly troubled waters, oft begot
  In hidden depths that you can never know.

For woman's life is strange—yes, strange indeed!
  And that which can but little time defer
The busy schemes of men, demands it's meed—
  'T is thought and smiles, 't is thought and tears with her.

And so she weeps—sometimes she knows not why,
  Save that her heart is full. And God has given
This safeguard for her nature swept too high,
  Lest in it's flood-tide should the heart be riven.

WILLIAM STRUTHERS.

WILLIAM STRUTHERS was born on October 14, 1854, in Tuscarora, Schuylkill County, Pa. On the father's side he is the grandson of John Struthers, he who made and presented to the nation the marble coffins in which now rest the revered dust of General and Mrs. Washington. On his mother's side he is related to Fitz-Greene Halleck, the late famous poet, who was a nephew of Mr. Struthers's great-grandfather, in whose home Halleck dwelt from the age of ten to that of twenty years. Mr. Struthers is also related to the Beechers, Harriet Beecher Stowe and his grandmother being nieces of Harriet Foote, after whom they were both named. Mr. Struthers's father served in the Rebellion, first as a captain in the Pennsylvania cavalry, and then, after a three months' imprisonment in "Libby," as commander-in-chief of a division of the "Dismounted Camp," near Washington. While there, he had his wife and children with him; and thus the young Struthers had an opportunity of studying the poetical side of a soldier's camp life. After the war the family moved to Baltimore, and thence to Philadelphia, which is now his permanent home. Mr. Struthers had not what we call a school education. In his early years he was a delicate creature, with too slender a hold upon life for his father to think of trusting him with books; and though he managed to weather through the years to manhood, it was with the struggle of an invalid, too powerless even now to raise his voice above a whisper. Yet he is an accomplished scholar and linguist. Various translations of his, prose from the French and Italian, verse from the Spanish, have appeared in the leading magazines and newspapers; while, as a writer of original verse, his pleasing poems, sonnets, rondeaus, etc., have made his name familiar. J. W.

THE TARN.

PELLUCID as yon pure, blue-purple heights
  Of welkin, now reposes this lone pool;
And yet its mirror oftentimes delights
  The visions of black clouds, whose mad misrule
Confuses eagles in their mid-air flights,
  When tempests make these mountains their footstool.

Yes; then this virgin-gentle naiad's face
  Assumes a shadow that all smiles doth tame,
As round its brow it draws a fern-wrought lace
  Inmeshed with dainty cress, and thence would claim
Release from picturing the clouds' wild race
  Across the sky above its oval frame.

Yet vainly doth it strive! The misty maze
Of darkness penetrates that fern-wrought shield;
The tarn doth glass both clouds and lightning's blaze,
Whilst the great upland thunders lift and wield
Their hammers huge, whose resonances daze
The goats that browse on what these bleak slopes yield.

Let joyous be thy dreams to-day, O spring!
Thou maiden daughter of these martial hills,
To-day thou shalt see softest mists make cling
Rare amber tints round scaurs' and crags' rude sills,
Or thou shalt image birds of passage swing
Their tireless pinions where glad sunshine spills!

Yet, whether nature strive or be at peace,
Deep, deep, lone tarn, within thy deep of deeps,
Tranquillity hath charms that never cease;
And 'neath the surface, when the storm upleaps
And lightning's grisly clouds do sear and crease,
In purity thy heart of hearts she keeps!

AT END OF TWILIGHT.

"Quand vient le crépuscule au fond d'un vallon noir."
—VICTOR HUGO.

A LAMP's light streaks yon dusky road,
Winding away far up the hill
To meet the twilight heaven, still
Faint tinged with memories of day—
Pale rose and beryl gleams astray
Below dark clouds, where erst abode,
Like a grand symbol of love's bliss,
The carmine of the dying sun's last kiss.

Save for that lamp, the height is dim
With shadowed rocks and gloom of woods,
Where leafless cheerlessness fast broods
About the tangled throng of boughs;
Haunt of the blasts, which there carouse
O' nights, with mutters fierce and grim:
Though on this night awakes no sound—
All, all is in a solemn silence bound.

Sad picture for the tired eye's rest,
Yet not without a certain charm,
The lurking likelihood of harm
That so allures the pensive mind:
Sad picture, yet the welkin's breast
Greets the wan lamp's light with the far
Scintillant silver of the evening star.

IN QUEST OF LOVE.

LILIES dreamed in crystal fountain,
'Neath the lawn-encircled mountain,
Where song-birds woke rare delight.

"Love," she questioned, "dost thou linger
In this place, where beauty's finger
Glads the dell and gilds the height?"
"Hear, oh, hear!" the lilies, laughing,
Answered, 'mid their nectar-quaffing
From the morning's golden vase.
"Hear, oh, hear!" the fount did murmur
In low speech, whose tones grew firmer
As they sought her blushing face.

Minstrels played a dainty measure
While masked dancers took their pleasure
In a ball-room, grandly gay.
"Love," she whispered, "art thou hiding
'Mid this joyance, whose abiding
Shall scarce last till peep of day?"
"Hear, oh, hear!" mad music tinkled,
Whilst the costly hangings crinkled
As the night wind by did glance.
"Hear, oh, hear!" faint foot-falls pattered,
As the festive maskers scattered,
Weary of both tune and dance.

Sat a gray-haired mother, knitting,
Whom the sunset's message, flitting,
Greeted 'neath a farm-house porch.
"Love," breathed maid, "where art thou beaming
While the Day of Night is dreaming,
While the Sun lets pale his torch?"
"Here, oh, here!" the needles sweetly
Clicked forth, as the mother neatly
Turned the stocking's woolen heel.
"Here, oh, here!" the Sun made shimmer
On the mother his last glimmer—
"Here, maid, here Love puts his seal!"

FORCE OF HABIT.

USED to its showers, we would that spring might stay,
And ruefully forecast the summer's heat;
When summer hath some time usurped spring's seat,
Oft we, forgetting dread, do summer pray
To tarry, and when autumn comes, we say,
Thereto grown used: "Fair time!" and hate the sleet;
Yet wonted grown to winter, we entreat:
"O crystal beauty! Go not thou away!"

Therefore I query if, when this life-pulse
Stops short at fiat of those lips we dread,
We shall [illegible] our souls to the inclose,
Cl[illegible]d which we now, reluctant, tread,
Th[illegible]less dreams we'd fain not hark
W[illegible] us from dust and dark.

AGNES MAULE MACHAR.

THERE is no name among the many that have striven to show the world that Canada, "the Child of Nations," could do good literary work, more favorably known, than that of Agnes Maule Machar. She has labored both at home and abroad, both in the magazines of the sister nation, and in old country periodicals, to give her Fatherland a just report.

Her father, a highly-cultured man of broad learning and sympathies, was a native of Scotland, and for a time a clergyman in that country. While still a young man he came to America, and continued his labors, both as pastor of a church in Kingston, Ontario, his daughter's birthplace, and as the efficient principal of Queen's University. Although a busy man, he found time to attend to his daughter's education, and instructed her in both the ancient and modern languages. That his instruction was not wasted was shown when his pupil translated, at the age of twelve, a story from Ovid into English rhyme, and later made a poetical translation of a portion of Antigone and Electra. From this beginning she has never ceased writing, but has worked incessantly, both in Canada under the *nom de plume* of "Fidelis," which no longer conceals her identity, and under her own name in the United States and England, to do something to uplift man and make him happier.

Her first real literary venture was a juvenile story, entitled "Katie Johnstone's Cross," which was written in six weeks, and which won a first prize offered by a Canadian publisher in Toronto. "Lucy Raymond," a story published in New York and Edinburgh, several religious books, besides two cleverly written novels, "For King and Country," and "Lost and Won," appeared in rapid succession. Miss Machar has been an energetic magazine writer. Poems by her have now and then appeared in *The Century*, *St. Nicholas* and *Wide Awake*.

It is a natural impulse with her to help the weak and suffering, and she has done what she could, by her pen and otherwise, to ameliorate the condition of the poor, and to foster humanity towards the dumb brute.

Miss Machar, like Professor Roberts, is heart and soul for Canada's "fronting the world alone." However, she pays but little attention to this question, as she wisely recognizes the fact that time alone can solve it.

She lives in the historic city of Kingston during the winter months. Her summers are spent among the pleasant haunts of the Thousand Islands, which have had a good deal of influence on poetic work.

T. J. M.

CHRISTMAS IN THE HOSPITAL.

An' is it Christmas mornin'? I 've lost my count of time,
But I thought it *must* be Christmas,—by the bells' sweet, solemn chime;
An' I had a dream o' the home folks, just as the mornin' broke,—
May be 't was the bells that brought it,—ringin' before I woke!
An' is it Christmas mornin'? An' while I 'm lyin' here,
The folks to church are goin'—the bells do ring so clear!—
Fathers an' mothers an' children, merrily over the snow,
Just as *we* used to go,—on Christmas long ago
Oh, yes! I know you 're good, nurse, an' I do try not to fret,
But at Christmas-time,—no wonder if my eyes with tears are wet,
For I saw so plain, in my dream, the brown house by the mill,
An' my father an' my mother,—ah, me! are they there still?
An', as they go to church to-day, perchance they think o' me,
An' wonder where poor Katie is,—across the great blue sea.
An' well it is they cannot tell! an' may they never know,—
For sure 't would only break their hearts, to hear my tale o' woe!
My mother must be gettin' old, and she was never strong;
But then, her spirit was so bright, an' sweet her daily song.
She sings no more about the house, but sure she prays for me,
An' wipes away the droppin' tears,—for the child she ne'er may see!
My father's bent with honest toil, an' trouble bravely borne;
But never has he had to bear a word or look of scorn,
An' never shall it come through *me;* for all I have been wild,
I 'd rather die a thousand deaths, than shame him for his child!
I know I have been sinful, but some were more to blame,
Who never think—because of *that*—to hang their heads for shame!
Ah, well! I must n't think of *them*, but of myself, an' pray
That He will take away the sin—who came on Christmas day!

An', thank you for the letter, nurse, you say the ladies brought;
'Twas kind o' them to think o' me; I thank them for the thought;
The *print* is easy read,—but, oh! what would I give to see
Just one small scrap o' *writin'* from the old home-folk to me!
But, nurse,—those bells seem tellin' o' the better home above
Where sin and sorrow cannot come, but all is peace an' love;
Where broken hearts are healed at last, an' darkness passed away—
An' He shall bid us welcome home—who died on Christmas Day!

TWO VISIONS.

WHERE close the curving mountains drew
To clasp the stream in their embrace,
With every outline, curve and hue
Reflected in its placid face.

The ploughman stops his team to watch
The train, as swift it thunders by;
Some distant glimpse of life to catch
He strains his eager, wistful eye.

His glossy horses patient stand
With wonder in their gentle eyes,
As, through the tranquil mountain land,
The snorting monster onward flies!

The morning freshness lies on him
Just risen from his balmy dreams;
The wayfarers—all soiled and dim—
Think longingly of mountain streams.

Oh, for the joyous mountain air,
The fresh, delightful autumn day
Among the hills! The ploughman there
Must keep perpetual holiday!

And he, as, all day long, he guides
His steady plough, with patient hand,
Thinks of the flying train that glides
Into some new, enchanted land,

Where, day by day, no plodding round
Wearies the frame and dulls the mind—
Where life thrills keen to sight and sound,
With ploughs and furrows left behind.

Even so, to each, the untrod ways
Of life are touched by fancy's glow,
That ever sheds its brightest rays
Upon the path we do *not* know!

DRIFTING AMONG THE THOUSAND ISLANDS.

NEVER a ripple on all the river
As it lies like a mirror beneath the moon;
Only the shadows tremble and quiver
'Neath the balmy breath of a night in June.
All dark and silent—each shadowy island
Like a silhouette shows on its silver ground,
While just above hangs a rocky highland,
Dusky and grim, with its pine-trees crowned.
Never a sound save the wave's soft plashing,
As the boat drifts idly the shore along;
And darting fire-flies, silently flashing,
Gleam—living diamonds—the woods among;
And the nighthawk flits o'er the bay's deep bosom,
And the loon's laugh breaks through the midnight calm,
And the luscious breath of the wild pine's blossom
Wafts from the rocks, in a tide of balm.
—Drifting! Why cannot we drift forever?
Let all the world and its worries go!
Let us float and float with the flowing river.
Whither? We neither care nor know!
—Dreaming a dream—might we ne'er awaken;
There's joy enough in this passive bliss.
The wrestling crowd and its cares forsaken,
Was ever Nirvana more blest than this?
Nay! But our hearts are ever lifting
The screen of the present, however fair;
Not long, not long may we go on drifting,
Not long enjoy surcease from care!
Ours is a nobler task and guerdon
Than aimless drifting, however blest;
Only the hearts that can bear the burden
Can share the joy of the victor's rest!

AMERICA.

Nor North nor South it knows, nor East nor West,
Its mighty heart throbs with a single beat
While fall its tears upon the winding-sheet
That wraps to-day its noblest and its best.
Nor North nor South! All boundaries are fled,
Where noble manhood falls for manhood's sake;
We know no frontier line on land or lake,—
A Continent is mourning for the dead!

—*Funeral Day of President Garfield.*

BURNS.

And never lips than his have plead
More tenderly and pitifully,—
To leave the erring heart with Him
Who made it, and will judge it truly;
And yet,—it is not all a dream
That we have heard a voice from Heaven,
"*Behold this heart hath loved much,*
And much to it shall be forgiven!"

—*A Night with Burns.*

WILLIAM WYE SMITH.

REV. WILLIAM WYE SMITH was born in Jedburgh, Scotland, on the 18th of March, 1827. He was only three years of age when his parents and their young family left Scotland to better their circumstances in the New World. His father's intention was to sail for New York; but, on account of delays in shipping, he and his family took passage for Baltimore, where they arrived safely, and soon afterwards pushed forward to the southern part of Ohio. His father, finding the "rough and tumble" life of a new country somewhat distasteful, betook himself to his original destination, the city of New York, where he remained, doing business as a clothier, six years, and here the subject of our sketch received his first public-school tuition. His father's health somewhat failed, and having a fancy for farming, he removed his family to the neighborhood of Galt, Upper Canada, where he bought a cleared farm, and thus was brought about a break of eight years in the education of our young aspirant for learning. With the exception of about six months in a country school, Mr. Smith had no means of practical education other than his own untiring diligence after working-hours on his father's farm. How successful he was may be judged by the fact that he "passed" and obtained a position as school teacher in the village of St. George, which position he held for a year, and thus earned funds for future travels in search of a higher education. He went to New York, and was greatly benefited by industrious application during two terms in the classical department of the University Grammar School of that city.

His first volume of poems was published in Toronto in 1850. The following year he married, and started business as a general storekeeper in St. George. In the spring of 1855 he removed his business to Owen Sound, on the Georgian Bay, then a very isolated part of the country. A couple of years afterward, on being appointed to a clerkship of one of the courts, he gave up his business as storekeeper, and devoted himself for the next six or seven years to the duties of his office. During these years his spare time was spent in courting the Muse, and as editor and publisher of the *Sunday School Dial*, a monthly publication, the first illustrated Sunday school paper in Upper Canada. The year 1862 was spent in re-visiting the land of his birth. In 1863 he bought out the *Owen Sound Times*, and continued to edit and publish it for a period of two years; but in 1865, being invited to become the pastor of the Congregational church in Listowel, Ontario, he sold out the *Times* to the present proprietor. For about twelve years he was the Canadian correspondent of the *Edinburgh Daily Review*, and acted as their special correspondent at the Centennial Exhibition in 1876. After a pastorate of four years in Listowel, he accepted a call to the congregation of Pine Grove, near Toronto, which position he held for nine years. Afterwards he served a Congregational church for three years in the eastern townships of Quebec, near the Vermont border. Returning to Ontario he became a resident of Newmarket. He now devotes his time to editorial work in connection with the *Canadian Independent*, the organ of the Congregational body in the Dominion. His last volume of poems, from which the following selections are taken, was published in Toronto in 1888, and has met with a kindly reception. J. I.

FAIR LEILA.

I WOULD that I were a floweret fair,
  To be plucked by her dainty hands,
Or twined in the maze of her golden hair,
  As like a sweet dream she stands.
So, many might come and as many might go,
  Her pride and her beauty to see;
How soon she forgot them, I 'd care not, nor know,
  But I 'd know that she thought upon me!

I would that I were a warbling bird,
  With a song so sweet and clear
That she needs must pause on the banks of Ouse,
  My caroling voice to hear!
So, lovers could talk or lovers be mute,
  But this I could plainly see,
That she turned from them all with a weary look,
  To listen in smiles to me!

I would that I were a murmuring stream,
  That steals through the woods apace,—
To look in her eyes when she softly bends
  To mirror her lovely face.
So, who for a glance of love might sue,
  From under those lashes rare,
I 'd mirror myself in Leila's eyes,
  And dwell in contentment there!

But neither a flower, a bird, nor stream,
  Am I; nor ever can be;—
I 'm but a herd-boy, in a coat of gray,
  And she 's like a Queen to see!
But if it could be it were hearts alone
  That made us to be or to do,
Fair Leila might yet be all my own,
  And all my dreams be true!

THE SHEEP-WASHING.

My heart is glad to-night—
  Too glad for a wink of sleep!
For Jenny has promised to be my bride
  As soon as we wash the sheep!
And I do n't care how soon I see them
  Plunging in and out the creek;
For a sweeter young wife for a farmer
  Than Jenny I could not seek.

But some way, I do n't half like it—
  It may come either late or soon;
And a raw cold spring may put off the thing
  Away till the middle of June!
I wish she had set a day
  That we could delight to keep!
Some old Saint's day, or the First of May,
  That had nothing to do with sheep!

But she set down her foot so firmly:
  "There was *so much work* to do;
And my father," she knew, "could n't spare the team
  Till all the spring-work was through!"
That I could n't say much to her,
  To shorten my heart's suspense,—
Especially as I lost my hold
  Of the stake-and-rider fence!

And then, as I gained my feet—
  (And she did n't seem a bit scared;
She said, "She knew I 'd fall soft,
  And the damage was easy repaired!")
She got the idea of wool-picking,
  Perhaps, from the clay in my hair;
And she said, "When ours was ready to sort,
  To tell the girls she 'd *be there!*"

I can 't change Jenny, I warrant;
  Nor would I risk aught, like a fool;
So I 'm wishing for first-rate weather,
  And a rise in the price of *wool!*
But you who have weddings in prospect,
  Do n't o'er the arrangements sleep;
Nor ever let such a particular time
  Depend on the washing of sheep!

I 'll make my father believe
  He 's losing half of his wool;
That the bushes have all begun to thieve,
  And the thorns are hanging full!
I'll hurry the matter up,
  And give the cotswolds a steep!
The hardy fellows—they 'll stand it well!
  We sha' n't be last with our sheep!

THE BAIRNIE.

When I left Scotland's shore, I took a bonnie bairn;
A toddlin', lauchin' thing, ower young her love to learn;—
I row't it in my plaidie, and pressed it to my heart,—
And aft the whisper 'tween us gaed, "We twa shall never part!"

The Simmer rose and fell; the years gaed stalkin' by;
And strength and vigor came, and hope allured my eye;
But the bairnie in my bosom is a bairnie ever syne,—
And what's the bairn's I canna tell, and what is only mine!

And aft the bairnie greets, at some auld ballad's wail,—
And syne the bairnie smiles at the pawky Scottish tale;
Till I can only say, "'T is the bairn, it is not I;
For I hae dignity enough, were no the bairnie by!"

I've tried to hae it think and speak in foreign tongue,—
I've dune my vera utmost, and began the lesson young;
But the bairn is just as Scottish as the day it crossed the sea!—
Ye tell me I should rule the bairn; the bairn is ruling me!

I tell't it to my freend, and wad his wisdom learn,—
He said he was himsel just a muckle Scottish bairn!
And aye as I hae speir't, I find the glamour cast,
And the BAIRN WITHIN THE MAN aye is Scottish to the last!

O bairns that are na bairns! whate'er the warld may say,
Aye cherish in your hearts the bloom that lasts for aye!
For he gangs blithest through the warld, and leaves maist guid behind,
Where Coantry, Love and Childhood are in his heart enshrined!

PEACE.

The men of peace outlive the men of war;—
These for a day—but those forever are!
—*The Vale of Tweed.*

WILLIAM WYE SMITH.

REV. WILLIAM WYE SMITH was born in Jedburgh, Scotland, on the 18th of March, 1827. He was only three years of age when his parents and their young family left Scotland to better their circumstances in the New World. His father's intention was to sail for New York; but, on account of delays in shipping, he and his family took passage for Baltimore, where they arrived safely, and soon afterwards pushed forward to the southern part of Ohio. His father, finding the "rough and tumble" life of a new country somewhat distasteful, betook himself to his original destination, the city of New York, where he remained, doing business as a clothier, six years, and here the subject of our sketch received his first public-school tuition. His father's health somewhat failed, and having a fancy for farming, he removed his family to the neighborhood of Galt, Upper Canada, where he bought a cleared farm, and thus was brought about a break of eight years in the education of our young aspirant for learning. With the exception of about six months in a country school, Mr. Smith had no means of practical education other than his own untiring diligence after working-hours on his father's farm. How successful he was may be judged by the fact that he "passed" and obtained a position as school teacher in the village of St. George, which position he held for a year, and thus earned funds for future travels in search of a higher education. He went to New York, and was greatly benefited by industrious application during two terms in the classical department of the University Grammar School of that city.

His first volume of poems was published in Toronto in 1850. The following year he married, and started business as a general storekeeper in St. George. In the spring of 1855 he removed his business to Owen Sound, on the Georgian Bay, then a very isolated part of the country. A couple of years afterward, on being appointed to a clerkship of one of the courts, he gave up his business as storekeeper, and devoted himself for the next six or seven years to the duties of his office. During these years his spare time was spent in courting the Muse, and as editor and publisher of the *Sunday School Dial*, a monthly publication, the first illustrated Sunday school paper in Upper Canada. The year 1862 was spent in re-visiting the land of his birth. In 1863 he bought out the *Owen Sound Times*, and continued to edit and publish it for a period of two years; but in 1865, being invited to become the pastor of the Congregational church in Listowel, Ontario, he sold out the *Times* to the present proprietor. For about twelve years he was the Canadian correspondent of the *Edinburgh Daily Review*, and acted as their special correspondent at the Centennial Exhibition in 1876. After a pastorate of four years in Listowel, he accepted a call to the congregation of Pine Grove, near Toronto, which position he held for nine years. Afterwards he served a Congregational church for three years in the eastern townships of Quebec, near the Vermont border. Returning to Ontario he became a resident of Newmarket. He now devotes his time to editorial work in connection with the *Canadian Independent*, the organ of the Congregational body in the Dominion. His last volume of poems, from which the following selections are taken, was published in Toronto in 1888, and has met with a kindly reception. J. I.

FAIR LEILA.

I WOULD that I were a floweret fair,
  To be plucked by her dainty hands,
Or twined in the maze of her golden hair,
  As like a sweet dream she stands.
So, many might come and as many might go,
  Her pride and her beauty to see;
How soon she forgot them, I 'd care not, nor know,
  But I 'd know that she thought upon me!

I would that I were a warbling bird,
  With a song so sweet and clear
That she needs must pause on the banks of Ouse,
  My caroling voice to hear!
So, lovers could talk or lovers be mute,
  But this I could plainly see,
That she turned from them all with a weary look,
  To listen in smiles to me!

I would that I were a murmuring stream,
  That steals through the woods apace,—
To look in her eyes when she softly bends
  To mirror her lovely face.
So, who for a glance of love might sue,
  From under those lashes rare,
I 'd mirror myself in Leila's eyes,
  And dwell in contentment there!

But neither a flower, a bird, nor stream,
  Am I; nor ever can be;—
I 'm but a herd-boy, in a coat of gray,
  And she 's like a Queen to see!
But if it could be it were hearts alone
  That made us to be or to do,
Fair Leila might yet be all my own,
  And all my dreams be true!

THE SHEEP-WASHING.

My heart is glad to-night—
  Too glad for a wink of sleep!
For Jenny has promised to be my bride
  As soon as we wash the sheep!
And I don't care how soon I see them
  Plunging in and out the creek;
For a sweeter young wife for a farmer
  Than Jenny I could not seek.

But some way, I do n't half like it—
  It may come either late or soon;
And a raw cold spring may put off the thing
  Away till the middle of June!
I wish she had set a day
  That we could delight to keep!
Some old Saint's day, or the First of May,
  That had nothing to do with sheep!

But she set down her foot so firmly:
  "There was *so much work* to do;
And my father," she knew, "could n't spare the team
  Till all the spring-work was through!"
That I could n't say much to her,
  To shorten my heart's suspense,—
Especially as I lost my hold
  Of the stake-and-rider fence!

And then, as I gained my feet—
  (And she did n't seem a bit scared;
She said, "She knew I 'd fall soft,
  And the damage was easy repaired!")
She got the idea of wool-picking,
  Perhaps, from the clay in my hair;
And she said, "When ours was ready to sort,
  To tell the girls she 'd *be there!*"

I can 't change Jenny, I warrant;
  Nor would I risk aught, like a fool;
So I 'm wishing for first-rate weather,
  And a rise in the price of *wool!*
But you who have weddings in prospect,
  Do n't o'er the arrangements sleep;
Nor ever let such a particular time
  Depend on the washing of sheep!

I 'll make my father believe
  He 's losing half of his wool;
That the bushes have all begun to thieve,
  And the thorns are hanging full!
I'll hurry the matter up,
  And give the cotswolds a steep!
The hardy fellows—they 'll stand it well!
  We sha' n't be last with our sheep!

THE BAIRNIE.

When I left Scotland's shore, I took a bonnie bairn;
A toddlin', lauchin' thing, ower young her love to learn;—
I row't it in my plaidie, and pressed it to my heart,—
And aft the whisper 'tween us gaed, "We twa shall never part!"

The Simmer rose and fell; the years gaed stalkin' by;
And strength and vigor came, and hope allured my eye;
But the bairnie in my bosom is a bairnie ever syne,—
And what's the bairn's I canna tell, and what is only mine!

And aft the bairnie greets, at some auld ballad's wail,—
And syne the bairnie smiles at the pawky Scottish tale;
Till I can only say, "'T is the bairn, it is not I;
For I hae dignity eneuch, were no the bairnie by!"

I've tried to hae it think and speak in foreign tongue,—
I've dune my vera utmost, and began the lesson young;
But the bairn is just as Scottish as the day it crossed the sea!—
Ye tell me I should rule the bairn; the bairn is ruling me!

I tell't it to my freend, and wad his wisdom learn,—
He said he was himsel just a muckle Scottish bairn!
And aye as I hae speir't, I find the glamour cast,
And the BAIRN WITHIN THE MAN aye is Scottish to the last!

O bairns that are na bairns! whate'er the warld may say,
Aye cherish in your hearts the bloom that lasts for aye!
For he gangs blithest through the warld, and leaves maist guid behind,
Where Country, Love and Childhood are in his heart enshrined!

PEACE.

The men of peace outlive the men of war;—
These for a day—but those forever are!
—*The Vale of Tweed.*

WILLIAM WYE SMITH.

REV. WILLIAM WYE SMITH was born in Jedburgh, Scotland, on the 18th of March, 1827. He was only three years of age when his parents and their young family left Scotland to better their circumstances in the New World. His father's intention was to sail for New York; but, on account of delays in shipping, he and his family took passage for Baltimore, where they arrived safely, and soon afterwards pushed forward to the southern part of Ohio. His father, finding the "rough and tumble" life of a new country somewhat distasteful, betook himself to his original destination, the city of New York, where he remained, doing business as a clothier, six years, and here the subject of our sketch received his first public-school tuition. His father's health somewhat failed, and having a fancy for farming, he removed his family to the neighborhood of Galt, Upper Canada, where he bought a cleared farm, and thus was brought about a break of eight years in the education of our young aspirant for learning. With the exception of about six months in a country school, Mr. Smith had no means of practical education other than his own untiring diligence after working-hours on his father's farm. How successful he was may be judged by the fact that he "passed" and obtained a position as school teacher in the village of St. George, which position he held for a year, and thus earned funds for future travels in search of a higher education. He went to New York, and was greatly benefited by industrious application during two terms in the classical department of the University Grammar School of that city.

His first volume of poems was published in Toronto in 1850. The following year he married, and started business as a general storekeeper in St. George. In the spring of 1855 he removed his business to Owen Sound, on the Georgian Bay, then a very isolated part of the country. A couple of years afterward, on being appointed to a clerkship of one of the courts, he gave up his business as storekeeper, and devoted himself for the next six or seven years to the duties of his office. During these years his spare time was spent in courting the Muse, and as editor and publisher of the *Sunday School Dial*, a monthly publication, the first illustrated Sunday school paper in Upper Canada. The year 1862 was spent in re-visiting the land of his birth. In 1863 he bought out the *Owen Sound Times*, and continued to edit and publish it for a period of two years; but in 1865, being invited to become the pastor of the Congregational church in Listowel, Ontario, he sold out the *Times* to the present proprietor. For about twelve years he was the Canadian correspondent of the *Edinburgh Daily Review*, and acted as their special correspondent at the Centennial Exhibition in 1876. After a pastorate of four years in Listowel, he accepted a call to the congregation of Pine Grove, near Toronto, which position he held for nine years. Afterwards he served a Congregational church for three years in the eastern townships of Quebec, near the Vermont border. Returning to Ontario he became a resident of Newmarket. He now devotes his time to editorial work in connection with the *Canadian Independent*, the organ of the Congregational body in the Dominion. His last volume of poems, from which the following selections are taken, was published in Toronto in 1888, and has met with a kindly reception. J. I.

FAIR LEILA.

I WOULD that I were a floweret fair,
  To be plucked by her dainty hands,
Or twined in the maze of her golden hair,
  As like a sweet dream she stands.
So, many might come and as many might go,
  Her pride and her beauty to see;
How soon she forgot them, I 'd care not, nor know,
  But I 'd know that she thought upon me!

I would that I were a warbling bird,
  With a song so sweet and clear
That she needs must pause on the banks of Ouse,
  My caroling voice to hear!
So, lovers could talk or lovers be mute,
  But this I could plainly see,
That she turned from them all with a weary look,
  To listen in smiles to me!

I would that I were a murmuring stream,
  That steals through the woods apace,—
To look in her eyes when she softly bends
  To mirror her lovely face.
So, who for a glance of love might sue,
  From under those lashes rare,
I 'd mirror myself in Leila's eyes,
  And dwell in contentment there!

But neither a flower, a bird, nor stream,
  Am I; nor ever can be;—
I 'm but a herd-boy, in a coat of gray,
  And she 's like a Queen to see!
But if it could be it were hearts alone
  That made us to be or to do,
Fair Leila might yet be all my own,
  And all my dreams be true!

THE SHEEP-WASHING.

My heart is glad to-night—
  Too glad for a wink of sleep!
For Jenny has promised to be my bride
  As soon as we wash the sheep!
And I don't care how soon I see them
  Plunging in and out the creek:
For a sweeter young wife for a farmer
  Than Jenny I could not seek.

But some way, I do n't half like it—
  It may come either late or soon;
And a raw cold spring may put off the thing
  Away till the middle of June!
I wish she had set a day
  That we could delight to keep!
Some old Saint's day, or the First of May,
  That had nothing to do with sheep!

But she set down her foot so firmly:
  "There was *so much work* to do:
And my father," she knew, "could n't spare the team
  Till all the spring-work was through!"
That I could n't say much to her,
  To shorten my heart's suspense,—
Especially as I lost my hold
  Of the stake-and-rider fence!

And then, as I gained my feet—
  (And she did n't seem a bit scared:
She said, "She knew I 'd fall soft,
  And the damage was easy repaired!")
She got the idea of wool-picking,
  Perhaps, from the clay in my hair:
And she said, "When ours was ready to sort,
  To tell the girls she 'd *be there!*"

I can 't change Jenny, I warrant:
  Nor would I risk aught, like a fool;
So I 'm wishing for first-rate weather,
  And a rise in the price of *wool!*
But you who have weddings in prospect,
  Don't o'er the arrangements sleep;
Nor ever let such a particular time
  Depend on the washing of sheep!

I 'll make my father believe
  He 's losing half of his wool;
That the bushes have all begun to thieve,
  And the thorns are hanging full!
I'll hurry the matter up,
  And give the cotswolds a steep!
The hardy fellows—they 'll stand it well!
  We sha' n't be last with our sheep!

THE BAIRNIE.

When I left Scotland's shore, I took a bonnie bairn:
A toddlin', lauchin' thing, ower young her love to learn:—
I row't it in my plaidie, and pressed it to my heart,—
And aft the whisper 'tween us gaed, "We twa shall never part!"

The Simmer rose and fell: the years gaed stalkin' by:
And strength and vigor came, and hope allured my eye:
But the bairnie in my bosom is a bairnie ever syne,—
And what 's the bairn's I canna tell, and what is only mine!

And aft the bairnie greets, at some auld ballad's wail,—
And syne the bairnie smiles at the pawky Scottish tale:
Till I can only say, "'T is the bairn, it is not I:
For I hae dignity enough, were no the bairnie by!"

I've tried to hae it think and speak in foreign tongue,—
I've dune my vera utmost, and began the lesson young:
But the bairn is just as Scottish as the day it crossed the sea!—
Ye tell me I should rule the bairn: the bairn is ruling me!

I tell't it to my freend, and wad his wisdom learn,—
He said he was himsel just a muckle Scottish bairn!
And aye as I hae speir't, I find the glamour cast,
And the BAIRN WITHIN THE MAN aye is Scottish to the last!

O bairns that are na bairns! whate'er the warld may say,
Aye cherish in your hearts the bloom that lasts for aye!
For he gangs blithest through the warld, and leaves maist guid behind,
Where Country, Love and Childhood are in his heart enshrined!

PEACE.

The men of peace outlive the men of war:—
These for a day—but those forever are!
—*The Vale of Tweed.*

They laughed a little, I am told;
But I had done my best;
And not a wave of trouble rolled
Across my peaceful breast.

And Sister Brown—I could but look—
She sits right front of me;
She never was no singin'-book,
An' never went to be;
But then she al'ays tried to do
The best she could, she said;
She understood the time right through,
An' kep' it with her head;
But when she tried this mornin', oh,
I had to laugh, or cough!
It kep' her head a-bobbin' so,
It e'en a'mos' came off!

An' Deacon Tubbs—he all broke down,
As one might well suppose;
He took one look at Sister Brown,
And meekly scratched his nose.
He looked his hymn-book through and through,
And laid it on the seat,
And then a pensive sigh he drew,
And looked completely beat.
And when they took another bout,
He didn't even rise;
But drawed his red bandanner out,
An' wiped his weepin' eyes.

I've been a sister, good an' true,
For five-an'-thirty year;
I've done what seemed my part to do,
An' prayed my duty clear;
But death will stop my voice, I know,
For he is on my track;
And some day I to church will go,
And never more come back;
And when the folks get up to sing—
Whene'r that time shall be—
I do not want no patent thing
A-squealin' over me!

LEGEND SONG.

I.

Dreamy legends of the past,
Somber-hued or pleasant,
Though by sun or cloud o'ercast,
Plain you show the present!
And the future you can see,
For what was again shall be;
Shadows far ahead you cast,
Dreamy legends of the past!

II.

Stirring legends of to-day,
Draped in modern dresses,
How you light the darksome way
Of the past recesses!
Showing, as the age goes on,
What men were in days agone;
For, with inconsistence strange,
Times may change, but never change.

THE VESTAL.

Into the bay—the great, wide, wealth-fringed bay,
Whose every tide sweeps hamlets to our shores—
Where king-slaves have their fetters struck away—
Whence can be read, on the new nation's doors,
"Leave hopelessness behind, who enters here!"
Harbor of hope!—invaded, without fear,
By ships of labor, sailed from rotting ports,
And toil whose plumage had been stol'n by courts—
Into that bay a virgin-guest comes nigh,
And holds her lamp unto the star-gemmed sky.

They sent her from that empire of the East,
Whose "king" hath dynasty the same as ours;
From the rich harvest, and the vineyard-feast;
From glistening domes, and ivy-mantled towers.
Peasants have toiled, throughout the sultry day,
The tributes of her ocean-march to pay;
The artisan has wrought, that she might rise
And smile into his western brother's eyes;
The thought-smith—he with busy heart and brain—
Helped feed her torch that gleams across the main.

She brings to us a century that is past;
The legend of a gift of long agone;
A favor that like diamonds shall last,
And gleam but brighter as the years gloom on.
They gave us gold when recompense was doubt;
Perish the greed that blots that memory out!
They gave us hope, when our own star had set;
May the brain soften that would shun the debt!
They gave us heroes, with a fame as bright
As mountain watch-fires on a winter's night.

Stand, Vestal, with thy virgin flame e'er clear,
And guard our future pilgrims to their rest
In the great city, where, year after year,
Their march shall feed our never-failing West,
Till those who hated greed, and hurried thence,
That honest toil hath here a recompense;
Say to the lawless—whoso'er they be—
That men must live obedient, to live free;
And sing for us, o'er the blue waves' expanse,
"With all our faults and thine, we love thee, France!"

Truly Yours
Grace Adelé Pierce

GRACE ADELE PIERCE.

MISS GRACE ADELE PIERCE was born in Randolph, a beautiful village in the western part of New York. The only child of devoted parents, her life has been passed in the loving atmosphere of a pleasant home, among the quiet surroundings of country life. The beauty of fertile fields and forest-covered hills ministered to the poetic spirit of the child, and fed the passionate love of nature that has always characterized her. Her education was obtained at Chamberlain Institute, a first-class seminary situated in her native town. As a student, she was marked for intelligent acquisition; the underlying principle was sought and mastered. At an early age she commenced the composition of poems and poetic dramas. When her poems were first offered to the public they were accepted and more were called for. Encouraged by this success, she tried her pen in prose essays. These met at once appreciation and response. Of late she has produced some charming stories for the young. All of her work bears the impress of her own fervent, sensitive nature. The tenderness of a warm, loving, earnest spirit, deeply imbued with religious devotion, breathes through her writings. The success she has achieved so early in her career as an author is unusual and full of promise. E. A. E.

INDUCTION TO AN ANTIQUE WEDDING SONG.

THE sheep are in the pasture, and the shepherd's gone away;
The sheep are in the pasture all this long, bright summer day;
And they alone must tarry,
For the shepherd's gone to marry,
And he'll not come back till morning; well-a-day, well-a-day!

The wedding bells are ringing,
The Troubadour is singing;
The orange blooms and daisies
Delight to frame her praises
Who walks with him she loveth best, to-day.

There is no thought of sorrow,
No thought of sad to-morrow;
For the wedding bells are ringing,
The Troubadour is singing,
And she doth walk with her best loved, to-day.

So while the sheep are waiting, and the shepherd's far away,
Come, let us join our voices in a merry roundelay;
Let us sing to merry pipes all the long, bright, summer's day.
While we alone must tarry,
While young Collin's gone to marry,
Come, let us sing his praises, well-a-day, well-a-day!

LIKE TO SOME STORM-BELATED BIRD.

LIKE to some storm-belated bird that lingers
Far from its mates upon a winter's night,
Beating its tender wings in sad affright;
So stands she now with soft unclasping fingers,
And wistful eyes that, in their strained sight,
Peer far beyond the darkness of the night.

O wistful eyes! that, in your tender sadness,
So long have known the ministry of tears!
O gracious mouth! that to the heart endears
A mournful smile above all youthful gladness!
O weary heart! that never leaps with fears
Nor hopes for joy through all the coming years!

Would I might lift, one moment, thy dull burden,
And, with my heart's deep sympathy, atone
For all the sorrows thou hast ever known;
Would I might give thee some celestial guerdon,
Some gift of love from God's eternal throne,
To fill the dark hours when thou art alone.

WALKING VILLAGEWARD AT EVENING.

LOUD, blust'ring winds across the pastures sweep,
The meadows all are silent under snow;
The voiceless streams no longer, in their flow,
Break from the bondage of their icy sleep.
Far from the drifting woodlands, shadowed deep,
Smooth and untarnished on the vale below
Mid-winter's beauty lies—the glist'ning snow,
And all things seem their Sabbath peace to keep.

How white it is, and beautiful—this earth!
Yon far-off village seems enchanted quite,
Silent between the chill earth and the stars.
And yet, O Vale! how much of pain hath birth
Within thy seeming quiet this fair night—
How much of tumult thy calm beauty mars!

BLIND EYES.

SO MUCH, so much, we can not understand!
So much that leaves the heart unsatisfied!
Ofttimes we turn beneath God's chast'ning hand,
And, in the passion of our human pride,
Feel that our mighty Maker is unkind,
Because we can not see—our eyes are blind.

We can not see why we should suffer so,
  Who have not deeply sinned nor gone astray.
O blinded eyes, how can we rightly know
  How far we wander from the blessed way!

Our finite vision can not see above us
  The stretching shade of the Almighty wing:
We can not know how truly God doth love us,
  Nor how He strives from pain His peace to bring.

We can not know because our eyes are blind;
  We turn away from His anointing hand,
And, groping, seek that we can never find,
  Until in perfect peace, we calmly stand—
Content to wait till we shall plainly see
In the new light of an eternity.

A WOMAN'S TEARS.

A WOMAN'S tears; ah, yes, a woman's tears!
  You, in your manly strength, say, "'T is not much
That stirs the fountain of her hopes and fears—
  A woman weeps e'en at the slightest touch."

And yet, so little do you know, indeed!
  So little in your own life's stirring part,
How deep that fountain is; what currents feed
  That fountain's troubled source—a woman's heart.

When you are loved you take it but your right,
  Saying, "She loves to love me." Do you know
Aught of that inner heart-flood, whose swift might
  Sweeps to her eyes their first warm overflow?

Or when you prove, in tenderness, to be
  Not all her love had thought you, do you take,
In chiding to your heart, this comfort, she
  Her tears and prayers will mingle for your sake?

Or when your child—her hard-earned treasure—lies
  Safe on the heart that dared for it death's fears!
But then you would not question if those eyes—
  Those weary, wistful eyes—were filled with tears.

Why question you at all? Her tears are not
  The idle things they seem; they are the flow
Of darkly troubled waters, oft begot
  In hidden depths that you can never know.

For woman's life is strange—yes, strange indeed!
  And that which can but little time defer
The busy schemes of men, demands it's meed—
  'T is thought and smiles, 't is thought and tears with her.

And so she weeps—sometimes she knows not why,
  Save that her heart is full. And God has given
This safeguard for her nature swept too high,
  Lest in it's flood-tide should the heart be riven.

WILLIAM STRUTHERS.

WILLIAM STRUTHERS was born on October 14, 1854, in Tuscarora, Schuylkill County, Pa. On the father's side he is the grandson of John Struthers, he who made and presented to the nation the marble coffins in which now rest the revered dust of General and Mrs. Washington. On his mother's side he is related to Fitz-Greene Halleck, the late famous poet, who was a nephew of Mr. Struthers's great-grandfather, in whose home Halleck dwelt from the age of ten to that of twenty years. Mr. Struthers is also related to the Beechers, Harriet Beecher Stowe and his grandmother being nieces of Harriet Foote, after whom they were both named. Mr. Struthers's father served in the Rebellion, first as a captain in the Pennsylvania cavalry, and then, after a three months' imprisonment in "Libby," as commander-in-chief of a division of the "Dismounted Camp," near Washington. While there, he had his wife and children with him; and thus the young Struthers had an opportunity of studying the poetical side of a soldier's camp life. After the war the family moved to Baltimore, and thence to Philadelphia, which is now his permanent home. Mr. Struthers had not what we call a school education. In his early years he was a delicate creature, with too slender a hold upon life for his father to think of trusting him with books; and though he managed to weather through the years to manhood, it was with the struggle of an invalid, too powerless even now to raise his voice above a whisper. Yet he is an accomplished scholar and linguist. Various translations of his, prose from the French and Italian, verse from the Spanish, have appeared in the leading magazines and newspapers; while, as a writer of original verse, his pleasing poems, sonnets, rondeaus, etc., have made his name familiar. J. W.

THE TARN.

PELLUCID as yon pure, blue-purple heights
  Of welkin, now reposes this lone pool;
And yet its mirror oftentimes delights
  The visions of black clouds, whose mad misrule
Confuses eagles in their mid-air flights,
  When tempests make these mountains their footstool.

Yes; then this virgin-gentle naiad's face
  Assumes a shadow that all smiles doth tame,
As round its brow it draws a fern-wrought lace
  Inmeshed with dainty cress, and thence would claim
Release from picturing the clouds' wild race
  Across the sky above its oval frame.

Yet vainly doth it strive! The misty maze
Of darkness penetrates that fern-wrought shield;
The tarn doth glass both clouds and lightning's blaze,
Whilst the great upland thunders lift and wield
Their hammers huge, whose resonances daze
The goats that browse on what these bleak slopes yield.

Let joyous be thy dreams to-day, O spring!
Thou maiden daughter of these martial hills,
To-day thou shalt see softest mists make cling
Rare amber tints round scaurs' and crags' rude sills,
Or thou shalt image birds of passage swing
Their tireless pinions where glad sunshine spills!

Yet, whether nature strive or be at peace,
Deep, deep, lone tarn, within thy deep of deeps,
Tranquillity hath charms that never cease;
And 'neath the surface, when the storm upleaps
And lightning's grisly clouds do sear and crease,
In purity thy heart of hearts she keeps!

AT END OF TWILIGHT.

"Quand vient le crépuscule au fond d'un vallon noir."
—VICTOR HUGO.

A LAMP'S light streaks yon dusky road,
Winding away far up the hill
To meet the twilight heaven, still
Faint tinged with memories of day—
Pale rose and beryl gleams astray
Below dark clouds, where erst abode,
Like a grand symbol of love's bliss,
The carmine of the dying sun's last kiss.

Save for that lamp, the height is dim
With shadowed rocks and gloom of woods,
Where leafless cheerlessness fast broods
About the tangled throng of boughs;
Haunt of the blasts, which there carouse
O' nights, with mutters fierce and grim;
Though on this night awakes no sound—
All, all is in a solemn silence bound.

Sad picture for the tired eye's rest,
Yet not without a certain charm,
The lurking likelihood of harm
That so allures the pensive mind:
Sad picture, yet the welkin's breast
Greets the wan lamp's light with the far
Scintillant silver of the evening star.

IN QUEST OF LOVE.

LILIES dreamed in crystal fountain,
'Neath the lawn-encircled mountain,
Where song-birds woke rare delight.
"Love," she questioned, "dost thou linger
In this place, where beauty's finger
Glads the dell and gilds the height?"
"Hear, oh, hear!" the lilies, laughing,
Answered, 'mid their nectar-quaffing
From the morning's golden vase.
"Hear, oh, hear!" the fount did murmur
In low speech, whose tones grew firmer
As they sought her blushing face.

Minstrels played a dainty measure
While masked dancers took their pleasure
In a ball-room, grandly gay.
"Love," she whispered, "art thou hiding
'Mid this joyance, whose abiding
Shall scarce last till peep of day?"
"Hear, oh, hear!" mad music tinkled,
Whilst the costly hangings crinkled
As the night wind by did glance.
"Hear, oh, hear!" faint foot-falls pattered,
As the festive maskers scattered,
Weary of both tune and dance.

Sat a gray-haired mother, knitting,
Whom the sunset's message, flitting,
Greeted 'neath a farm-house porch.
"Love," breathed maid, "where art thou beaming
While the Day of Night is dreaming,
While the Sun lets pale his torch?"
"Here, oh, here!" the needles sweetly
Clicked forth, as the mother neatly
Turned the stocking's woolen heel.
"Here, oh, here!" the Sun made shimmer
On the mother his last glimmer—
"Here, maid, here Love puts his seal!"

FORCE OF HABIT.

USED to its showers, we would that spring might stay,
And ruefully forecast the summer's heat:
When summer hath some time usurped spring's seat,
Oft we, forgetting dread, do summer pray
To tarry, and when autumn comes, we say,
Thereto grown used: "Fair time!" and hate the sleet;
Yet wonted grown to winter, we entreat:
"O crystal beauty! Go not thou away!"

Therefore I query if, when this life-pulse
Stops short at flat of those lips we dread,
We shall so frame our souls to the insulse,
Chill state toward which we now, reluctant, tread,
That 'mid its formless dreams we'd fain not hark
When life anew calls us from dust and dark.

AGNES MAULE MACHAR.

THERE is no name among the many that have striven to show the world that Canada, "the Child of Nations," could do good literary work, more favorably known, than that of Agnes Maule Machar. She has labored both at home and abroad, both in the magazines of the sister nation, and in old country periodicals, to give her Fatherland a just report.

Her father, a highly-cultured man of broad learning and sympathies, was a native of Scotland, and for a time a clergyman in that country. While still a young man he came to America, and continued his labors, both as pastor of a church in Kingston, Ontario, his daughter's birthplace, and as the efficient principal of Queen's University. Although a busy man, he found time to attend to his daughter's education, and instructed her in both the ancient and modern languages. That his instruction was not wasted was shown when his pupil translated, at the age of twelve, a story from Ovid into English rhyme, and later made a poetical translation of a portion of Antigone and Electra. From this beginning she has never ceased writing, but has worked incessantly, both in Canada under the *nom de plume* of "Fidelis," which no longer conceals her identity, and under her own name in the United States and England, to do something to uplift man and make him happier.

Her first real literary venture was a juvenile story, entitled "Katie Johnstone's Cross," which was written in six weeks, and which won a first prize offered by a Canadian publisher in Toronto. "Lucy Raymond," a story published in New York and Edinburgh, several religious books, besides two cleverly written novels, "For King and Country," and "Lost and Won," appeared in rapid succession. Miss Machar has been an energetic magazine writer. Poems by her have now and then appeared in *The Century*, *St. Nicholas* and *Wide Awake*.

It is a natural impulse with her to help the weak and suffering, and she has done what she could, by her pen and otherwise, to ameliorate the condition of the poor, and to foster humanity towards the dumb brute.

Miss Machar, like Professor Roberts, is heart and soul for Canada's "fronting the world alone." However, she pays but little attention to this question, as she wisely recognizes the fact that time alone can solve it.

She lives in the historic city of Kingston during the winter months. Her summers are spent among the pleasant haunts of the Thousand Islands, which have had a good deal of influence on poetic work.

T. J. M.

CHRISTMAS IN THE HOSPITAL.

An' is it Christmas mornin'? I 've lost my count of time,
But I thought it *must* be Christmas,—by the bells' sweet, solemn chime;
An' I had a dream o' the home folks, just as the mornin' broke,—
May be 't was the bells that brought it,—ringin' before I woke!
An' is it Christmas mornin'? An' while I 'm lyin' here,
The folks to church are goin'—the bells do ring so clear!—
Fathers an' mothers an' children, merrily over the snow,
Just as *we* used to go,—on Christmas long ago
Oh, yes! I know you 're good, nurse, an' I do try not to fret,
But at Christmas-time,—no wonder if my eyes with tears are wet,
For I saw so plain, in my dream, the brown house by the mill,
An' my father an' my mother,—ah, me! are they there still?
An', as they go to church to-day, perchance they think o' me,
An' wonder where poor Katie is,—across the great blue sea.
An' well it is they cannot tell! an' may they never know,—
For sure 't would only break their hearts, to hear my tale o' woe!
My mother must be gettin' old, and she was never strong;
But then, her spirit was so bright, an' sweet her daily song.
She sings no more about the house, but sure she prays for me,
An' wipes away the droppin' tears,—for the child she ne'er may see!
My father 's bent with honest toil, an' trouble bravely borne;
But never has he had to bear a word or look of scorn,
An' never shall it come through *me;* for all I have been wild,
I 'd rather die a thousand deaths, than shame him for his child!
I know I have been sinful, but some were more to blame,
Who never think—because of *that*—to hang their heads for shame!
Ah, well! I must n't think of *them*, but of myself, an' pray
That He will take away the sin—who came on Christmas day!

An', thank you for the letter, nurse, you say the ladies brought;
'Twas kind o' them to think o' me; I thank them for the thought;
The *print* is easy read,—but, oh! what would I give to see
Just one small scrap o' *writin'* from the old home-folk to me!
But, nurse,—those bells seem tellin' o' the better home above
Where sin and sorrow cannot come, but all is peace an' love;
Where broken hearts are healed at last, an' darkness passed away—
An' He shall bid us welcome home—who died on Christmas Day!

TWO VISIONS.

WHERE close the curving mountains drew
To clasp the stream in their embrace,
With every outline, curve and hue
Reflected in its placid face.

The ploughman stops his team to watch
The train, as swift it thunders by;
Some distant glimpse of life to catch
He strains his eager, wistful eye.

His glossy horses patient stand
With wonder in their gentle eyes,
As, through the tranquil mountain land,
The snorting monster onward flies!

The morning freshness lies on him
Just risen from his balmy dreams;
The wayfarers—all soiled and dim—
Think longingly of mountain streams.

Oh, for the joyous mountain air,
The fresh, delightful autumn day
Among the hills! The ploughman there
Must keep perpetual holiday!

And he, as, all day long, he guides
His steady plough, with patient hand,
Thinks of the flying train that glides
Into some new, enchanted land,

Where, day by day, no plodding round
Wearies the frame and dulls the mind—
Where life thrills keen to sight and sound,
With ploughs and furrows left behind.

Even so, to each, the untrod ways
Of life are touched by fancy's glow,
That ever sheds its brightest rays
Upon the path we do *not* know!

DRIFTING AMONG THE THOUSAND ISLANDS.

NEVER a ripple on all the river
As it lies like a mirror beneath the moon;
Only the shadows tremble and quiver
'Neath the balmy breath of a night in June.
All dark and silent—each shadowy island
Like a silhouette shows on its silver ground,
While just above hangs a rocky highland,
Dusky and grim, with its pine-trees crowned.
Never a sound save the wave's soft plashing,
As the boat drifts idly the shore along;
And darting fire-flies, silently flashing,
Gleam—living diamonds—the woods among;
And the nighthawk flits o'er the bay's deep bosom,
And the loon's laugh breaks through the midnight calm,
And the luscious breath of the wild pine's blossom
Wafts from the rocks, in a tide of balm.
—Drifting! Why cannot we drift forever?
Let all the world and its worries go!
Let us float and float with the flowing river.
Whither? We neither care nor know!
—Dreaming a dream—might we ne'er awaken;
There's joy enough in this passive bliss.
The wrestling crowd and its cares forsaken,
Was ever Nirvana more blest than this?
Nay! But our hearts are ever lifting
The screen of the present, however fair;
Not long, not long may we go on drifting,
Not long enjoy surcease from care!
Ours is a nobler task and guerdon
Than aimless drifting, however blest;
Only the hearts that can bear the burden
Can share the joy of the victor's rest!

AMERICA.

Nor North nor South it knows, nor East nor West,
Its mighty heart throbs with a single beat
While fall its tears upon the winding-sheet
That wraps to-day its noblest and its best.
Nor North nor South! All boundaries are fled,
Where noble manhood falls for manhood's sake;
We know no frontier line on land or lake,—
A Continent is mourning for the dead!

—*Funeral Day of President Garfield.*

BURNS.

And never lips than his have plead
More tenderly and pitifully,—
To leave the erring heart with Him
Who made it, and will judge it truly;
And yet,—it is not all a dream
That we have heard a voice from Heaven,
"*Behold this heart hath loved much,*
And much to it shall be forgiven!"

—*A Night with Burns.*

WILLIAM WYE SMITH.

REV. WILLIAM WYE SMITH was born in Jedburgh, Scotland, on the 18th of March, 1827. He was only three years of age when his parents and their young family left Scotland to better their circumstances in the New World. His father's intention was to sail for New York; but, on account of delays in shipping, he and his family took passage for Baltimore, where they arrived safely, and soon afterwards pushed forward to the southern part of Ohio. His father, finding the "rough and tumble" life of a new country somewhat distasteful, betook himself to his original destination, the city of New York, where he remained, doing business as a clothier, six years, and here the subject of our sketch received his first public-school tuition. His father's health somewhat failed, and having a fancy for farming, he removed his family to the neighborhood of Galt, Upper Canada, where he bought a cleared farm, and thus was brought about a break of eight years in the education of our young aspirant for learning. With the exception of about six months in a country school, Mr. Smith had no means of practical education other than his own untiring diligence after working-hours on his father's farm. How successful he was may be judged by the fact that he "passed" and obtained a position as school teacher in the village of St. George, which position he held for a year, and thus earned funds for future travels in search of a higher education. He went to New York, and was greatly benefited by industrious application during two terms in the classical department of the University Grammar School of that city.

His first volume of poems was published in Toronto in 1850. The following year he married, and started business as a general storekeeper in St. George. In the spring of 1855 he removed his business to Owen Sound, on the Georgian Bay, then a very isolated part of the country. A couple of years afterward, on being appointed to a clerkship of one of the courts, he gave up his business as storekeeper, and devoted himself for the next six or seven years to the duties of his office. During these years his spare time was spent in courting the Muse, and as editor and publisher of the *Sunday School Dial*, a monthly publication, the first illustrated Sunday school paper in Upper Canada. The year 1862 was spent in re-visiting the land of his birth. In 1863 he bought out the *Owen Sound Times*, and continued to edit and publish it for a period of two years; but in 1865, being invited to become the pastor of the Congregational church in Listowel, Ontario, he sold out the *Times* to the present proprietor. For about twelve years he was the Canadian correspondent of the *Edinburgh Daily Review*, and acted as their special correspondent at the Centennial Exhibition in 1876. After a pastorate of four years in Listowel, he accepted a call to the congregation of Pine Grove, near Toronto, which position he held for nine years. Afterwards he served a Congregational church for three years in the eastern townships of Quebec, near the Vermont border. Returning to Ontario he became a resident of Newmarket. He now devotes his time to editorial work in connection with the *Canadian Independent*, the organ of the Congregational body in the Dominion. His last volume of poems, from which the following selections are taken, was published in Toronto in 1888, and has met with a kindly reception. J. I.

FAIR LEILA.

I WOULD that I were a floweret fair,
  To be plucked by her dainty hands,
Or twined in the maze of her golden hair,
  As like a sweet dream she stands.
So, many might come and as many might go,
  Her pride and her beauty to see;
How soon she forgot them, I 'd care not, nor know,
  But I 'd know that she thought upon me!

I would that I were a warbling bird,
  With a song so sweet and clear
That she needs must pause on the banks of Ouse,
  My caroling voice to hear!
So, lovers could talk or lovers be mute,
  But this I could plainly see,
That she turned from them all with a weary look,
  To listen in smiles to me!

I would that I were a murmuring stream,
  That steals through the woods apace,—
To look in her eyes when she softly bends
  To mirror her lovely face.
So, who for a glance of love might sue,
  From under those lashes rare,
I 'd mirror myself in Leila's eyes,
  And dwell in contentment there!

But neither a flower, a bird, nor stream,
  Am I; nor ever can be;—
I 'm but a herd-boy, in a coat of gray,
  And she 's like a Queen to see!
But if it could be it were hearts alone
  That made us to be or to do,
Fair Leila might yet be all my own,
  And all my dreams be true!

THE SHEEP-WASHING.

My heart is glad to-night—
  Too glad for a wink of sleep!
For Jenny has promised to be my bride
  As soon as we wash the sheep!
And I don't care how soon I see them
  Plunging in and out the creek;
For a sweeter young wife for a farmer
  Than Jenny I could not seek.

But some way, I do n't half like it—
  It may come either late or soon;
And a raw cold spring may put off the thing
  Away till the middle of June!
I wish she had set a day
  That we could delight to keep!
Some old Saint's day, or the First of May,
  That had nothing to do with sheep!

But she set down her foot so firmly:
  "There was *so much work* to do;
And my father," she knew, "could n't spare the team
  Till all the spring-work was through!"
That I could n't say much to her,
  To shorten my heart's suspense,—
Especially as I lost my hold
  Of the stake-and-rider fence!

And then, as I gained my feet—
  (And she did n't seem a bit scared;
She said, "She knew I 'd fall soft,
  And the damage was easy repaired!")
She got the idea of wool-picking,
  Perhaps, from the clay in my hair;
And she said, "When ours was ready to sort,
  To tell the girls she 'd *be there!*"

I can 't change Jenny, I warrant;
  Nor would I risk aught, like a fool;
So I 'm wishing for first-rate weather,
  And a rise in the price of *wool!*
But you who have weddings in prospect,
  Do n't o'er the arrangements sleep;
Nor ever let such a particular time
  Depend on the washing of sheep!

I 'll make my father believe
  He 's losing half of his wool;
That the bushes have all begun to thieve,
  And the thorns are hanging full!
I 'll hurry the matter up,
  And give the cotswolds a steep!
The hardy fellows—they 'll stand it well!
  We sha' n't be last with our sheep!

THE BAIRNIE.

When I left Scotland's shore, I took a bonnie bairn;
A toddlin', lauchin' thing, ower young her love to learn;—
I row't it in my plaidie, and pressed it to my heart,—
And aft the whisper 'tween us gaed, "We twa shall never part!"

The Simmer rose and fell; the years gaed stalkin' by;
And strength and vigor came, and hope allured my eye;
But the bairnie in my bosom is a bairnie ever syne,—
And what's the bairn's I canna tell, and what is only mine!

And aft the bairnie greets, at some auld ballad's wail,—
And syne the bairnie smiles at the pawky Scottish tale;
Till I can only say, "'T is the bairn, it is not I;
For I hae dignity eneuch, were no the bairnie by!"

I've tried to hae it think and speak in foreign tongue,—
I've dune my vera utmost, and began the lesson young;
But the bairn is just as Scottish as the day it crossed the sea!—
Ye tell me I should rule the bairn; the bairn is ruling me!

I tell't it to my freend, and wad his wisdom learn,—
He said he was himsel just a muckle Scottish bairn!
And aye as I hae speir't, I find the glamour cast,
And the BAIRN WITHIN THE MAN aye is Scottish to the last!

O bairns that are na bairns! whate'er the warld may say,
Aye cherish in your hearts the bloom that lasts for aye!
For he gangs blithest through the warld, and leaves maist guid behind,
Where Coantry, Love and Childhood are in his heart enshrined!

PEACE.

The men of peace outlive the men of war;—
These for a day—but those forever are!
—*The Vale of Tweed.*

LUELLA DOWD SMITH.

J. LUELLA DOWD, the eldest of the four children of Almeron and Emily Curtiss Dowd, was born in Sheffield, Mass., a beautiful village that rests in the shadow of the Berkshire Hills. When she was two years of age her parents removed to West Virginia, where they remained nine years. Both of them were teachers, and she was instructed at home and in their schools.

On their return to Massachusetts, her education was continued in the South Egremont Academy—where she afterward taught,—in the High and Normal Schools of Westfield, and in Charles F. Dowd's Seminary, now known as Temple Grove Seminary, of Saratoga Springs, N. Y. From this last institution she graduated with the highest honor.

For several years she was a successful teacher. She has always been an earnest worker in Sunday schools and in the cause of temperance.

In 1875 she married Henry Hadley Smith, M. D., a physician whose practice has been marked with unusual success. For nearly ten years they resided in Sheffield, Mass. In the autumn of 1884 they went abroad. On their return Dr. Smith re-commenced practice in Hudson, N. Y., where they now live.

From an early age Mrs. Smith has been a frequent writer of verse and prose, contributing to many papers and magazines. In 1879 she made a collection of her scattered writings and published them under the title of "Wayside Leaves." In 1887 her second volume appeared, entitled "Wind Flowers."

Though her life has been a busy one, the impulse to write has been strong enough to overcome all obstacles, and in the crowded walks of life she hears and heeds the voices of the muses. She has written many temperance stories for children, and the aim of all her writing, as of all her life, is to do good—to cheer and comfort and help those who are in need. A. M. D.

ONE STEP.

Oh, rest not now, thou toiler bold,
  Thou who hast climbed all day with pain,
  To pause to-night makes labor vain.
  One step, the summit to attain!
Thou toiler bold,
Pause not for ease or gold.

Oh, rest not now, thou student deep,
  Thou who hast studied through the night,
  The sought-for goal is just in sight.
  Oh, do not miss fair Learning's height.
Thou student deep,
Pause not for idle sleep.

Oh, rest not now, thou valiant knight,
  Thou who has fought an unseen foe,
  Soon shalt thou lay the traitor low.
  Then seize thine arms and string thy bow.
Thou valiant knight,
Pause not, but win the fight.

Oh, rest not now, thou pilgrim gray—
  Although thy sun of youth is set,
  Still falter not, nor weary yet,
  One step will lead beyond regret.
Thou pilgrim gray,
Pause not, but keep thy way.

Oh, toiler, student, knight and pilgrim gray—
  One step—the summit is thine own;
  One step—and wisdom's grace is shown;
  One step—thy foes are overthrown;
  One step—then rest before the throne.
Oh, pilgrim gray,
For such achievement pray!

THE SEA.

When wilt thou rest, O Sea!
  Thou of the restless heart,
Grand in thy majesty,
  Wailing thy lost, apart?

Thy sorrows will not cease,
  There is no rest for thee,
No one to speak thee peace,
  As Christ to Galilee.

Ah! thou hast heard, when time
  Shall be henceforth no more,
In the celestial clime
  No ocean-surge will roar.

Thou, who art now so fair,
  With crested wave in sun,
Thou, with the heart of care,
  Forever more undone!

Mighty, and grand, and strong,
  Majestic, wild and free,
Can an eternal song
  Be perfect without thee?

GAIN WITH LOSS.

For every door
That opes before,
The Fates, unkind,
Close one behind.

Geo. W. Rice

ACROSS THE YEARS.

A HAND of love at length appears,
A hand reached out across the years,
To bring me youthful treasure green,
Unmindful of the graves between.
Alas! it cannot be. The past
Its wrecks around our feet has cast.

Of those whose paths together led,
Ere youthful hopes and dreams were dead,
Some wander far in lands unknown,
Where they have learned to live alone,
Some lie at rest, with cold hands pressed
Above the quiet of their breast.

Is life the same? Can we forget?
Will youth's sun rise when it has set?
Life's lesson then can we unlearn,
And to the eastern glory turn?
Will buried love arise at length,
Again rejoicing in his strength?

Ah, no, my friend. Yet thee I greet
With pleasant memories and sweet.
We clasp our hands in peace at last
Across the gulf of sorrows past,
And, looking upward through our tears,
We gain a glimpse of heavenly years.

STRANDED.

THE ships with silver sails go by,
They seek the far-off golden isle,
Their spars gleam bright against the sky,
But one is stranded here the while.

She is not wrecked or marred or torn,
But strong and beautiful and fair,
Yet by the shore she waits forlorn,
Nor hopes the ocean-life to share.

The breezes kiss her brow in vain,
The waves woo gently at her feet.
There is no answering pulse again,
No longing for a life more sweet.

Too late! There is a death in life
As sad as wrecks in seas gone down.
Thus souls are stranded from the strife
Who bear no cross and win no crown.

JUNE.

In these days of love and duty,
Life is rounding to its noon,
Full of strength and full of beauty,
In the perfect light of June.

—*June.*

JOHN CHARLES SHEA.

JOHN CHARLES SHEA was born in Halifax, N. S., February 21, 1831. In 1837 his widowed mother removed to Niagara Falls, then called Clifton, on the Canadian side. In 1840 his mother died at Queenstown, and under the guardianship of Rev. E. Gordon his education was commenced the same year. An early acquaintance with a printing office filled him with a love for "the art preservative of all arts," and he entered the office of the old *Niagara Chronicle*, where he remained for several years. He then entered the *Globe* office in Toronto for a year's tuition, and took his place among the leading printers at that time.

In 1849 he settled in Lockport, and was successively connected with the *Cataract*, the *Courier* and the *Journal* of that city. In 1853 Mr. Shea was married. His wife died May 13, 1888. In 1860 Mr. Shea removed to Chicago, filling in that city responsible positions on important papers and in the councils of his craft. He removed to Kansas in 1870, and became foreman and afterward city editor of the Leavenworth *Times;* afterward superintendent of the Standard Publishing Company, at Lawrence. He was the founder of the daily *Standard*, which paper was afterward removed to Leavenworth. Later Mr. Shea became associate editor of the Kansas City *Times*, and then purchased a third interest in the daily *Mail*. He sold his interest in the *Mail* in 1880, and has since been engaged in publishing and literary pursuits.

S. S. P.

ECHOES FROM AN OLD KEY-BUGLE.

"FULL twenty years have flown since then!"
Why, comrade, surely no;
It cannot be! Yet time glides past
Like the swift river's flow.
And he whose bugle-call we praised
Has many years been dead;
No more we 'll hear "tattoo" resound
From lips of "Putty Ned."

Where Erie bounds in mad career,
Above Niagara's fall,
Was heard full oft by list'ning ear
A well-known bugle-call;
Full oft where Captain Bidwell's boys
Their hardy camp-life led,
Was felt the charm that music lends,
In strains from "Putty Ned."

And men who camped with "Company D,"
And Fletcher's troop, would tell

How cheering was the bugle sound,
  That sweetly rose and fell;
No other music had a charm,
  When cares of camp had fled,
Like those pure airs sent proudly forth
  By stalwart "Putty Ned."

A bugle, not of silver made
  Nor burnished bright and fine,
But, oh, its notes were heard with joy
  Along the steady line;
And then, at night, beneath the stars,
  In silence deep, profound,
That old key-bugle charmed the camp
  With magic of its sound.

Yes, twenty years have flown since then,
  And music with its power
Has held us rapt in many a spell,
  Bewitching many an hour;
But when the heart is thrilled the most,
  We rest the drooping head
To hear the faintest bugle-tones
  From far-off "Putty Ned."

And many times since then I 've thought,
  When stirred by mem'ry's sounds,
If soldiers form the night bivouac
  In heaven's camping-grounds,
How quick, should that old bugle there
  Sound forth all full and free,
Would Fletcher's troopers, friendly still,
  "Fall in" with "Company D"!

MY MOTHER'S VOICE.

THE voice of her I love, how dear!
  Tho' far my wand'ring footsteps stray,
It lingers on my list'ning ear,
It vibrates thro' each passing year;
  And, thinking of that voice to-day,
Remembrance claims the willing tear.

My mother's voice! Its gentle power
  Has turned temptation's face away;
And tho' the tempest clouds may lower,
To darken life's most joyous hour,
  It comes, like sunshine on the day,
To brighten field, and wood, and bower.

That voice comes to me when alone,
  In cheering accents, soft and sweet;
In festive halls I hear its tone;
And when to milder scenes I 've flown—
  Thro' haunts of men, thro' busy street—
Its magic spell is round me thrown.

How sweet the voices are that blend
  In murmuring rill and flow'ry lee;
In whisperings that the south winds send;
In sighs from trees when branches bend;
  In thrilling sounds from heaving sea,
And in the echoes valleys lend!

Yet naught has ever touched my heart
  Like that sweet voice I long to hear;
An echo of the soul thou art!
And from this revery I start
  To feel my mother's spirit near.
Sweet voice! ah, we shall never part!

FOOT-PRINTS IN THE SNOW.

IT WAS morn! A virgin mantle
  Covered all the somber town;
I could see the glistening snow-flakes,
  From my window, nestling down;
And the shouts of truant scholars
  With their faces all aglow,
Drew my eyes toward a maiden
  Making foot-prints in the snow.

Where the drift lay smooth and tranquil,
  Bright and pure from Heaven beguiled;
And each flake a diamond sparkled,
  Walked this lovely little child;
Never heeding tinkling school-bell,
  Little fearing teacher's blow,
For her thoughts were only bounded
  By her foot-prints in the snow.

Pretty child! Her hood seemed falling,
  And her cloak was much astray,
While she raised her dress so lightly,
  Never heeding those at play;
Thus with eyes intently watching,
  And with steps so very slow,
Went this tiny maiden forward
  Making foot-prints in the snow.

Bright and winsome little fairy!
  You have drawn, with magic art,
From the storehouse of remembrance
  Treasured pictures of the heart;
Once again I 'm treading pathways
  That I knew long, long ago;
Once again I 'm by the roadside,
  Making foot-prints in the snow.

Onward went the little maiden,
  Looking there so very sweet
That the snow more brightly sparkled,
  'Neath the pressure of her feet.
Happy child! serene and lovely,
  May your life-stream onward flow,
And life-sorrows fade as quickly
  As your foot-prints in the snow.

MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN, recently editor of the New York *Freeman's Journal*, and at present Professor of English Literature in the University of Notre Dame, is one of those versatile writers who have the defects of their qualities. If he had been less of a journalist, he would have produced more poetry; if he was less of a ready writer on all subjects, he would no doubt in this be one of the most popular of American poets.

This exquisite and rare talent has been recognized by Longfellow, Cardinal Newman, Stedman, Gilder, and a host of critics, both here and in England, and yet he published about on an average one sonnet a year! His sonnets are technically nearly perfect. And the little book, "Songs and Sonnets," printed in London in 1886, from the type, is very rare.

Mr. Egan was born in Philadelphia on May 24, 1852. After his college course—Georgetown College is his *alma mater*,—he studied law in the office of a well-known lawyer in Philadelphia. But journalism attracted him. He began with Henry Peterson's staff on the *Saturday Evening Post*, which then included Mrs. Hodgson Burnett and half-a-dozen other celebrities then in embryo,—and continued in the treadmill of newspaper work until he succeeded to the editorship of the *Freeman's Journal*. His poems "Like a Lilac" and "Of Flowers," are found in many collections.

D. MACI.

THE OLD VIOLIN.

THOUGH tuneless, stringless, it lies there in dust,
  Like some great thought on a forgotten page;
The soul of music cannot fade or rust—
  The voice within it stronger grows with age;
Its strings and bow are only trifling things—
  A master-touch! its sweet soul wakes and sings.

THEOCRITUS.

DAPHNIS is mute, and hidden nymphs complain,
  And mourning mingles with their fountains' song;
  Shepherds contend no more, as all day long
They watch their sheep on the wide Cyprus-plain;
The master-voice is silent, songs are vain;
  Blithe Pan is dead, and tales of ancient wrong,
  Done by the gods when gods and men were strong,
Chanted to reeded pipes, no prize can gain:

O sweetest singer of the olden days,
  In dusty books your idyls rare seem dead;
    The gods are gone, but poets never die;
Though men may turn their ears to newer lays,
  Sicilian nightingales, enrapturéd,
    Caught all your songs, and nightly thrill the sky.

MAURICE DE GUERIN.

THE old wine filled him, and he saw, with eyes
  Anoint of Nature, fauns and dryads fair
  Unseen by others; to him maidenhair
And waxen lilacs and those birds that rise
A-sudden from tall reeds at slight surprise
  Brought charméd thoughts; and in earth everywhere
  He, like sad Jacques, found unheard music, rare
As that of Syrinx to old Grecians wise.

A pagan heart, a Christian soul had he;
  He followed Christ, yet for dead Pan he sighed;
    Till earth and heaven met within his breast:
As if Theocritus in Sicily
  Had come upon the Figure crucified,
    And lost his gods in deep, Christ-given rest.

FRA ANGELICO.

ART is true art, when art to God is true,
  And only then. To copy Nature's work
Without the chains that run the whole world through
  Gives us the eye without the lights that lurk
In its clear depths: no soul, no truth is there.
  Oh, praise your Rubens and his fleshly brush,
Oh, love your Titian and his carnal air!
  Give me the thrilling of a pure-toned thrush,
And take your crimson parrots. Artist—saint!
  O Fra Angelico, your brush was dyed
In hues of opal, not in vulgar paint;
  You showed to us pure joys for which you sighed.
Your heart was in your work, you never feigned;
You left us here the Paradise you gained!

ON READING "THE POET AND HIS MASTER."

(To Richard Watson Gilder.)

COMES that sad voice, O Poet, from your heart?—
  That austere voice that vibrates on the strings
  Of your sweet lyre, and into blithe song brings
Notes solemn, as if Christian chants should start
Into weird concord with the notes that dart
  From Pluto's bride in exile, when she sings
  Of woodland days when, near her mother's springs,
To Syrinx-music, she bade care depart?

In all your songs the birds and trees are heard,
  But through your singing sounds an undertone—
    Wind-message through the reeds, not sung, but sighed:
Your heart sings like a silver-throated bird,
  Your soul, remembering, sea like makes it moan,
    Not for the dead gods, but that Christ has died.

OF FLOWERS.

THERE were no roses till the first child died,
No violets, no balmy-breathed heart's-ease,
No heliotrope, nor buds so dear to bees,
The honey-hearted woodbine, no gold-eyed
And white-lashed daisy-flower, nor, stretching wide,
Clover and cowslip-cups, like rival seas,
Meeting and parting, as the young spring breeze
Runs giddy races playing seek and hide:

For all flowers died when Eve left Paradise,
And all the world was flowerless awhile,
Until a little child was laid in earth;
Then from its grave grew violets for its eyes,
And from its lips rose-petals for its smile,
And so all flowers from that child's death took birth.

THE CHRYSALIS OF A BOOK-WORM.

I READ, O Friend, no pages of old lore,
Which I loved well; and yet the flying days,
That softly passed as wind through green spring ways
And left a perfume, swift fly as of yore,
Though in clear Plato's stream I look no more,
Neither with Moschus sing Sicilian lays,
Nor with bold Dante wander in amaze,
Nor see our Will the Golden Age restore.

I read a book to which old books are new,
And new books old. A living book is mine—
In age, three years: in it I read no lies,
In it to myriad truths I find the clue—
A tender little child; but I divine
Thoughts high as Dante's in her clear blue eyes.

LIKE A LILAC.

LIKE a lilac in the Spring
Is my love, my lady-love;
Purple-white, the lilacs fling
Scented blossoms from above:
So my love, my lady-love,
Throws soft glances on my heart:
Ah, my dainty lady-love,
Every glance is Cupid's dart.

Like a pansy in the Spring
Is my love, my lady-love;
For her velvet eyes oft bring
Golden fancies from above:
Ah, my heart is pansy-bound
By those eyes so tender-true;
Balmy heart's-ease have I found,
Dainty lady-love, in you.

Like the changeful month of Spring
Is my love, my lady-love;
Sunshine comes and glad birds sing,
Then a rain-cloud floats above:
So your moods change with the wind,
April-tempered lady-love;
All the sweeter, to my mind.
You're a riddle, lady-love.

THE ANXIOUS LOVER.

I SAW a damsel in a somber room,
Laid low in beds of purple violet,
And pale sweet roses, that perfumed the gloom;
And then I thought, This is a gray sunset
Of days of loving life. Shall he who stands
Beside her bier, in sorrow for his love,
Be first in Heaven to clasp her gentle hands,—
To bow with her before the Lord above?

If love can die, let my heart be as cold
As Galatea's was before the words
Of the warm sculptor drew it from the mould
And made her hear the sound of singing birds.
Love's sunshine and love's shadows, are they all
Like April sun and shadow on the earth?
If love can die at sight of funeral-pall,
Would I had strangled it in its sad birth!

I know that the sweet Spring will surely go,
And leave no trace, except a blossom dry;
I know that life will pass as passes snow
When March winds blow and river-floods are high;
I know that all the maples on the hill
That fire the air with flames, to ashes burn;
I know that all the singing birds that fill
The air with song, to silent dust will turn.

Oh! love, my love, can it, then, ever be
That thou or I may gaze upon love's death?
That thou shalt some day, sad and silently,
Look on me dumb and cold and without breath?
Or shall I see thee lying white and wan,
Like yonder damsel in the flower-bed,
And only say, "My lady sweet has gone;
She 's lost to me; she 's dead—*what meaneth 'dead'?*"

If love can die, then I will no more look
Into thy eyes, and see thy pure thoughts there,
Nor will I read in any poet's book
Of all the things that poets make so fair.
If love can die, the poet's art is vain,
And thy blue eyes might well be blossoms blue,
And thy soft tears be only senseless rain,
If love can die, like flowers and souless dew.

I care not for thy smile, if love can die:
  If I must leave thee, let me leave thee now.
Shall I not know thee, if in Heaven high
  I enter and before the Holy bow?
Shalt not thou know me when before the throne
  Thou, white-robed one, shalt enter into light?
I cannot think the Lord of Love has sown
  His precious seed to make but one day bright.

Would I were dead, if death could be the end
  Of all the loving that makes life so fair!
If love can die, I pray the sun may send
  An arrow through my head, that death may tear
Away my soul, and make me soon forget
  The fair, sweet hope of love's eternal day,
Which yet might die like purple violet
  Strewn on the robe of her that passed away!

Ah, love, my love! when I look in thy eyes,
  And hear thy voice, like softened village bells,
Coming to one who long has sent up sighs
  From foreign lands to be where his love dwells,
My heart lifts up itself in ecstasy.
  "Life were not life if our strong love could die.
The earth may crumble, but our love and we
  Shall live forever. This is true!" I cry.

CYCLOPS TO GALATEA.

Softer than lambs and whiter than the curds,
  O Galatea, swan-nymph of the sea!
Vain is my longing, worthless are my words;
  Why do you come in night's sweet dreams to me,
And when I wake, swift leave me, as in fear
The lambkin hastens when the wolf is near?

Why did my mother on a dark-bright day
  Bring you for hyacinths a-near my cave?
I was the guide, and through the tangled way
  I thoughtless led you; I am now your slave.
Peace left my soul when you knocked at my heart.
Come, Galatea, never to depart!

Though I am dark and homely to the sight—
  A Cyclops I, and stronger there are few—
Of you I dream through all the quick-paced night,
  And in the morn ten fawns I feed for you,
And four young bears: O rise from grots below;
Soft love and peace with me forever know!

Last night I dreamed that I, a monster gilled,
  Swam in the sea and saw you singing there:
I gave you lilies, and your grotto filled
  With the sweet odors of all flowers rare;
I gave you apples, as I kissed your hand,
And reddest poppies from my richest land.

Oh, brave and restless billows of your world:
  They toss and tremble; see my cypress-grove,
And bending laurels, and the tendrils curled
  Of honeyed grapes, and a fresh treasure-trove
In vine-crowned Ætna, of pure-running rills!
O Galatea, kill the scorn that kills!

Softer than lambs and whiter than the curds,
  O Galatea, listen to my prayer!
Come, come to land, and hear the song of birds;
  Rise, rise, from ocean-depths, as lily-fair
As you are in my dreams! Come, then, O Sleep,
For you alone can bring her from the deep!

And Galatea, in her cool, green waves,
  Plaits her long hair with purple flower-bells
And laughs and sings, while black-browed Cyclops raves,
  And to the wind his love-lorn story tells:
For well she knows that Cyclops will, ere long,
Forget, as poets do, his pain in song.

SLEEPING SONG.

Ten months had passed since rosy Herakles
Had opened wondering eyes unto the sun,
When, in the sloping light of summer's eve,
Alcmena, mother of the little twins,
The hero and his brother, fair to see,
Bared her soft breasts, as all our mothers did,
In tender love, and gave her boys their food;
And having laved them in the mellow stream,
She laid them down within Amphytrion's shield—
A half sphere of bright brass by bold blows won
From slaughtered Pterelaus—then, with hands,
Like blush-rose petals, on the head of each,
In tones like cithern-echoes, thus she sang:

"Sleep, my boys, in gentle, dewy sleep,
Until the dawn in glowing beauty peep
To call the hours from out the night's dark deep
  Into the light.
Sleep, for the day has sunk in the red west;
Sleep, 'neath the mother-heart that loves you best;
Sleep, sleep, and peaceful, peaceful be your rest
  Till dark is light.
Anemones and roses drop their leaves
In silent night, but still the ocean heaves;
And so my heart fresh waves of love receives
  Through all the night.
My other self in two, my heart in two,
Sleep happy, and wake joyous. Oh, for you
I pray the gods to give me all I sue
  Through day and night!"
And as sea-nymphs soft toss a favored boat,
She rocked the buckler, singing as it moved.

CLEOPATRA.

SELECTIONS.

ANTONY TO CLEOPATRA.

I AM dying, Egypt, dying!
  Ebbs the crimson life-tide fast;
And the dark, Plutonian shadows
  Gather on the evening blast.
Let thine arm, O Queen, support me,
  Hush thy sobs and bow thine ear;
Listen to the great heart-secrets,
  Thou, and thou alone, must hear.

Though my scarred and veteran legions
  Bear their eagles high no more,
Though my wrecked and scattered galleys
  Strew dark Actium's fatal shore;
Though no glittering guards surround me,
  Prompt to do their master's will,
I must perish like a Roman—
  Die the great Triumvir still.

Let not Cæsar's servile minions
  Mock the lion thus laid low;
'T was no foeman's hand that felled him,
  'T was his own that struck the blow,—
His who, pillowed on thy bosom,
  Turned aside from glory's ray—
His who, drunk with thy caresses,
  Madly threw a world away.

Should the base plebian rabble,
  Dare assail my fame at Rome,
Where the noble spouse, Octavia,
  Weeps within her widowed home,
Seek her; say the gods bear witness—
  Altars, augurs, circling wings—
That her blood, with mine commingled,
  Yet shall mount the throne of kings.

And for thee, star-eyed Egyptian,
  Glorious sorceress of the Nile,
Light my path through Stygian darkness
  With the splendor of thy smile.
Give to Cæsar thrones and kingdoms;
  Let his brow and laurel twine;
I can scorn all meaner triumphs,
  Triumphing in love like thine.

I am dying, Egypt, dying!
  Hark! the insulting foeman's cry;
They are coming—quick, my falchion!
  Let me front them ere I die.
Ah! no more amid the battle
  Shall my soul exulting swell;
Isis and Osiris guard thee—
  Cleopatra—Rome—farewell!

WILLIAM HAINES LYTLE.

CLEOPATRA.

HERE, Charmian, take my bracelets,
  They bar, with a purple stain,
My arms; turn over my pillows,
  They are not where I have lain;
Open the lattice wider,
  A gauze on my bosom throw,
And let me inhale the odors
  That over the garden blow.

I dreamed I was with my Antony,
  And in his arms I lay;
Ah, me! the vision has vanished—
  The music has died away.
The flame and the perfume have perished,
  As this spiced aromatic pastille
That wound the blue smoke of its odor
  Is now but an ashy hill.

Scatter upon me rose-leaves,
  They cool me after my sleep,
And with sandal odors fan me
  Till into my veins they creep;
Reach down the lute, and play me
  A melancholy tune,
To rhyme with the dream that has vanished,
  And the slumbering afternoon.

There, drowsing in golden sunlight,
  Loiters the slow smooth Nile.
Through slender papyri, that cover
  The wary crocodile,
The lotus lolls on the water,
  And opens its heart of gold,
And over its broad leaf-pavement
  Never a ripple is rolled.
The twilight breeze is too lazy
  Those feathery palms to wave,
And yon little cloud is as motionless
  As a stone above a grave.

Ah, me! this lifeless nature
  Oppresses my heart and brain!
Oh! for a storm and thunder—
  For lightning and wild fierce rain!
Fling down that lute—I hate it!
  Take rather his buckler and sword,
And crash them and clash them together
  Till this sleeping world is stirred.

Hark! to my Indian beauty—
  My cockatoo, creamy white,
With roses under his feathers—
  That flashes across the light.

Look! listen! as, backward and forward,
  To his hoop of gold he clings,
How he trembles, with crest uplifted,
  And shrieks as he madly swings!
O, cockatoo, shriek for Antony!
  Cry, "Come, my love, come home!"
Shriek, "Antony! Antony! Antony!"
  Till he hears you even in Rome.

There, leave me, and take from my chamber
  That stupid little gazelle,
With its bright black eyes so meaningless,
  And its silly tinkling bell!
Take him; my nerves he vexes—
  The thing without blood or brain—
Or, by the body of Isis,
  I 'll snap his thin neck in twain!

Leave me to gaze at the landscape
  Mistily stretching away,
Where the afternoon's opaline tremors
  O'er the mountains quivering play;
Till the fiercer splendor of sunset
  Pours from the west its fire,
And, melted as in a crucible,
  Their earthly forms expire;
And the bald blear skull of the desert
  With glowing mountains is crowned,
That, burning like molten jewels,
  Circle its temples round.

I will lie and dream of the past time,
  Æons of thought away,
And through the jungle of memory
  Loosen my fancy to play;
When, a smooth and velvety tiger,
  Ribbed with yellow and black,
Supple and cushion-footed
  I wandered, where never the track
Of a human creature had rustled
  The silence of mighty woods,
And, fierce in a tyrannous freedom,
  I knew but the law of my moods.

The elephant, trumpeting, started,
  When he heard my footsteps near,
And the spotted giraffes fled wildly
  In a yellow cloud of fear.
I sucked in the noontide splendor,
  Quivering along the glade,
Or yawning, panting, and dreaming,
  Basked in the tamarisk shade,
Till I heard my wild mate roaring,
As the shadows of night came on,
To brood in the trees' thick branches,
  And the shadow of sleep was gone;

Then I roused, and roared in answer,
  And unsheathed from my cushioned feet
My curving claws, and stretched me,
  And wandered my mate to greet.

We toyed in the amber moonlight,
  Upon the warm flat sand,
And struck at each other our massive arms—
  How powerful he was, and grand!
His yellow eyes flashed fiercely
  As he crouched and gazed at me,
And his quivering tail, like a serpent,
  Twitched, curving nervously.
Then like a storm he seized me,
  With a wild triumphant cry,
And we met, as two clouds in heaven
  When the thunders before them fly.
We grappled and struggled together,
  For his love like his rage was rude;
And his teeth in the swelling folds of my neck
  At times, in our play, drew blood.

Often another suitor—
  For I was flexile and fair—
Fought for me in the moonlight,
  While I lay crouching there,
Till his blood was drained by the desert;
  And, ruffled with triumph and power,
He licked me and lay beside me
  To breathe him a vast half-hour.
Then down to the fountain we loitered,
  Where the antelopes came to drink;
Like a bolt we sprang upon them,
  Ere they had time to shrink,
We drank their blood and crushed them,
  And tore from limb to limb,
And the hungriest lion doubted
  Ere he disputed with him.

That was a life to live for!
  Not this weak human life,
With its frivolous bloodless passions,
  Its poor and petty strife!
Come to my arms, my hero,
  The shadows of twilight grow,
And the tiger's ancient fierceness
  In my veins begins to flow.
Come not cringing to sue me!
  Take me with triumph and power,
As a warrior storms a fortress!
  I will not shrink or cower.
Come, as you came in the desert,
  Ere we were women and men,
When the tiger passions were in us,
  And love as you loved me then!

WILLIAM WETMORE STORY.

CLEOPATRA EMBARKING ON THE CYDNUS.

FLUTES in the sunny air,
  And harps in the porphyry halls!
And a low, deep hum, like a people's prayer,
  With its heart-breathed swells and falls!
And an echo, like the desert's call,
  Flung back to the shouting shores;
And the river's ripple, heard through all,
  As it plays with the silver oars!—
The sky is a gleam of gold,
  And the amber breezes float,
Like thoughts to be dreamed of, but never told,
  Around the dancing boat!

She has stepped on the burning sand—
  And the thousand tongues are mute,
And the Syrian strikes with a trembling hand,
  The strings of his gilded lute!
And Ethiope's heart throbs loud and high,
  Beneath his white symar,
And the Lybian kneels, as he meets her eye,
  Like the flash of an Eastern star!
The gales may not be heard,
  Yet the silken streamers quiver,
And the vessel shoots like a bright-plumed bird,
  Away down the golden river!

Away by the lofty mount,
  And away by the lonely shore,
And away by the gushing of many a fount,
  Where fountains gush no more!—
Oh! for some warning vision there,
  Some voice that should have spoken
Of climes to be laid waste and bare,
  And glad young spirits broken!
Of waters dried away,
  And hope and beauty blasted!
That scenes so fair and hearts so gay
  Should be so early wasted!

THOMAS KIBBLE HERVEY.

CLEOPATRA.

THE barge she sat in, like a burnished throne,
Burnt on the water: the poop was beaten gold,
Purple the sails, and so perfuméd that
The winds were love-sick with them: the oars were silver;
Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and made
The water which they beat to follow faster,
As amorous of their strokes. For her own person,
It beggared all description: she did lie
In her pavilion—cloth of gold, of tissue—
O'erpicturing that Venus, where we see
The fancy out-work nature: on each side her
Stood pretty dimpled boys, like smiling Cupids,
With divers-colored fans, whose wind did seem
To glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool,
And what they undid, did.

Her gentlewomen, like the Nereides,
So many mermaids, tended her i' the eyes,
And made their bends adornings: at the helm
A seeming mermaid steers; the silken tackle
Swell with the touches of those flower-soft hands,
That yarely frame the office. From the barge
A strange invisible perfume hits the sense
Of the adjacent wharfs. The city cast
Her people out upon her; and Antony,
Enthroned in the market-place, did sit alone,
Whistling to the air; which, but for vacancy,
Had gone to gaze on Cleopatra too,
And made a gap in nature.

Upon her landing, Antony sent to her,
Invited her to supper: she replied,
It should be better he became her guest;
Which she entreated: Our courteous Antony,
Whom ne'er the word of "No" woman heard speak,
Being barbered ten times o'er, goes to the feast;
And for his ordinary pays his heart
For what his eyes eat only.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

—*From "Antony and Cleopatra."*

"SINCE CLEOPATRA DIED."

"SINCE Cleopatra died!" Long years are past,
  In Antony's fancy, since the deed was done.
  Love counts its epochs, not from sun to sun,
But by the heart-throb. Mercilessly fast
Time has swept onward since she looked her last
  On life, a queen. For him the sands have run
Whole ages through their glass, and kings have won
  And lost their empires o'er earth's surface vast
Since Cleopatra died. Ah! Love and Pain
  Make their own measure of all things that be.
  No clock's slow ticking marks their deathless strain;
The life they own is not the life we see;
  Love's single moment is eternity:
  Eternity, a thought in Shakespeare's brain.

CLEOPATRA'S DREAM.

Lo, by Nilus' languid waters
  Fades the dreamy summer day,
Where, on couch of gold and crimson,
  Egypt's royal daughter lay,—
Dreaming lay, while palm and pillar
  Cast their lengthening shadows now,
And the lotus-laden zephyrs
  Lightly kissed her queenly brow.

Luella D Smith

Soft the evening steals upon her,
As behind the curtained west
Sinks the day-god in his splendor—
Folds his wooing arms to rest.
Drowsy shades of dusky Egypt
Homeward, slow, their burdens bear,
While the boatman's lazy challenge
Falls upon the quivering air.

Dreams she of her Roman lover,
He who cast a crown away:
Country, kindred, fame, and honor,
In her captive arms to lay?
Aye! of Antony, her hero,
Sharer of her heart and throne,
He whose ships, now homeward sailing,
Bear her all of love alone.

Starts she in her sleeping glory,
And her brown arms, jewelled, bare,
Round and rich in queenly beauty,
Wildly cleave the slumberous air.
Beads of perspiration gather
On her matchless woman's brow,
While her parted lips in anguish
Tell of heart-pangs none may know.

Sure some vision, dire and dreadful,
Palls upon her eyes and brain,
Piercing to her being's center
With a fiery shaft of pain.
Like a sea her full-orbed bosom
Swells and falls with pent-up ire;
Then her spirit breaks its thralldom,
And she shrieks, in wild despair:

"Charmian, quick, unloose my girdle,
Give me breath! I faint! I die!
Ho! slaves, bring my royal galley,
Let us hence to Egypt fly.
Oh for vengeance on the traitor,
And upon his Roman bride!
Let him never dare—ah, Charmian,
Stand you closely by my side.

"Do I dream? Is this my palace—
Yon my sweetly flowing Nile?
Ah, I see—O great Osiris,
How I thank thee for thy smile!
Oh, I 've had such fearful vision—
He, my Antony, untrue!
And my heart was nigh to bursting
With its fearful weight of woe.

"But 't is over; yet I tremble—
On what brink of fate I stand;
What prophetic bird of evil
Hovers o'er this sacred land!
What if true should come my dreaming,
And no more my love returns!
Ah, the thought my heart's blood freezes,
While my brain with madness burns."

* * * *

Then she listened, gazing outward
Toward a dim futurity:
And the Nile forever onward
Bears its burdens to the sea;
And she catches from its whispers,
Echoing whispers in her soul—
That her reign of love is ended,
And her life is near its goal.

J. J. Owens.

CLEOPATRA'S SOLILOQUY.

What care I for the tempest? what care I for the rain?
If it beat upon my bosom, would it cool its burning pain,—
This pain that ne'er has left me since on his heart I lay,
And sobbed my grief at parting as I'd sob my soul away?
O Antony! Antony! Antony! when in thy circling arms
Shall I sacrifice to Eros my glorious woman's charms,
And burn life's sweetest incense before his sacred shrine,
With the living fire that flashes from thine eyes into mine?
Oh, when shall I feel thy kisses rain down upon my face,
As, a queen of love and beauty, I lie in thine embrace,
Melting, melting, melting, as a woman only can
When she 's a willing captive in the conquering arms of man,
As he towers, a god, above her?—and to yield is not defeat,
For love can own no victor if love with love shall meet!
I still have regal splendor, I still have queenly power,
And, more than all, unfaded is woman's glorious dower.
But what care I for pleasure? what 's beauty to me now,
Since Love no longer places his crown upon my brow?
I have tasted its elixir, its fire has through me flashed,
But when the wine glowed brightest, from my eager lips 't was dashed.

And I would give all Egypt, but once to feel the bliss
Which thrills through all my being when 'er I meet his kiss.
The tempest wildly rages, my hair is wet with rain,
But it does not still my longing or cool my burning pain.
For Nature's storms are nothing to the raging of my soul
When it burns with jealous frenzy beyond a queen's control.
I fear not pale Octavia; that haughty Roman dame,
My lion of the desert, my Antony, can tame;
I fear no Persian beauty, I fear no Grecian maid;
The world holds not the woman of whom I am afraid.
But I 'm jealous of the rapture I tasted in his kiss,
And I would not that another should share with me that bliss.
No joy would I deny him, let him cull it where he will,
So mistress of his bosom is Cleopatra still,—
So that he feels forever, when he Love's nectar sips,
'T was sweeter, sweeter, sweeter when tasted on my lips;
So that all other kisses, since he has drawn in mine,
Shall be unto my lovéd, as "water after wine."
Awhile let Cæsar fancy Octavia's pallid charms
Can hold Rome's proudest consul a captive from these arms.
Her cold embrace but brightens the memory of mine,
And for my warm caresses he in her arms shall pine.
'T was not for love he sought her, but for her princely dower;
She brought him Cæsar's friendship, she brought him kingly power.
I should have bid him take her, had he my counsel sought,—
I' ve but to smile upon him, and all her charms are nought;
For I would scorn to hold him by but a single hair
Save his own longing for me when I 'm no longer there;
And I will show you, Roman, that for one kiss from me
Wife, fame, and even honor to him shall nothing be!
Throw wide the window, Isis, fling perfumes o'er me now,
And bind the lotus-blossoms again upon my brow.
The rain has ceased its weeping, the driving storm is past,
And calm are Nature's pulses that lately beat so fast.
Gone is my jealous frenzy, and Eros reigns serene,
The only god e'er worshipped by Egypt's haughty queen.
With Antony, my lovéd, I 'll kneel before his shrine
Till the loves of Mars and Venus are nought to his and mine;
And down through coming ages, in every land and tongue,
With them shall Cleopatra and Antony be sung.
Burn sandal-wood and cassia; let the vapor round me wreathe,
And mingle with the incense the lotus-blossoms breathe;
Let India's spicy odors and Persia's perfumes rare
Be wafted on the pinions of Egypt's fragrant air.
With the singing of the night breeze, the river's rippling flow,
Let me hear the notes of music in cadence soft and low.
Draw round my couch its curtains; I 'd bathe my soul in sleep;
I feel its gentle languor upon me slowly creep.
Oh, let me cheat my senses with dreams of future bliss,
In fancy feel his presence, in fancy taste his kiss,
In fancy nestle closely against his throbbing heart,
And throw my arms around him, no more, no more to part.
Hush! hush! his spirit's pinions are rustling in my ears;
He comes upon the tempest to calm my jealous fears;
He comes upon the tempest in answer to my call,—
Wife, fame, and even honor, for me he leaves them all;
And royally I 'll welcome my lover to my side.
I have won him, I have won him, from Cæsar and his bride!

MARY BAYARD CLARK.

CLEOPATRA TO ANTONY.

SPREAD a feast with choicest viands—
Friends, 't will be my very last;
Bring the rarest flowers to grace it—
Haste, my sands of life flow fast!
Place an asp beneath the lotus
That shall light me to the grave
With its starry petals' splendor;
Weep not, let your hearts be brave.

Speed, Octavia, with thy minions—
Fire thy heart with deadly hate!
Thou wilt miss the royal victim—
Cleopatra rules her fate!

She defies Rome's conquering legions!
  Let them triumph in her fall!
What is earthly pomp or greatness?
  Love, thy love outweighs it all!

Thrones and scepters are but trifles
  To my spirit's yearning pain;
What were fortune's gifts witout thee
  I would lose the world to gain?
Let no base heart tell our story;
  Ages, speak, when time unurns
These dull ashes, say to Ages,
  Soul to soul their love still burns.

Fatal asp, thy sleep 's not endless,
  That the morrow's dawn will prove:
I shall reign in lands Elysian,
  Antony's proud Queen of Love!
Isis and Osiris, hear me!
  Hear me, gods of boundless power!
Ye have tasted deathless passion!
  Ye will guide me to his bower!

Pardon, mighty Ones, the error
  If Octavia I have wronged,
Judged by higher laws supernal;
  Ah! how earthly passions thronged;
Overpowering heart and reason,
  Nature, answering Nature's call,
Rushed as cloud responsive rushes
  On to cloud, to meet and—fall.

Antony, my love, I 'm dying!
  Curdles fast life's crimson tide,
But no dark Plutonian shadows
  Fall between us to divide.
Hark! the Stygian waters swelling,
  Call me, love, with thee to rest,—
Death I fear not since thou braved it,
  Pillowed on my aching breast.

Strange emotions fill my bosom
  As I near the vast unknown;
Yet my heart still throbs, in dying,
  Antony, for thee alone.
Oh! "I feel immortal longings,"—
  I can brave stern Pluto's frown,—
Robe me in my regal garments,
  Deck with jewels, scepter, crown.

Antony! I 'm coming! coming!
  Open, open wide thine arms!
Ah! the blissful hope of union
  Robs the grave of its alarms.
See! the glorious heroes beckon
  O'er the Stygian waters' swell.
I shall have immortal crowning!
  Egypt—dear old Nile!—farewell.

MRS. SARAH D. CLARKE.

SINGLE POEMS.

BE A WOMAN.

OFT I 've heard a gentle mother,
  As the twilight hours began,
Pleading with her son of duty,
  Urging him to be a man;
But unto her blue-eyed daughter,
  Though with love's words quite as ready,
Urges she this other duty,—
  "Strive, my dear, to be a lady."

What 's a lady? Is it something
  Made of hoops and silks and airs,
Used to decorate the parlor,
  Like the fancy mats and chairs?
Is it one who wastes on novels
  Every feeling that is human?
If 't is this to be a *lady*,
  'T is not this to be a *woman*.

Mother, then, unto your daughter
  Speak of something higher far
Than to be mere fashion's lady—
  Woman is the brightest star.
If you in your strong affection
  Urge your son to be a true man,
Urge your daughter, no less strongly,
  To arise and be a woman.

Yes, a woman—brightest model
  Of that high and perfect beauty
Where the mind and soul and body
  Blend, to work out life's great duty.
Be a woman! Naught is higher
  On the gilded list of fame;
On the catalogue of virtue
  There 's no brighter, holier name.

Be a woman! On to duty!
  Raise the world from all that 's low;
Place high in the social heaven
  Virtue's fair and radiant bow;
Lend thy influence to each effort
  That shall raise our natures human;
Be not fashion's gilded lady,—
  Be a brave, whole-souled, true woman!

—EDWARD BROOKS.

SUPPLICATION.

O LOVE Divine! lay on me burdens if Thou wilt,
  To break Thy faithless one-hour watchman's shameful sleep!
Turn comforts into awful prophets to my guilt!
  Close to Thy garden travail let me wake and weep!

For while the Resurrection waves its signs august,
Like morning's dew-bright banners on a cloudless sky,
My weak feet cling enamored to the parching dust,
And the vain sands' poor pebbles lure my roving eye.

By loneliness or hunger turn and re-create me!
Ordain whatever masters in Thy saving school.
Let the whole prosperous host of Fashion's flatterers hate me,
So Thou wilt henceforth bless me with Thy gracious rule.

I pray not to be saved, O risen Lord, from sorrow;
Redeem me only from my fond and mean self-love.
Let each long night of wrestling bring a mourning morrow,
If thus my heart ascend and dwell with Thee above!

Vales of Repentance mount to hills of high Desire;
Seven times seven suffering years gain the Sabbatic Rest;
Earth's fickle, cruel lap, alternate frost and fire,
Tempers beloved disciples for the Master's breast.

Our work lies wide; men ache and doubt and die; Thy Ark
Shakes in our hands; Reason and Faith, God's son
And daughter, fight their futile battle in the dark.
Our sluggish eyelids slumber with our task half done.

Oh, bleeding Priest of silent, sad Gethsemane,—
That second Eden where up springs the Healing Vine,
Press from our careless foreheads drops of sweat for Thee!
Fill us with sacrificial love for souls, like Thine.

Thou who didst promise cheer along with tribulation,
Hold up our trust and keep it firm by much enduring;
Feed fainting hearts with patient hopes of Thy salvation;
Make glorious service, more than luxury's bed, alluring.

Hallow our wit with prayer; our mastery steep in meekness;
Pour on our stumbling studies Inspiration's light;
Hew out for Thy dear Church a Future without weakness,
Quarried from Thine eternal Order, Beauty, Might!

Met there mankind's great Brotherhood of souls and powers,
Raise Thou full praises from its farthest corners dim:
Pour down, O steadfast Sun, thy beams on all its towers!
Roll through its worldwide space Faith's Eucharistic Hymn!

O Way for all that live, win us by pain and loss!
Fill all our years with toil—and comfort with Thy rod!
Through Thy Ascension cloud, beyond the Cross,
Looms on our sight, in peace, the City of our God!

FREDERIC DAN HUNTINGTON.

THE NINETY AND NINE.

THERE were ninety and nine that safely lay
In the shelter of the fold,
But one was out on the hills away,
Far off from the gates of gold—
Away on the mountains wild and bare,
Away from the tender Shepherd's care.

"Lord, thou has here thy ninety and nine:
Are they not enough for thee?"
But the Shepherd made answer: "'Tis of mine
Has wandered away from me;
And although the road be rough and steep
I go to the desert to find my sheep."

But none of the ransomed ever knew
How deep were the waters crossed,
Nor how dark was the night that the Lord passed through
Ere he found his sheep that was lost.
Out in the desert he heard its cry,
Sick and helpless, and ready to die.

"Lord, whence are those blood-drops all the way
That mark out the mountain's track?"
"They were shed for one who had gone astray
Ere the Shepherd could bring him back."
"Lord, whence are thy hands so rent and torn?"
"They are pierced to-night by many a thorn."

But all through the mountains, thunder-riven,
And up from the rocky steep,
There rose a cry to the gate of heaven,
"Rejoice! I have found my sheep!"
And the angels echoed around the throne,
"Rejoice, for the Lord brings back his own!"

ELIZABETH CLEPHANE.

A MARRIAGE HYMN.

"*From henceforth no more twain, but one,*"
Yet ever one through being twain;
As self is ever lost and won
Through love's own ceaseless loss and gain;
And both their full perfection reach,
Each growing the full self through each.

Two in all worship, glad and high,
All promises to praise and prayer,
"*Where two are gathered, there am I;*"
Gone half the weight from all ye bear,
Gained twice the force for all ye do—
The ceaseless, sacred Church of two.

One in all lowly ministry,
One in all priestly sacrifice,
Through love which makes all service free,
And finds or makes all gifts of price,
All love which made life rich before,
Through this great central love grown more.

And so, together journeying on
To the Great Bridal of the Christ,
When all the life His love has won
To perfect love is sacrificed,
And the New Song beyond the Sun
Peals, "*Henceforth no more twain, but one.*"

And in that perfect Marriage Day
All earth's lost love shall live once more;
All lack and loss shall pass away,
And all find all not found before;
Till all the worlds shall live and glow
In that great love's great overflow.

MRS. ELIZABETH RUNDLE CHARLES.

EVELYN HOPE.

BEAUTIFUL Evelyn Hope is dead—
Sit and watch by her side an hour.
That is her book-shelf, this her bed;
She plucked that piece of geranium flower,
Beginning to die, too in the glass.
Little has yet been changed think—
The shutters are shut, no ight may pass,
Save two long rays through the hinge's chink.

Sixteen years old when she died!
Pehaps she had scarcly heard my name—
t was not her time to love; beside,
Her life had many a hope and aim,
Duties enough and ittle cares,
And now was quiet, now astir—
Till God's hand beckoned unawares,
And the sweet white brow is all of her.

Is it too late, then, Evelyn Hope?
What, your sou was pure and true,
The good stars met in your horoscope,
Made you of spirit, fire and dew—
And just because I was thrice as old,
And our paths in the world diverged so wide,
Each was naught to each, must I be told?
We were fellow mortals, naught beside?

No, indeed, for God above
Is great to grant as mighty to make.
And creates the love to reward the love—
I claim you still, for my own love's sake!
Delayed it may be for more lives yet,
Through worlds I shall traverse, not a few—
Much is to learn and much to forget
Ere the time be come for taking you.

But the time will come—at last it will—
When, Evelyn Hope, what meant, I shall say,
In the lower earth in the years long still,
That body and soul so pure and gay;
Why your hair was amber shall divine,
And your mouth of your own geranium's red—
And what you would do with me, in fine,
In the new life come in the old one's stead.

I have lived, I shall say, so much since then,
Given up myself so many times,
Gained me the gains of various men,
Ransacked the ages, spoiled the climes;
Yet one thing, one, in my soul's full scope,
Either I missed or tself missed me—
And I wan o find you, Evelyn Hope!
What is the issue? Let us see:

I loved you, Evelyn, all the while;
My heart seemed full as it could hold—
There was place and to spare for the frank young smile,
And the red young mouth, and the hair's young gold.
So, hush, I will give you this leaf to keep;
See, I shut it inside the sweet, cold hand.
There, that is our secret; go to sleep;
You will wake, and remember, and understand.

ROBERT BROWNING.

A CHILD'S LAUGH.

THE merry laugh of the laughing child,
'T is music sweet to hear,
Delights the soul from morn till night,
In accents loud and clear.

The parent loves the childish laugh,
It brings a flood of joy
And fills the soul with gladsome songs
That cheer when cares annoy.

The merry laugh of the laughing child
The stranger's life-blood stirs;
And all the world the better is
For what its laugh confers.

F. A. LINCOLN.

CLEAR THE WAY.

Men of thought! be up and stirring,
Night and day:
Sow the seed—withdraw the curtain—
Clear the way!
Men of action, aid and cheer them,
As ye may;
There's a fount about to stream,
There's a light about to beam,
There's a warmth about to glow,
There's a flower about to blow;
There's a midnight blackness changing
Into gray!
Men of thought and men of action,
Clear the way!

Once the welcome light has broken,
Who shall say
What the unimagined glories
Of the day?
What the evil that shall perish
In its ray?
Aid the dawning, tongue and pen;
Aid it, hopes of honest men;
Aid it, paper—aid it, type—
Aid it, for the hour is ripe,
And our earnest must not slacken
Into play.
Men of thought and men of action,
Clear the way!

Lo! the cloud 's about to vanish
From the day;
And a brazen wrong to crumble
Into clay.
Lo! the Right's about to conquer,
Clear the way!
With the Right shall many more
Enter, smiling, at the door;
With the giant Wrong shall fall
Many others, great and small,
That for ages long have held us
For their prey.
Men of thought and men of action,
Clear the way!

CHARLES MACKAY.

ASUNDER.

ONCE, when the sun, in slowly dying splendor,
Sank, sending crimson smiles across the sea;
When, in the twilight, eyes looked true and tender—
"Tell me," you said, "how great your love for me."
Darker and darker grew the sea before us:
Turning, I saw a shadow at your side;
Mist filled the sky and hid the pale stars o'er us.
As those who speak in dreams my lips replied:
"Some measure love by gold,
By endless time, by soundless sea;
But I—I love you well enough
To leave you, love, if needs must be."

Words, thoughtless words! but breathing doubt forbidden;
Fears, foolish fears! that love must lull to rest—
Not you or I knew then the meaning hidden,
Veiled in those words you deemed an idle jest;
Now, love! with paths divided, hands asunder,
Now we have learned the meaning, you and I,
Hid in the misty sky, the dark sea under,
Hid in those words I spoke, and knew not why—
"Some measure love by gold,
By endless time, by soundless sea;
But I—I love you well enough
To leave you, love, if needs must be."

HUGH CONWAY.

FLORENCE VANE.

I LOVED thee long and dearly,
Florence Vane.
My life's bright dream, and early,
Hath come again;
I renew in my fond vision
My heart's dear pain,
My hope, and thy derision,
Florence Vane.

The ruin lone and hoary,
The ruin old,
Where thou didst mark my story,
At even told,—
That spot—the hues Elysian
Of sky and plain—
I treasure in my vision,
Florence Vane.

Thou wast lovelier than the roses
In their prime;
Thy voice excelled the closes
Of sweetest rhyme;
Thy heart was as a river
Without a main.
Would I had loved thee never,
Florence Vane.

But fairest, coldest wonder!
Thy glorious clay
Lieth the green sod under—
Alas the day!
And it boots not to remember
Thy disdain—
To quicken love's pale ember,
Florence Vane.

The lilies of the valley
By young graves weep,
The pansies love to dally
Where maidens sleep;
May their bloom in beauty vying
Never wane,
Where thine earthly part is lying,
Florence Vane!

PHILIP PENDLETON COOKE.

CURRENT POEMS.

R. B. DIED DECEMBER 12, 1889.

"Open my heart, and you will see.
Graved inside of it, 'Italy.'"
"*De Gustibus*—"; by ROBERT BROWNING.

STONES OF VENICE! a heart has turned cold that had often beat high,
Living over the lives of the men you have seen in their prime;
Whom it knew by the record brought down from an earlier time;
Whom it loved with such love, that its ardour forbade them to die.

From a lyre held so close that the heart's every passionate beat
Drew a sigh or a song from its sensitive, sonorous strings,
Rose to heaven—like a bird with a message between her white wings—
Blended strains of the present and past, in a music complete.

Faithful heart! that turned cold only now, at the touch of that foe
Whom it feared not; whose coming it hailed, with a joy undissembled:
Friend, not foe, who should bring it once more to *her* breast; and it trembled,
Not with dread, but a yearning desire for the summons to go.

WALTER S. BIGELOW.

—*The Buffalo Commercial, December 14, 1889.*

PERDITA.

(*On seeing Miss Anderson in the rôle.*)

SHE dances,
And I seem to be
In primrose vales of Sicily,
Beside the streams once looked upon
By Thyrsis and by Corydon:
The sunlight laughs as she advances,
Shyly the zephyrs kiss her hair,
And she seems to me as the wood-fawn, free,
And as the wild rose, fair.

Dance, Perdita! and, shepherds, blow!
Your reeds restrain no longer!
Till weald and welkin gleeful ring,
Blow, shepherds, blow! and, lasses, sing
Yet sweeter strains and stronger!
Let far Helorus softer flow
'Twixt rushy banks, that he may hear;
Let Pan, great Pan himself, draw near!

Stately
She moves, half smiling,
With girlish look beguiling—
A dawn-like grace in all her face;
Stately she moves, sedately,
Through the crowds circling round her;
But—swift as light—
See! she takes flight!
Empty, alas! is her place.

Follow her, follow her, let her not go!
Mirth ended so—
Why, 't is but woe!
Follow her, follow her! Perdita!—lo,
Love hath with wreaths enwound her!

She dances,
And I seem to see
The nymph divine, Terpsichore,
As when her beauty dazzling shone
On eerie heights of Helicon.
With bursts of song her voice entrances
The dreamy, blossom-scented air,
And she seems to me as the wood-fawn, free,
And as the wild rose, fair.

FLORENCE EARLE COATES.

—*The Century Magazine, December, 1889.*

THE THROSTLE.

"SUMMER is coming, Summer is coming!"
I know it, I know it, I know it.
Light again, leaf again, life again, love again,
Yes, my wild little poet.

Sing the New Year in under the blue,
Last year you sang it as gladly.
"New, new, new, new!" Is it then so new
That you should carol so madly?

"Love again, song again, nest again, young again!"
Never a prophet so crazy,
And hardly a daisy as yet; little friend,
See, there is hardly a daisy.

"Here again, here, here, here, happy year!"
O warble, unbidden, unbidden.
Summer is coming, is coming, my dear,
And all the Winters are hidden.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

—*The New Review, October, 1889.*

FROM THE HEIGHTS.

(Read at the opening banquet of the American Catholic University, Washington, November 10, 1889.)

"COME to me for wisdom," said the mountain;
"In the valley and the plain
There is Knowledge dimmed with sorrow in the gain;
There is Effort, with its hope like a fountain;
There, the chained rebel, Passion,
Laboring Strength and fleeting Fashion;
There, Ambition's leaping flame,
And the iris-crown of Fame;
But those gains are dear forever
Won from loss and pain and fever.
Nature's gospel never changes;
Every sudden force deranges;
Blind endeavor is not wise;
Wisdom enters through the eyes;
And the seer is the knower,
Is the doer and the sower."

"Come to me for riches," said the peak;
"I am leafless, cold and calm:
But the treasures of the lily and the palm,
They are mine to bestow on those who seek.
I am gift and I am giver
To the verdured fields below,
As the motherhood of snow
Daily gives the new-born river;
As a watcher on a tower,
Listening to the evening hour,
Sees the roads diverge and blend—
Sees the wandering currents end
Where the moveless waters shine
On the far horizon line.
All the storied Past is mine,
All its strange beliefs still clinging,
All its singers and their singing;
All the paths that led astray,
All the meteors once called day,
All the stars that rose to shine,
Come to me; for all are mine!"

"Come to me for safety," said the height;
"In the future as the past,
Road and river end at last
Like a raindrop in the ever-circling sea.
Who shall know by lessened sight
Where the gain and where the loss
In the desert they must cross?
Guides who lead their charge from ills,
Passing soon from town to town,
Through the forest and the down,
Take direction from the hills;
Those who range a wider land,
Higher climb until they stand
Where the past and future swing
Like a far blue ocean-ring;
Those who sail from land afar
Leap from mountain-top to star.
Higher still, from star to God,
Have the spirit-pilots trod,
Setting lights for mind and soul
That the ships may reach the goal.
They shall safely steer who see:
Sight is wisdom. Come to me!"

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

—*The Pilot, November 16, 1889.*

STRIKE, STRIKE THY HARP.

STRIKE, strike thy harp and wake to life again
The long-lost songs that I have loved so well,
Whose sweet-linked numbers in my mem'ry dwell
Like ling'ring echoes of some soft refrain.
Some thrill of pleasure, or perchance of pain,
Will wake responsive to thy potent spell,
And some mute chord within my heart will tell,
That thy rich harp-string hath not stirred in vain.

Sing, if thou wilt, a strain that shall inspire
The smouldering embers, burning in my breast,
To glow once more with all their wonted fire.
Or, if some gentle mood should please thee best,
Then let thy fingers touch the tuneful lyre,
To some sweet song to soothe my soul to rest.

WILLIAM CARTWRIGHT NEWSAM.

—For *The Magazine of Poetry.*

"I AM THE BEGINNING AND THE END, THE FIRST AND THE LAST."

THE tide ran low, ran very low, ran out;
Autumn had settled down upon the land,
And Winter's face, the face of death, was sweet,
For there was calm, an end of strife and doubt.

Yours truly
William Wye Smith.

Strange grew the common sky, the wonted strand,
Since here no more our loving eyes would meet,
No more the aching heart and wearied feet
Rest by Love's side and hold his tireless hand.

But one day, walking by the morning sea,
There rose a wave of Summer and of youth
That broke resistless through grief's narrow bound
And wrought life's past, and present, and to be,
Into one marvelous vision of the truth;
The imperishable joy swept in without one sound.

MRS. ANNIE FIELDS.

—*Scribner's Magazine, November, 1889.*

TO JOHN M. SCOTT.

A RONDELET
Is just the fragrance of the rose.
A rondelet,
When sunbeam's golden kisses let
The crimson heart its love disclose,
Is what the royal lover chose:—
A rondelet!

VIOLA V. PRICE.

—For *The Magazine of Poetry.*

SONNET.

AMERICA! at this thy Golden Gate,
New-traveled from thy green Atlantic coves,
Parting, I make my reverence! It behooves
With backward steps to quit a queen in state.
Land, of all lands most fair and free and great—
Of countless kindred lips wherefrom I heard
Sweet speech of Shakespeare, keep it consecrate
For noble uses! Land of Freedom's Bird,
Fearless and proud, so let him soar, that, stirred
By generous joy, all men may learn of thee
A larger life; and Europe, undeterred
By ancient wrecks, dares so to be free,
Body and soul;—seeing thine Eagle gaze
Undazzled upon Freedom's Sun, full-blaze!

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD.

—San Francisco, *October 17, 1889.*

SYMPTOMS.

WHEN persons treat me with respect
Who formerly were bold,
Must I, perforce, at last reflect
That I am growing old?

More embonpoint: shall I conclude,
Contented and cajoled,
It 's just because my health is good—
Or am I growing old?

When staler, simpler, year by year,
Youth's sportive pranks I hold,
When all the world seems getting queer,
I may be growing old.

When youngsters check each joyous sound,
And not a joke unfold
Whenever I come poking 'round,
I must be growing old.

When I, a homely woman, in
A crowded car am told
To take a seat, 't were half a sin
To doubt I 'm growing old.

But when old maids seem young—nay, fresh
At thirty—then behold,
I run the white flag up—my flesh
Creeps—I *am* growing old!

JULIA H. THAYER.

—*America, October 10, 1889.*

SUNSET.

LIKE some huge bird that sinks to rest,
The sun goes down—a weary thing—
And o'er the water's placid breast
It lays a scarlet, outstretched wing.

HERBERT BASHFORD.

—*The Independent, December 5, 1889.*

LOSS.

THE beauty-cup that held my Joy was frail,
I knew—and brittle under shock or strain;
This knowledge gripp'd my heart, till beads of pain
Burnt up my Joy, and left me only bale.

The beauty-cup still smiles—a dream of bright
Art-woven rays; but all it held has fled:
Fear, worry, care—these killed it—and instead,
A memory of Loss cries through the night.

W. WILSEY MARTIN.

—For *The Magazine of Poetry.*

MORTIS DIGNITAS.

HERE lies a common man. His horny hands,
Crossed, meekly as a maid's, upon his breast,
Show marks of toil, and by his general dress
You judge him to have been an artisan.
Doubtless, could all his life be written out,
The story would not thrill nor start a tear;
He worked, laughed, loved and suffered in his time,
And now rests peacefully, with upturned face
Whose look belies all struggle in the past.
A homely tale: yet, trust me, I have seen
The greatest of the earth go stately by,

While shouting multitudes beset the way,
With less of awe. The gap between a king
And me, a nameless gazer in the crowd,
Seemed not so wide as that which stretches now
Betwixt us two, this dead one and myself.
Untitled, dumb, and deedless, yet he is
Transfigured by a touch from out the skies
Until he wears, with all-unconscious grace
The strange and sudden Dignity of Death.

RICHARD E. BURTON.

—*Scribner's Magazine, November, 1889.*

A FAIRY VOYAGER.

AFLOAT in the azure space
Is a fairy thing—
Who steers this tiny craft?
Hath it sail or wing?
A careless voyager
Through a pathless waste,
It loiters not by the way,
It makes no haste.

It might be a bird in the sky,
It might be a ship on the wave;
It yieldeth itself in trust—
The king of the air is its slave.
It is borne to the destined place
Where the earth has a cradle at need:
And the universe is pledged
To nourish the thistle-seed.

MARY F. BUTTS.

—*Wide Awake, October, 1889.*

IF.

IF YOU were safe in heaven,
And I at the outer gate,
Would our lives seem less even,
Or mine be a harder fate?

For then I might hope, by waiting
In penance and patient prayer,
Hourly my grief relating,
Sometime to enter there,

Where the lowest may look highest,
High as a crownéd king,
And the farthest may come nighest,
And the saddest be glad, and sing.

But here, though my soul beseech you,
Though we may meet and speak,
I know I can never reach you,
No matter how far I seek.

MARY AINGE DE VERE.

—*Lippincott's Magazine, October, 1889.*

TO WILL CARLETON.

HE LOVES his kind, and lends a brother's hand.
This is his highest praise—that he does us good.
This is his best reward—that our hearts respond
to his, like deep calling unto deep.

* * * * *

Bard of the common hearth and heart,
With equal wit and wisdom blest;
The genial genius of thine art
Our laughter and our tears attest.

The *People's Poet!* Thou hast been
Close to their cares, and shared their strife,
Portraying with thy patient pen
The martyrdoms of lowly life.

Quaint counselor of rich and poor,
Know'st thou the good thy songs have done?
The latch-string out at every door
Proves the wide welcome thou hast won.

Thy blameless "Ballads," undefiled,
Humanity's best aims rehearse;
And father, mother, wife and child
Seem dearer to us for thy verse.

Sing on, O songster of the soul!
For lays like thine are full of cheer;
Sweet as, above the breakers' roll,
The chimes which show the harbor near.

BENJAMIN COPELAND.

ONE WORD.

"WRITE me an epic," the warrior said—
"Victory, valor and glory wed."

"Prithee, a ballad," exclaimed the knight—
"Prowess, adventure and faith unite."

"An ode to freedom," the patriot cried—
"Liberty won, and wrong defied."

"Give me a drama," the scholar asked—
"The inner world in the outer masked."

"Frame me a sonnet," the artist prayed—
"Power and passion in harmony played."

"Sing me a lyric," the maiden sighed—
"A lark-note waking the morning wide."

"Nay, all too long," said the busy Age,
"Write me a line instead of a page."

The swift years spoke, the poet heard,
"Your poem write in a single word."

He looked in the maiden's glowing eyes,
A moment glanced at the starlit skies—

From the lights below to the lights above—
And wrote the one-word poem—Love.

WALLACE BRUCE.

—*Blackwood's Magazine, November, 1889.*

QUATRAINS.

I.

THE lictor slow unties his rod,
Lest the doomed man repent,
But slower moves the will of God
Unto man's punishment.

II.

For pleasure do not swerve
Aside, in thine employ;
Content if thou deserve,
Let other men enjoy.

III.

He who sings never makes
No discord in his song;
He who speaks never speaks
The word that is not wrong.

IV.

All comes to him that waits,
If his desire be pure;
Master he will all fates,
His victory is sure.

V.

Question not, but enjoy;
Scan not too curiously,
Lest thy close search destroy
The charm of sympathy.

MATTHEW RICHEY KNIGHT.

—*The Toronto Week, August 2, 1889.*

"SIMPLE SIMON WENT A-FISHING."

A BOY named Simon sojourned in a dale;
Some said that he was simple, but I 'm sure
That he was nothing less than simon pure;
They thought him so because, forsooth, a whale
He tried to catch in Mother's water-pail.
Ah! little boy, timid, composed, demure,—
He had imagination. Yet endure
Defeat he could, for he of course did fail.

But there are Simons of a larger growth,
Who, too, in shallow waters fish for whales,
And when they fail they are "unfortunate."
If the small boy is simple, then are both,
And the big Simon more, who often rails
At what he calls ill-luck or unkind fate.

HARRIET S. MORGRIDGE.

—*St. Nicholas, October, 1889.*

NOTES.

BOKER. Since the printing of the first forms of this magazine, and just as the last form goes to press, the announcement is made of the death of George H. Boker, at his home in Philadelphia, Pa.

IBID. Major-General Philip Kearney, U. S. V., was killed at Chantilly, Va., Sept. 1, 1862. Edmund Clarence Stedman has written a famous poem on the same subject, entitled, "Kearney at Seven Pines."

WATTS. The "Ode to Mother Carey's Chicken" and all, or nearly all, the sonnets given, appeared originally in the London *Athenæum*.

UTTER. "The poem, 'The King's Daughter,' was written in October, 1870, and first published in the same year, in 'The Christmas Locket,' a Christmas supplement to Dr. Edward Everett Hale's magazine, *Old and New*, since discontinued. This, as you see, was long before the charitable organization of the same name was established. I think it was in May, 1886, that I received a letter from Mrs. Mary Lowe Dickinson, saying that having accidentally come upon the poem, and being struck with its suitableness for such use, they were glad to succeed at last in their efforts to find the author, and obtain permission to use it as a leaflet. Of course the permission was gladly granted, and I was very happy to learn that my verses were doing so good service. The same spring I received letters from several sources, telling of strength and courage for benevolent enterprises which had been inspired by the poem, and of good uses which it had served. I wrote it with a strong feeling in my mind that though in one sense it might be a castle in the air, in its ideal picture of the heights that human nature might attain, it yet has a solid foundation; it is the logical outcome of the doctrines of liberal Christianity—the fatherhood of God, and the brotherhood of man. With these doctrines I am very thoroughly identified, being the wife, daughter and grand-daughter of Unitarian ministers." R. P. U.

HIGGINSON. "Heirs of Time" was first published in *The Nationalist*, and is inscribed to Edward Bellamy

MACKELLAR. A young man from Maine, hale and ruddy from his native hills, was seized by the yellow fever in New Orleans, and the tender care and nursing of the Howard Association failed to save his life. When the coffin was about being closed, "stop," cried an aged woman who was present, "let me kiss him for his mother." T. M.

ALLMOND. "Deal Gently, Lord!" was written for the funeral of Dr. James P. Boyce, Louisville, Ky., January 20, 1889.

CARLETON. The steel portrait of Mr. Carleton is used as the frontispiece of this number of THE MAGAZINE OF POETRY by the courtesy of Messrs. Carson & Simpson, Philadelphia, Pa., publishers of "The Classical and the Beautiful from the Literature of Three Thousand Years, by the Authors and Orators of all Countries," edited by Henry Coppée, LL.D., and is taken from that work. Copyright is reserved by the publishers.

IBID. "During the early part of 1871 I was much impressed by the great prevalence of divorces, and would often stray into our court room and hear the testimony in the various cases. It was here that I heard and saw the domestic troubles of others, and they gave me the idea of the poem. The characters in the poem of 'Betsy and I' represent no one in particular, and are only intended to be typical of a class. I wrote the poem and it was published in the *Toledo Blade*. From this paper it was copied into hundreds of papers, among them *Harper's Weekly*, and I was surprised at one day receiving from the Harpers a request for a poem. The compliment was, of course, a high one, and I sat down and composed 'Over the Hill to the Poor-house,' 'Out of the Old House,' 'Gone with a Han'somer Man,' 'Uncle Sammy' and a number of others, which they published in the *Weekly* in the spring of 1871. Near the town of Hillsdale, Mich., was the county poorhouse. Between the town proper and this place there was a small hill. I often went to the poorhouse to see and talk with the unfortunate people there. On one of my visits I became acquainted with an old couple, husband and wife, who had been sent there by their children. They never chided their offspring for having sent them to the poorhouse, but it was not difficult to discover that they had not come there of their own free will. This case suggested the poem to me, I suppose, although, of course, its story is different from the incident. But I had become impressed with the aged couple and they had fixed themselves on my mind. Mr. S. S. Conant, for many years editor of *Harper's Weekly*, sent me a check of $30 for it. For 'Betsy and I' I never received anything, as the *Blade* was not a distinctive literary paper and paid its contributors only in kind treatment and editorial encouragement." W. C.

BROOKS. The little poem, "Be a Woman," was written in 1857 by Dr. Edward Brooks, who was for many years president of the first Normal School of Pennsylvania. One of the Literary Societies connected with the institution published a weekly paper called *The Normal Review*, to which contributions were made by the students and teachers. At one of these meetings a poem, "Be a Man," was read, which attracted considerable attention. The following week, in response to a request of the editor for a contribution, the author sat down and dashed off a companion to the poem of the previous week, entitled "Be a Woman," which was read at the following meeting. It had been the custom to select some of the popular pieces of the *Review* for publication in a Lancaster newspaper called *The Evening Express*. This poem, "Be a Woman," was among those selected and published. The author thought no further of the poem until about two years after, when a friend, who had heard the poem read in the society, brought him a copy of Willis's *Home Journal* containing a copy of the poem and an editorial note complimenting it and inquiring for the author. The friend ask permission to write to Mr. Willis, giving the name of the author, but he preferred to let it float on the sea of literature, if it would, without a sponsor. It did float, and every now and then the author would meet it in some newspaper, or friends would bring him a copy of it cut out of some publication. In the course of a few years it crossed the ocean and began to appear in English publications, always, so far as is known, anonymously. Several interesting incidents associated with it are noted by the author and some of his friends, one of which may be mentioned. A few years ago the author visited a school in Jacksonville, Florida. As he entered one of the rooms the teacher informed him they were just going to have a literary exercise in which the young ladies were to read articles of their own selection. The third young lady called upon began reading the poem "Be a Woman." The author inquired from what book she was reading and found that she had cut the verses from some paper and pasted them in her literature book. It was a pleasant surprise to pupils and teacher to be told that the author of the poem was their visitor. Floating around through the newspapers the poem naturally became somewhat modified and even mutilated, so that in 1874 the author gave permission to his friend, Prof. J. Willis Westlake, to make a public acknowledgement of its authorship. While the author is widely known as an educator and has written many books which stand high in the teachers' profession, yet it is understood that he has a strong affection for this little poem, so hastily written in an hour of leisure, realizing that it may do more to perpetuate his memory than anything else he has done.

HUNTINGTON. Frederic Dan Huntington, LL.D., Bishop of Central New York, was born in Hadley, Mass., May 28, 1819. He says the only verses

that he cares to have reprinted are those under the title of "A Supplication," issued in various forms at different times. "They were written at the beginning of a period of severe and long-continued mental suffering which attended my gradual transition from the Unitarian ministry in Boston, and the post of Preacher in Harvard College, to the service of the church in which I was afterwards, in 1869, made Bishop." F. D. H.

LINCOLN. "A Child's Laugh" was originally published in *Good Housekeeping* in the summer of 1888, over the author's *nom de plume* of "Asa Harlin."

CHARLES. Elizabeth Rundle Charles, an English author, born in 1828. Her best-known work is "Chronicles of the Schönberg Cotta Family."

COOKE. The son of an eminent lawyer, Philip Pendleton Cooke (1816-1850) was a native of Martinsburgh, Va. He entered Princeton College at fifteen, studied law with his father, and before he was of age had married and begun practice. He was extravagantly fond of field sports and grew to be the most famous hunter of the Shenandoah Valley. He published a volume of "Froissart Ballads" in 1847, in which his "Florence Vane" is introduced; wrote novels and tales for the *Southern Literary Messenger*, when it was edited by Poe; and also for *Graham's Magazine*, and became an accomplished man of letters instead of a busy lawyer. He died young, of pneumonia, got in a hunting expedition; leaving one son and several daughters. . . . Impulsive and chivalrous, he once galloped twenty miles to throw a bouquet into the window of his cousin, the "Florence Vane" of his graceful little lyric, which, it is interesting to know, was the offspring of a genuine passion, and not of mere fancy. E. S.

CLEPHANE. "The Ninety and Nine" was written for a friend who edited *The Children's Hour*. It was copied into various publications, but it was comparatively little noticed until Mr. Sankey discovered the words accidentally, in a religious newspaper, while riding on the train between Glasgow and Edinburgh, and, uniting them to his own talent, so rendered them that they have become, perhaps, the most widely-known sacred song which he sings. It is with deep gratitude to him that the friends of the author can say, "She being dead, yet speaketh." A. M. C.

MACKAY. The late Hon. Charles Sumner wrote of "Clear the Way," that it "stirred his heart with generous enthusiasm, and was prophetic of the abolition of slavery." It was first published in 1846.

BIBLIOGRAPHY.

WORKS CONSULTED IN THE PREPARATION OF THIS NUMBER OF "THE MAGAZINE OF POETRY."

BOKER, GEORGE H. Plays and Poems. In two volumes. Boston: Ticknor and Fields, 1856. 12-mo, pp. 8+474, 6+450. Volume one contains, "Calaynos: a Tragedy," "Anne Boleyn: a Tragedy," "Leonor de Guzman: a Tragedy," and "Francesca da Rimini: a Tragedy." Volume two contains, "The Bethrothal: a Play," "The Widow's Marriage: a Comedy," "Poems," "Songs" and "Sonnets."

IBID. Königsmark, The Legend of the Hounds, and Other Poems. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott and Co., 1869. 12mo.

IBID. Poems of the War. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott and Co. 12mo.

IBID. The Book of the Dead. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott and Co., 1882. 16mo, pp. 214.

LINTON, W. J. Poems and Translations. New York: Scribner and Welford, 1889. Small 4to, pp. 202. Limited edition, 780 copies.

IBID. Love-Lore. New Haven: Appledore Private Press (1887). Limited edition, 50 copies.

IBID. Wind-Falls, Two Hundred and Odd. No date, publisher, or paging.

IBID. Pot-Pourri. New York: Printed by S. W. Green, 1875. 12mo, pp. 24.

IBID. The American Odyssey. Adventures of Ulysses (so much as may interest the present time) exposed in modest Hudibrastic measure, by Abel Reid and A. N. Broome. To which is appended an allegory of King Augeas. Washington: In our Centennial year, 1876. 16mo, pp. 24.

IBID. England to America, 1876. A New-Year's Greeting. Cambridge, Mass. Printed by Welch, Bigelow and Co. 12mo, pp. 8.

IBID. Ireland for the Irish: Rhyme and Reasons against Landlordism, with a Preface on Fenianism and Republicanism. New York: The American News Co., 1867. 16mo.

WATTS, THEODORE. Miscellaneous poems.

BARNES, MARY MATHEWS. Epithalamium. With drawings, by Dora Wheeler. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1889.

IBID. Miscellaneous poems.

UTTER, REBECCA PALFREY. The King's Daughter, and Other Poems. Boston: J. Stilman Smith and Co., 1888. 16mo, pp. 64.

MAHANEY, ROWLAND B. Miscellaneous poems.

BURDETTE, ROBERT JONES. Miscellaneous poems.

BOYNTON, JULIA P. Lines and Interlines. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1887. 16mo, pp. 7+103.

IBID. Miscellaneous poems.

COLLIER, THOMAS S. Miscellaneous poems.

AVERILL, ANNA BOYNTON. Miscellaneous poems.

PERRY, CARLOTTA. Poems. Chicago: Belford Clarke and Co., 1888. 12mo.

ARMSTRONG, GEORGE FRANCIS. Poems: Lyrical and Dramatic. A new edition. London: Longmans, Green, Reader and Dyer, 1873. F cap 8vo, pp. 7+217.

IBID. Ugone: a Tragedy. A new edition. London: Longmans, Green, Reader and Dyer, 1872. F cap 8vo, pp. 11+251.

IBID. The Tragedy of Israel. Part I. King Saul. London: Longmans, Green, Reader and Dyer, 1872. F cap, 8vo, pp. 156.

IBID. The Tragedy of Israel. Part II. King David. London: Longmans, Green, Reader and Dyer, 1874. F caps 8vo, pp. 274.

IBID. The Tragedy of Israel. Part III. King Solomon. London: Longmans, Green, Reader and Dyer, 1876. F cap 8vo, pp. 240.

IBID. A Garland from Greece. London: Longmans, Green and Co., 1882. F cap 8vo, pp. 6+361.

IBID. Stories of Wicklow. London: Longmans, Green and Co., 1886. F cap 8vo, pp. 12+431.

CLOUGH, ARTHUR HUGH. Poems. With a Memoir. Third edition. London and New York: Macmillan and Co., 1871. 12mo, pp. 24+350.

VENABLE, W. H. Melodies of the Heart, Songs of Freedom, and Other Poems. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke and Co., 1885. 16mo, pp. 132.

IBID. June on the Miami and Other Poems. Second edition. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke and Co. 18mo.

IBID. The Teacher's Dream and Other Songs of School Days. Cincinnati: McDonald and Eick, 1889. 8vo.

RITTENHOUSE, LAURA J. Miscellaneous poems.

IBID. Out of the Depths. Brattleboro: Frank E. Housh.

HIGGINSON, THOMAS WENTWORTH. The Afternoon Landscape. Poems and Translations. New York and London: Longmans, Green and Co., 1889. 12mo, pp. 106.

HILDRETH, CHARLES LOTIN. The Masque of Death, and Other Poems. New York: Belford, Clarke and Co., 1889. 12mo, pp. 168.

MACKELLAR, THOMAS. Rhymes Atween-Times. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott and Co., 1872. 16mo, pp. 336.

IBID. Hymns and a Few Metrical Psalms. Philadelphia: Porter and Coats, 1883. 16mo, pp. 169.

BROWNE, LEWIS C. Miscellaneous poems.

ALLMOND, MARCUS BLAKEY. Estelle, an Idyl of Old Virginia, and Other Poems. Second edition. Louisville, Ky.: John P. Morton and Co., 1884. 16mo, pp. 79.

IBID. Agricola, an Idyl. Louisville, Ky.: John P. Morton and Co., 1885. 18mo, pp. 16.

CARLETON, WILL. Farm Ballads. Illustrated. New York: Harper and Brothers, 1889. (c 1873) 8vo, pp. 159.

IBID. Farm Legends. Illustrated. New York: Harper and Brothers, 1889 (c 1875). 8vo, pp. 187.

IBID. Young Folk's Centennial Rhymes. Illustrated. New York: Harper and Brothers, 1889 (c 1876).

IBID. Farm Festivals. Illustrated. New York: Harper and Brothers, 1889 (c 1881). 8vo, pp. 167.

IBID. City Ballads. Illustrated. New York: Harper and Brothers, 1889 (c 1885). 8vo, pp. 180.

IBID. City Legends. Illustrated. New York: Harper and Brothers, 1890. 8vo, pp. 170.

PIERCE, GRACE ADELE. Miscellaneous poems.

STRUTHERS, WILLIAM. Miscellaneous poems.

MACHAR, AGNES MAULE. Miscellaneous poems.

SMITH, WILLIAM WYE. Poems. Toronto: Printed by Dudley and Burns, 1888. 12mo, pp. 265.

SMITH, J. LUELLA DOWD. Wind-Flowers. Chicago: Charles H. Kerr and Co., 1887. 16mo, pp. 235.

IBID. Wayside Leaves. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1879. 16mo, pp. 7+201.

SHEA, JOHN J. Miscellaneous poems.

EGAN, MAURICE FRANCIS. Songs and Sonnets. London: Kegan Paul, Trench and Co.

IBID. Preludes. Philadelphia: P. F. Cunningham.

STORY, WILLIAM WETMORE. Parchments and Portraits. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin and Co., 1886.

SARGENT, EPES. Cyclopaedia of British and American Poetry. New York: Harper and Brothers, 1882.

CLEPHANE, ELIZABETH C. The Ninety and Nine. Designs by Robert Lewis, engraved by William C. Dana. Boston: D. Lothrop and Co.

CHARLES MACKAY.

H. T. MACKENZIE BELL.

ALFRED AUSTIN.

THE MAGAZINE OF POETRY.

VOL. II. No. 2.

ALFRED AUSTIN.

ALFRED AUSTIN, in the front ranks of living English poets, a personage frequently mentioned as a possible future Laureate, was born at Headingly, near Leeds, Eng., May 30, 1835. His father was a merchant and his mother was a sister of Joseph Locke, an eminent engineer. He was educated in the Catholic College of Stonyhurst, and afterward at St. Mary's College, Oscott. From thence he took a degree, in 1853, at the University in London, and in 1857 was called to the bar at the Inner Temple. It is understood that Mr. Austin has abandoned the faith in which he was reared.

Being unsuccessful at the bar, he took up literature as a profession. His first publication was a poem entitled "Randolph," issued anonymously. His first acknowledged volume of verse was "The Season, a Satire," in 1861. It was severely criticized. Mr. Austin replied with "My Satire and its Censors," 1861, now suppressed.

Since his first publication, Mr. Austin has been a very busy journalist, critic, and prolific producer of original literature that is destined to live. He has written a dozen volumes of verse, a number of novels, a volume of essays ("The Poetry of the Period"), "A Vindication of Lord Byron," in reply to Mrs. Stowe's book, besides writing numerous articles for *Temple Bar*, the London *Standard* and the *Quarterly Review*.

In politics Mr. Austin is a conservative, and has written much in support of his party. He has twice attempted to enter Parliament, but without success. C. W. M.

OFF MESOLONGI.

I.

THE lights of Mesolongi gleam
  Before me, now the day is gone;
And vague as leaf on drifting stream,
  My keel glides on.

II.

No mellow moon, no stars arise;
  In other lands they shine and roam:
All I discern are darkening skies
  And whitening foam.

III.

So on those lights I gaze that seem
  Ghosts of the beacons of my youth,
Ere, rescued from their treacherous gleam,
  I steered towards truth.

IV.

And you, too, Byron, did awake,
  And ransomed from the cheating breath
Of living adulation, stake
  Greatness on death!

V.

Alas! the choice was made too late.
  You treated Fame as one that begs,
And having drained the joys that sate
  Offered the dregs.

VI.

The lees of life you scornful brought,
  Scornful she poured upon the ground:
The honored doom in shame you sought,
  You never found.

VII.

"The Spartan borne upon his shield"
  Is not the meed of jaded lust;
And ere your feet could reach the field,
  Death claimed your dust.

VIII.

Upon the pillow, not the rock,
  Like meaner things you ebbed away,
Yearning in vain for instant shock
  Of mortal fray.

IX.

The futile prayer, the feeble tear,
All that deforms the face of death,
You had to bear, whilst in your ear
Hummed battle's breath.

X.

You begged the vulture, not the worm,
Might feed upon your empty corse.
In vain! Just Nemesis was firm
'Gainst late remorse.

XI.

Too much you asked, too little gave,
The crown without the cross of strife.
What is it earns a soldier's grave?
A soldier's life.

XII.

Think not I come to taunt the dead.
My earliest master still is dear;
And what few tears I have to shed,
Are gathering here.

XIII.

Behind me lies Ulysses' isle,
The wanderer wise who pined for home.
But Byron! neither tear nor smile
Forbade you roam.

XIV.

Yours was that bitterest mortal fate,
No choice save thirst or swinish trough:
Love's self but offered sensuous bait,
Or virtuous scoff.

XV.

Yet was it well to wince, and cry
For anguish, and at wrong to gird?
Best,—like your gladiator, die
Without a word!

XVI.

There be, who in that fault rejoice,
Since sobs survive as sweetest lays,
And yours remains the strongest voice
Of later days.

XVII.

For me, I think of you as one
Who vaguely pined for worthier lot
Than to be blinked at like the sun,
But found it not.

XVIII.

Who blindly fought his way from birth,
Nor learned, till 't was too late to heed,
Not all the noblest songs are worth
One noble deed;

XIX.

Who, with the doom of glory cursed,
Still played the athlete's hollow part,
And 'neath his bay-green temples nursed
A withered heart.

XX.

On, silent keel, through silent sea,
I will not land where he, alas!
Just missed Fame's crown. Enough for me
To gaze, and pass.

A WILD ROSE.

THE first wild rose in wayside hedge,
This year I wandering see,
I pluck, and send it as a pledge,
My own Wild Rose, to thee.

For when my gaze first met thy gaze,
We were knee-deep in June:
The nights were only dreamier days,
And all the hours in tune.

I found thee, like the eglantine,
Sweet, simple and apart;
And, from that hour, thy smile hath been
The flower that scents my heart.

And, ever since, when tendrils grace
Young copse or weathered bole
With rosebuds, straight I see thy face,
And gaze into thy soul.

A natural bud of love thou art,
Where, gazing down, I view,
Deep hidden in thy fragrant heart,
A drop of heavenly dew.

Go, wild rose, to my Wild Rose dear;
Bid her come swift and soon.
O would that she were always here!
It then were always June.

THE GRAVE-DIGGER'S SONG.

THE crab, the bullace and the sloe,
They burgeon in the Spring;
And when the west wind melts the snow,
The redstarts build and sing.

But Death's at work in rind and root,
  And loves the green buds best;
And when the pairing music's mute,
  He spares the empty nest.
        Death! Death!
  Death is master of lord and clown.
  Close the coffin, and hammer it down.

When nuts are brown and sere without,
  And white and plump within,
And juicy gourds are passed about,
  And trickle down the chin;
When comes the reaper with his scythe,
  And reaps and nothing leaves,
O then it is that Death is blithe,
  And sups among the sheaves.
        Death! Death!
  Lower the coffin and slip the cord:
  Death is master of clown and lord.

When logs about the house are stacked,
  And next year's hose is knit,
And tales are told and jokes are cracked,
  And fagots blaze and spit;
Death sits down in the ingle-nook,
  Sits down and doth not speak:
But he puts his arm round the maid that's warm,
  And she tingles in the cheek.
        Death! Death!
  Death is master of lord and clown:
  Shovel the clay in, tread it down.

—*From Prince Lucifer.*

LOVE'S BLINDNESS.

Now do I know that Love is blind, for I
  Can see no beauty on this beauteous earth,
  No life, no light, no hopefulness, no mirth,
Pleasure nor purpose, when thou art not nigh.
Thy absence exiles sunshine from the sky,
  Sees Spring's maturity, checks Summer's birth,
Leaves linnet's pipe as sad as plover's cry,
  And makes me in abundance find but dearth.
But when thy feet flutter the dark, and thou,
  With orient eyes, dawnest on my distress,
Suddenly sings a bird on every bough,
  The heavens expand, the earth grows less and less,
The ground is buoyant as the air, I vow,
  And all looks lovely in thy loveliness.

LOVE'S WISDOM.

Now on the summit of Love's topmost peak
  Kiss we and part; no farther can we go:
  And better death than we from high to low
Should dwindle or decline from strong to weak.
We have found all, there is no more to seek;
  All have we proved, no more is there to know;
And Time could only tutor us to eke
  Out rapture's warmth with custom's after-glow.
We can not keep at such a height as this;
  And even straining souls like ours inhale
But once in life so rarified a bliss.
  What if we lingered till love's breath should fail!
Heaven of my Earth! one more celestial kiss,
  Then down by separate pathways to the vale.

THE DREGS OF LOVE.

Think you that I will drain the dregs of Love,
  I who have quaffed the sweetness on its brink?
Now, by the steadfast burning stars above,
  Better to faint of thirst than thuswise drink.
What! shall we twain, who saw love's glorious fires
  Flame toward the sky and flush Heaven's self with light,
Crouch by the embers as the glow expires,
  And huddle closer from mere dread of night?
No! cast Love's goblet in oblivion's well,
  Scatter Love's ashes o'er the field of time!
Yet, ere we part, one kiss whereon to dwell
  When life sounds senseless as some feeble rhyme.
Lo! as lips touch, anew Love's cresset glows,
And Love's sweet cup refills and overflows.

UNSEASONABLE SNOWS.

The leaves have not yet gone; then why do ye come,
  O white flakes falling from a dusky cloud?
  But yesterday my garden-plot was proud
With uncut sheaves of ripe chrysanthemum.
Some trees the winds have stripped; but look on some,
  'Neath double load of snow and foliage bowed,
  Unnatural Winter fashioning a shroud
For Autumn's burial ere its pulse be numb.
Yet Nature plays not an inhuman part:
  In her our own vicissitudes we trace.
  Do we not cling to our accustomed place,
Though journeying Death have beckoned us to start?
  And faded smiles oft linger in the face,
While grief's first flakes fall silent on the heart!

WHEN ACORNS FALL.

When acorns fall and swallows troop for flight,
  And hope matured slow mellows to regret,
  And Autumn, pressed by Winter for his debt,
Drops leaf on leaf till she be beggared quite;

Should then the crescent moon's unselfish light
  Gleam up the sky, just as the sun doth set,
  Her brightening gaze, though day and dark have met,
Prolongs the gloaming and retards the night.
So, fair young life, new risen upon mine
  Just as it owns the edict of decay,
  And Fancy's fires should pale and pass away,
My menaced glory takes a glow from thine,
  And, in the deepening sundown of my day,
Thou with thy dawn delayest my decline.

SONG.

'Twas a song that rippled, and revelled, and ran
Ever back to the note whence it began;
Rising, and falling, and never did stay,
Like a fountain that feeds on itself all day,
Wanting no answer, answering none,
But beginning again as each verse was done.

—*Brother Benedict.*

TIME.

Time? What is Time but a fiction vain
To him that o'erhears the Eternal strain.

—*Ibid.*

PRIMROSES.

First you come by ones and ones,
Lastly in battalions
Skirmish along hedge and bank,
Turn old Winter's wavering flank,
Round his flying footsteps hover,
Seize on hollow, ridge, and cover,
Leave no slope nor hill unharried,
Till, his snowy trenches carried,
O'er his sepulcher you laugh
Winter's joyous epitaph.

—*Primroses.*

LOVE.

See! the earth through the infinite spaces goes silently round and round,
And the moon moveth on through the heavens and never maketh a sound,
And the wheels of eternity traverse their journey in stillness profound.
'Tis only the barren breakers that bellow on barren shore;
'Tis only the braggart thunders that rumble and rage and roar;
Like a wave is the love that babbles; but silent love loves evermore.

—*A Woman's Apology.*

COWARDICE.

Cowardice? Yes, we are cowards; cowards from cradle to bier,
And the terror of life grows upon us as we grow year by year;
Our smiles are but trembling ripples, urged on by a sub-tide of fear.
And hence, or at substance or shadow we start, though we scarce know why.
Life seems like a haunted wood, where we tremble and crouch and cry.
Beast, or robber, or ghost,—our courage is still to fly.

—*Ibid.*

LIFE.

From callow youth to mellow age,
Men turn the leaf and scan the page,
  And note, with smart of loss,
How wit to wisdom did mature,
How duty burned ambition pure,
  And purged away the dross.
Youth is self-love; our manhood lends
Its heart to pleasure, mistress, friends,
  So that when age steals nigh,
How few find any worthier aim
Than to protract a flickering flame,
  Whose oil hath long run dry!

—*At His Grave.*

GEORGE ELIOT.

Dead? Never dead!
That this, man's insignificant domain,
Which is not boundary of space, should be
The boundary of life, revolts the mind,
Even when bounded. Into soaring space
Soar, spacious spirit! unembarrassed now
By earthly boundaries, and circle up
Into the Heaven of Heavens, and take thy place
Where the Eternal Morning broadens out
To recognize thy coming.

—*George Eliot.*

THRIFT.

Men do not reap in the spring, my dear, nor are granaries filled in May,
Save it be with the harvest of former years, stored up for a rainy day.
The seasons will keep their own true time, you can hurry nor furrow nor sod:
It's honest labor and steadfast thrift that alone are blest by God.

—*Grandmother's Teaching.*

HEALTH.

All are born with a silver spoon in their mouths whose gums are sound and strong.

—*Ibid.*

ELOHIM (THE GODS).

PERHAPS the Book is wiser than men read;
The mighty "Elohim" made heaven and earth;
And "Sons of God," a great and heavenly breed,
"Shouted for joy" at the creation's birth.

Such beings must exist, if we believe
The hallowed records of the ancient past:
Such beings must exist, if we conceive
What reason teaches of creation vast.

And such, existing, would not lounge supine
In the green vales of the eternal land;
With souls o'erflowed with energy divine,
They, too, must be creators, strong of hand.

Where then are their creations? Who can say
This wondrous universe shows not their skill?
Perfections, imperfections—grand array,
But yet not perfect,—of their god-like will!

Primarily for them as well as man,
For their development as well as ours,
To try their mighty skill on some vast plan,
Fit work for "Cherubim" and heavenly "Powers"!

Not free from interfering plague and blight
Of mighty evil souls, for Satan came
"Among the Sons of God" as if of right;
He dwelt not then in dark abodes of flame.

Even the "Sons of God" must work and pray:
See their plans baffled by an adverse host:
Lose in the night what they have gained by day;
Hear the good wailing and the wicked boast.

The One Almighty rules the eternal years!
But are not "Cherubs," "Powers," free agents, too?
They have dominion also in their spheres,
With power to leave undone and power to do.

How else should they develop, also grow
To mightier wisdom, in their endless range?
Not only here the winds of evil blow;
Not only here are constant flaw and change.

I say not this is certain; what I write
I know not if I write by power or will;
Who knows what moves the spirit to indite
The simplest lines that penetrate and thrill?

For me, I seek but Truth; the mind of man,
By reason led, the Truth at last must see;
For highest Wisdom must have framed the plan
Which, in its whole, must highest Goodness be.

—*From "Deus In Natura."*

THE CLOVER LEAF.

THEY wandered in the meadow,
The summer eve was brief;
Between the light and shadow,
She gave to him a leaf;
No ruddy bloom of clover
To him her faithful lover—
Only a clover leaf!

Oh! sweeter than red clover,
To ease a true love's smart,
The green leaf to a lover,
The leaf which bears a heart!
The green leaf of the clover—
Fit gift when love runs over—
The leaf that bears a heart!

ODE FOR DECORATION DAY.

BRING flowers to strew again
With fragrant purple rain
Of lilacs, and of roses white and red,
The dwellings of our dead, our glorious dead!
Let the bells ring a solemn funeral chime,
And wild war-music bring anew the time
When they, who sleep beneath,
Were full of vigorous breath,
And in their lusty manhood sallied forth,
Holding in strong right hand
The fortunes of the land,
The pride and power and safety of the North!
It seems but yesterday
The long and proud array—
But yesterday, when ev'n the solid rock
Shook as with earthquake shock,
As North and South, like two huge icebergs ground
Against each other with convulsive bound,
And the whole world stood still
To view the mighty war,
And hear the thunderous roar,
While sheeted lightnings wrapped each plain and hill.

Alas! how few came back,
From battle and from wrack!
Alas! how many lie
Beneath a Southern sky,
Who never heard the fearful fight was done,
And all they fought for won.
Sweeter, I think, their sleep,
More peaceful and more deep,
Could they but know their wounds were not in vain,
Could they but hear the grand triumphal strain

And see their homes unmarred by hostile tread.
Ah! let us trust it is so with our dead—
That they the thrilling joy of triumph feel,
And in that joy disdain the foeman's steel.

We mourn for all, but each doth think of one
More precious to the heart than aught beside—
Some father, brother, husband, or some son
Who came not back, or, coming, sank and died.—
In him the whole sad list is glorified!
"He fell 'fore Richmond, in the seven long days
When battle raged from morn till blood-dewed eve,
And lies there," one pale, widowed mourner says,
And knows not most to triumph or to grieve.
"My boy fell at Fair Oaks," another sighs;
"And mine at Gettysburg!" his neighbor cries;
And that great name each sad-eyed listener thrills.
I think of one who vanished when the press
Of battle surged along the Wilderness,
And mourned the North upon her thousand hills.

Oh! gallant brothers of the generous South,
Foes for a day and brothers for all time,
I charge you by the memories of our youth,
By Yorktown's field and Montezuma's clime,
Hold our dead sacred—let them gently rest
In your unnumbered vales, where God thought best.
Your vines and flowers learned long since to forgive,
And o'er their graves a 'broidered mantle weave;
Be you as kind as they are, and the word
Shall reach the Northland with each summer bird,
And thoughts as sweet as summer shall awake
Responsive to your kindness, and shall make
Our peace the peace of brothers once again,
And banish utterly the days of pain.

And ye, O Northmen! be ye not outdone
In generous thonght and deed.
We all do need forgiveness, every one;
And they that give shall find it in their need.
Spare of your flowers to deck the stranger's grave,
Who died for a lost cause—
A soul more daring, resolute and brave
Ne'er won a world's applause.
A brave man's hatred pauses at the tomb.
For him some Southern home was robed in gloom,
Some wife or mother looked with longing eyes
Through the sad days and nights with tears and sighs,—
Hope slowly hardening into gaunt Despair.
Then let your foeman's grave remembrance share;
Pity a higher charm to Valor lends,
And in the realms of Sorrow all are friends.

Yes, bring fresh flowers and strew the soldier's grave,
Whether he proudly lies
Beneath our Northern skies,
Or where the Southern palms their branches wave.
Let the bells toll and wild war-music swell,
And for one day the thought of all the past—
Full of those memories vast—
Come back and haunt us with its mighty spell.
Bring flowers, then, once again,
And strew with fragrant rain
Of lilacs, and of roses white and red,
The dwellings of our dead!

LYON.

Sing, bird, on green Missouri's plain,
Thy saddest song of sorrow;
Drop tears, oh clouds, in gentlest rain
Ye from the winds can borrow;
Breathe out, ye winds, your softest sigh;
Weep, flowers, in dewy splendor,
For him who well knew how to die,
But never to surrender.

Uprose serene the August sun
Upon that day of glory;
Upcurled from musket and from gun
The war-cloud gray and hoary.
It gathered like a funeral pall,
Now broken and now blended,
Where rang the bugle's angry call,
And rank with rank contended.

Four thousand men, as brave and true
As e'er went forth in daring,
Upon the foe that morning threw
The strength of their despairing.
They feared not death—men bless the field
That patriot soldiers die on—
Fair Freedom's cause was sword and shield,
And at their head was Lyon!

Their leader's troubled soul looked forth
From eyes of troubled brightness;
Sad soul! the burden of the North
Had pressed out all its lightness.
He gazed upon the unequal fight,
His ranks all rent and gory,
And saw the shadows close like night
Round his career of glory.

"General, come lead us!" loud the cry
From a brave band was ringing—
"Lead us, and we will stop, or die,
That battery's awful singing."

He spurred to where his heroes stood,
  Twice wounded—no wound knowing—
The fire of battle in his blood
  And on his forehead glowing.

Oh! cursed for aye the ruthless hand,
  And cursed that aim so deadly,
Which smote the bravest of the land,
  And dyed his bosom redly;—
Serene he lay while past him prest
  The battle's furious billow,
As calmly as a babe may rest
  Upon its mother's pillow.

So Lyon died! and well may flowers
  His place of burial cover,
For never had this land of ours
  A more devoted lover.
Living, his country was his bride,
  His life he gave her dying;
Life, fortune, love—he naught denied
  To her and to her sighing.

Rest, Patriot, in thy hill-side grave,
  Beside her form who bore thee!
Long may the land thou diedst to save
  Her bannered stars wave o'er thee!
Upon her history's brightest page,
  And on Fame's glowing portal,
She'll write thy grand, heroic rage,
  And grave thy name immortal!

THE OPAL.

A PROEM.

I HAD a gem—of priceless worth to me—
  I wore it on my sleeve; the sky was lead.
"What charm in that base Opal can you see?"
  A comrade cried, "so cold and gray and dead!"

Another day I wore that jewel strange
  Upon my sleeve; the sky was bright and clear.
"Ah," cried my friend, "you've made a fitting change;
  This Opal wears the light of God's own sphere."

One night, beneath the gas-light's dazzling gleam,
  I wore my jewel; soft eyes looked in mine.
A sweet voice said: "With what a crimson beam
  That Opal glows, as if of Love divine."

And here I wear the Opal of my soul
  Upon my sleeve, with all its dark and bright.
Nor one hue is the Opal, but the whole;
  And that whole nothing, save as God gives light.

BAYARD TAYLOR.

I HAVE no tears to shed upon thy grave,
  For thou hast had of life a heaped-up measure,
Gathering from every land and every wave
  Fresh stores of thought to add unto thy treasure.

I saw thee first in youth, with eyes of light,
  And heart all eager for the world before thee:
I marked thy upward course from height to height,
  Where thy strong will and gift of genius bore thee.

Then came the hour when, rising in her pride,
  Thy country crowned with bays thy brilliant story,
And sages gathered gladly to thy side,
  To add their laurels to thy wreath of glory.

Finished at last thy work beneath the sun,
  Ripened the fruit for which this life is given,
I can not weep, thy course so nobly run,
  Thou takest a still higher flight to heaven.

TO ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

SONNET AND ACROSTIC.

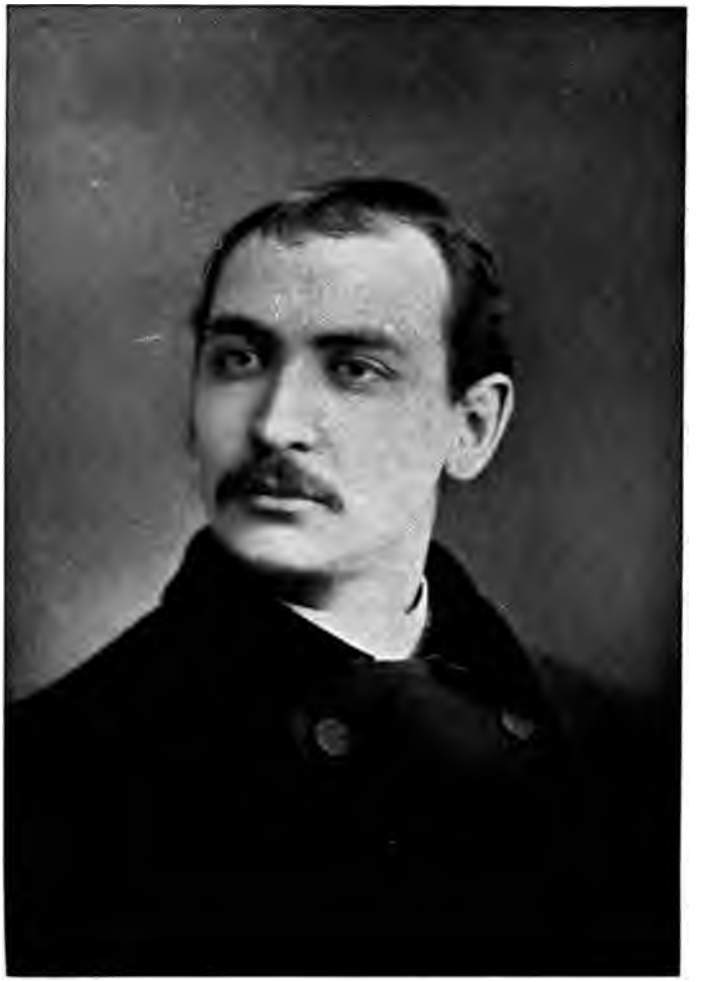
A MAN raised up by Heaven, Oh Chief! art thou
  Both bold and prudent, fitted for the hour!
  Resolved to hold with iron hand the dower
And birthright of the Free, and keep thy vow!
He who ne'er bowed to kings to thee may bow,
  As unto one anointed by God's power—
  Man of the People! rising as a tower,
Like Saul, among thy brethren! Oh, be now
In soul our Samuel, hearkening to the Lord,
  Nor spare the cursèd Agag of our land!
Cut out that cancer with war's sure-edg'd sword!
  Oh, mercifully cruel be thy hand!
Long centuries hence thy name shall shine as one
No blame can cloud—our second Washington!

1862.

GOODNESS.

"Be good and you'll be happy!" endless chimes
Rung upon this. Pleasant to prosperous souls,
Read backwards. They are happy, therefore good!
But all forgot the other equal truth:
Be greatly good, and you'll be crucified,
In one way or another. Not so sweet
This latter truth, but bitter to the taste.
Yet quite as wholesome, taken in its turn.

—*The Poets.*



Harry B. Smith.

HARRY B. SMITH.

DR. HOLMES, in "The Autocrat," speaks of the advantages gained by a boy who is able to pass a share of his time tumbling about among the books in a good library. It was because of his being able to do this that the subject of this sketch became interested in books and was led to adopt the profession to which he has always devoted himself.

Harry Bache Smith was born in the City of Buffalo, and has just passed his twenty-ninth birthday. From his father he inherited musical talent and from his mother literary taste. To these he added a gift for drawing and sketching. His love for books, music and pictures developed when he was ten or twelve years old, and much of his time was occupied at the piano, or in the library of rare and curious books owned by his grandfather. It was among these volumes that he became a book-lover and grew to cherish modest literary aspirations. He began to write verses before he entered his teens and, doubtless, he would have tried to publish them, but for judicious parental interference.

His family took up their residence in Chicago shortly before the great fire of 1871, in which their home and his father's business enterprises were swept away. This calamity necessitated an entire change in the plans that had been formed for his future, and he was compelled to abandon the idea of a collegiate education. He lost no opportunities for study, however, devoting himself to the modern languages, music, art and *belles-lettres*, in addition to the ordinary branches that may be acquired at a public high-school. At the age of fifteen he entered a business house and occupied his evenings and added to his income by writing sketches, verses for music, and newspaper articles. In 1880 he gave up business and entered journalism professionally. He has held positions on the Chicago *Tribune*, Chicago *Herald* and Chicago *Daily News*, acting as musical and dramatic critic, writing humorous articles, specials, and doing all sorts of work. In the years 1885 and 1886 Mr. Smith conducted *The Rambler*, a weekly paper, from which his verses and humorous sketches were extensively copied. Of late he has been occupied in writing for the stage. His comic opera libretti have met with great success, as Mr. Smith not only writes smooth, melodious verse, but has the faculty of putting together bright and lively dialogue. His principal successes in stage work have been the following burlesques and comic operas: "The Begum," "Boccaccio," "Fatinitza," "The May Queen," "Clover," and "Captain Fracasse" (all played successfully by the McCaull Opera Company), "The Crystal Slipper," which ran for fourteen weeks in Chicago, "Don Quixote," produced simultaneously by the Bostonians Opera Company and at the Prince of Wales Theater, London, England. These pieces and a dozen more of an ephemeral but entertaining character have been written by Mr. Smith while he continued his regular newspaper work and kept up his contributions to several magazines and periodicals.

It seems to me that the verse of Mr. Smith exhibits in a remarkable degree the vivacity, happy conceit and clever turns of language that are necessary for a successful writer of *vers de société*. His meter is always correct, his rhymes (except where purposely far-fetched) exceptionally perfect. Wit, rather than humor; conceits, rather than sentiment, and pleasure, rather than emotion, are the ruling motives of Mr. Smith's verse. He, however, occasionally, as in "Love, the Warrior," shows that he can do a very much higher class of work than the light and vivacious verse by which he has won recognition in the press of America.

S. T.

LOVE, THE WARRIOR.

LOVE in panoply of pride
Tossed his crown of curls aside,
Rose and all the world defied:

"Where's a foe who will not yield
To my glance—the sword I wield,
And a tender sigh—my shield?

"My fair standard is my brow,
Trust and truth there shining now;
And my war-song is a vow.

"I've a promise for a spear;
I've a love-song for a cheer,
And my armor is a tear.

"Should my weapons go amiss,
I can vanquish all in bliss
With my *coup-de-grace*—a kiss.

"Hatred dared my power to brave;
But I faced the vicious knave,
Vanquished him and then forgave.

"Faithlessness my might denied
And my courage sorely tried;
Faithlessness grew faint and died.

"Doubt once filled my heart with dread.
Eyes met eyes; the traitor fled.
Soul faced soul, and Doubt was dead.

"Anger sought to do me ill,
Felt my sword his stern heart thrill,
Saw my armor, and was still.

"Jealousy enraged drew near;
But my standard and my spear
Bade the craven disappear.

"Mighty Death and I have met,
And I triumphed, feeling yet
Stronger for a sweet regret.

"But a foe of power immense
Comes, 'gainst whom is no defense—
Leaden-eyed Indifference.

"He with dull, insensate stare,
With no heart to feel and care,
Heeds not steel nor standard fair;

"Scorns and spurns my shield of sighs
And the sword within mine eyes;
In the dust my standard lies.

"He can neither feel nor fear.
For a smile he gives a sneer,
And a taunt for every tear.

"If perchance my weapon be
Vows of loyalty, then he
Grows by my fidelity.

"Blows that hopefully I aim
Give him glory, give me shame.
Flame like mine must fight with flame.

"'Gainst a foe that's dead and cold
What are weapons manifold?
What is all the power I hold?"

A MAUSOLEUM.

It is a crypt, this cabinet;
A love affair is buried here;
Its requiem a faint regret,
And scented letters for a bier.
Its wreaths, dead roses interlaced
With memories of ball and *fête*,
While for a headstone I have placed
A potrait in a paper-weight.

Here, lies as ashes in an urn,
A verse or two I learned to quote,
The notes I had no heart to burn,
Our letters—what a lot we wrote!
A silken tress of sunny strands,
A ribbon that I used to prize,
A glove—she had such tiny hands!—
A miniature with deep, dark eyes.

'Tis with a smile I view to-day
The relics in this cabinet.
When love is dead and laid away
We mourn a little; then forget.
The verses quite have left my mind.
Her rose, her glove, her pictured eyes,
Her letters are to dust consigned;
Their fitting epitaph, "Here—*lies*."

AT THE CHURCH DOOR.

Alice has gone to confession.
What has the girl to confess?
What little, idle transgression
Causes my sweetheart distress?
Is it her fondness for dress
That needs a priest's intercession,
And brings that pensive expression
Into her eyes' loveliness?
What has the maid to confess?

Is it some little flirtation,
Ending perhaps in a kiss?
Mine be the sin's expiation,
If I but shared in its bliss.
Is it a trifle like this,
Seeking its justification?
Was it a rash exclamation
Some one has taken amiss?
Was it a trifle like this?

She who lives always so purely
Can not so gravely transgress.
One who can smile so demurely
Can not have much to confess.
Let me for pardon address,
For I am guiltier, surely.
Sin your small sins, then, securely.
If it is I that they bless,
Mine be the task to confess.

THEN AND NOW.

Yn dayse yf olde if any fayre one proved
A whyt unworthye hym she swore she loved,
Ye wronged Sir Knyghte engaged his foe in tilte
And strayghteweye on ye swarde hys life-blood spylte.
Thus when a mayde's affections tooke a journeye
Yn knyghtely style they settled by a tourney.

In modern days, if any fickle jade
Doth mangle into bits a promise made,
Forgetting where her hand lies, gives her heart
To one who in her life should play no part,
They need no tilt to end a swain's life-journey,
They have no joust: they settle by attorney.

ROSE HAWTHORNE LATHROP.

A NEW element has entered into poetry and given it a subtle flavor that it did not possess before, and we are indebted to woman for this added charm. It is the element of suggestiveness, the giving of just enough to awaken interest to stimulate thought, and then to leave the reader's mind to carry on the successive pictures called to life by the first limning. This is undoubtedly a result of that finer intuition which a woman possesses, and which enables her to gather from a half-formed sentence, a glance, or a gesture, a knowledge of the mind-force lying back of these. Mrs. Helen Hunt Jackson possessed this quality in a marked degree, and it shines forth with strong radiance from the pages of a little volume of poems published about a year ago, entitled, "Along the Shore," the work of Rose Hawthorne Lathrop, daughter of Nathaniel Hawthorne, and wife of George Parsons Lathrop.

Mrs. Lathrop has been a contributor of stories, essays and poems to the *Princeton Review*, *Scribner's Magazine* and the Harper periodicals, and of daintily flavored sketches for young people to *St. Nicholas* and *Wide-Awake*, but her only printed volume is the tasteful little book named above. It contains about one hundred pages, but they are pages replete with the charm that has been mentioned. Perhaps the statement may cause some reader to shake the head and say: "That is a poetic attribute always, and is possessed by the older generation of writers, and by men as well as women." Careful study will, however, show otherwise. The older poets have a directness in their methods of work that leaves little play for the mind. The story is told in detail, the thought plainly written out, the moral added. This is not so in Mrs. Lathrop's work. The artist power is there, the sorcerer's charm, that outlines on the canvas shapes and forebodings of beauty, but there is something left for the reader's mind, a distance that can be filled with kindred pictures, till a vast gallery expands on and on, and reaches the border of that mist-haunted land, the realm of surmise.

Of Mrs. Lathrop's life little can be written. It is, perhaps, best shown in her work. One can pick out, here and there, the heart-throbs that are the soul's aspirations, and this is all that interests the world. The items that she was born in Lenox, Mass., in 1851, that she married George Parsons Lathrop, the author, and that her home and literary work absorb her attention, fill, with what she has written, the sum of her life.

And from what has been so well begun may not much more that is better be expected? It is but natural to think so, for good work is almost always the precursor of higher aims and achievements.

T. S. C.

THE GREATER WORLD.

When you forget the beauty of the scene,
Where you draw breath and sleep,
Leave city walls for gleams of sky that lean
To hills where forests creep.

The heights, the fields, the wide-winged air
Wake the embracing day;
Not city streets. That little life of care
Steals our great joys away.

Live with the spaces, wake with bird and cloud,
Spread sentient with the elm;
Our home is nature, even to the proud
Arcs of the sunset realm.

Then say the scene God made is glorious!
Breathe deep and smile again.
The glow and noble dusks, victorious,
Disperse regrets and pain.

THE GHOSTS OF REVELERS.

At purple eves beside the grain
Our loves on altars we had burned,
And mixed our tribute with the dew,
Our tears, when rosy dawn returned.

Our voices we had joined with song
Of bird ecstatic, light and free;
Our laughter rollicked with the brook,
Running through darkness merrily.

At purple eves beside the rim
Of frozen lakes our loves we burned,
And slid away when stillness reigned:
Deep the vast woods our bodies urned.

In starlit night along the shade
Of our dusk tombs our spirits glide;
We hear the echoing of the wind,
We breathe the sighs we, living, sighed.

A SONG BEFORE GRIEF.

Sorrow, my friend,
When shall you come again?
The wind is slow, and the bent willows send
Their silvery motions wearily down the plain.
The bird is dead
That sang this morning through the summer rain!

Sorrow, my friend,
I owe my soul to you.
And, if my life with any glory end,
Of tenderness for others, and the words are true,
Said, honoring, when I 'm dead,—
Sorrow, to you, the mellow praise, the funeral wreath are due.

And yet, my friend,
When love and joy are strong,
Your terrible visage from my sight I rend
With glances to blue heaven. Hovering along,
By mine your shadow led,
"Away!" I shriek, "nor dare to work my new-sprung mercies wrong!"

Still you are near;
Who can your care withstand?
When deep eternity shall look most clear,
Sending bright waves to kiss the trembling land,
My joy shall disappear,—
A flaming torch thrown to the golden sea by your pale hand.

ZEST.

LABOR not in the murky dell,
But till your harvest hill at morn;
Stoop to no words that, rank and fell,
Grow faster than the rustling corn.

With gladdening eyes go greet the sun,
Who lifts his brow in varied light;
Bring light where'er your feet may run:
So bring a day to sorrow's night.

INLET AND SHORE.

HERE is a world of changing glow,
Where moods roll swiftly far and wide:
Waves sadder than a funeral's pride,
Or bluer than the harebell's blow!

The sunlight makes the black hulls cast
A fire-fly radiance down the deep;
The inlet gleams, the long clouds sweep,
The sails flit up, the sails drop past.

The far sea-line is hushed and still;
The nearer sea has life and voice;
Each soul may take his fondest choice,—
The silence or the restless thrill.

O little children of the deep—
The single sails, the bright, full sails,
Gold in the sun, dark when it fails,
Now you are smiling, then you weep!

O blue of heaven, and bluer sea,
And green of wave, and gold of sky,
And white of sand that stretches by,
Toward east and west away from me!

O shell-strewn shore, that silent hears
The legend of the mighty main,
And tells to none the lore again,—
We catch one utterance only: "Years!"

THE LOST BATTLE.

TO HIS heart it struck such terror
That he laughed a laugh of scorn,—
The man in the soldier's doublet,
With the sword so bravely worn.

It struck his heart like the frost-wind
To find his comrades fled,
While the battle-field was guarded
By the heroes who lay dead.

He drew his sword in the sunlight,
And called, with a loud halloo:
"Dead men, there is one living
Shall stay it out with you!"

He raised a ragged standard,
This lonely soul in war,
And called the foe to onset,
With shouts they heard afar.

They galloped swiftly toward him,
The banner floated wide;
It sank; he sank beside it,
Upon his sword, and died.

CLOSING CHORDS.

I.

DEATH'S ELOQUENCE.

WHEN I shall go
Into the narrow home that leaves
No room for the wringing of the hands and hair,
And feel the pressing of the walls which bear
The heavy sod upon my heart that grieves
(As the weird earth rolls on),
Then I shall know
What is the power of destiny. But still,
Still while my life, however sad, be mine,
I war with memory, striving to divine
Phantom to-morrows, to outrun the past;
For yet the tears of final, absolute ill,
And ruinous knowledge of my fate I shun.
Even as the frail, instinctive weed
Tries, through unending shade, to reach at last

Yours truly
Rose W. Lathrop

Very Sincerely Yours
Addie Landa D Rollston

A shining, mellowing, rapture-giving sun;
So in the deed of breathing joy's warm breath,
Fain to succeed,
I, too, in colorless longings, hope till death.

II.

PEACE.

An angel spoke with me, and, lo! he hoarded
My falling tears to cheer a flower's face!
For, so it seems, in all the heavenly space
A wasted grief was never yet recorded.
Victorious calm those holy tones afforded
Unto my soul, whose outcry, in disgrace,
Changed to low music, leading to the place
Where, though well armed, with futile end awarded,
My past lay dead. "Wars are of earth!" he cried;
"Endurance only breathes immortal air.
Courage eternal, by a world defied,
Still wears the front of patience, smooth and fair."
Are wars so futile, and is courage peace?
Take, then, my soul, thus gently thy release!

BROKEN WAVES.

The sun is lying on the garden wall,
The full red rose is sweetening all the air,
The day is happier than a dream most fair;
The evening weaves afar a wide-spread pall,
And, lo! sun, day and rose no longer there!

I have a lover, now my life is young,
I have a love to keep this many a day;
My heart will hold it when my life is gray,
My love will last although my heart be wrung.
My life, my heart, my love shall fade away!

O lover loved, the day has only gone!
In death or life, our love can only go;
Never forgotten is the joy we know;
We follow memory when life is done:
No wave is lost in all the tides that flow.

LIFE'S BURYING-GROUND.

My graveyard holds no once-loved human forms,
Grown hideous and forgotten, left alone,
But every agony my heart has known,—
The new-born trusts that died, the drift of storms.

I visit every day the shadowy grove;
I bury there my outraged tender thought;
I bring the insult for the love I sought,
And my contempt, where I had tried to love.

ADELAIDE DAY ROLLSTON.

WITHIN the next thirty years the South will produce some striking developments in the world of letters. The industrial revolution now taking place in the Southern and Middle States, the opening up of their resources, the establishment of countless manufactories will create a wider and more appreciative audience; culture will become more general, different modes of thinking will prevail with different conditions, and the New South will leap from her scabbard bright as a scimitar, and as true and keen.

When that day arrives, the names of those who have prayed for it and toiled for it—toiled for it even without hope, it may be—can hardly fail to be remembered. Then, the songs of her poets—her Timrods, Laniers, Haynes—will not be sung to deaf ears; nor will hunger be the yoke-fellow of her men of letters, nor the gift of poesy a reproach in the mouth of the political charlatan. In that day not without honor will be Adelaide Day Rollston.

Mrs. Rollston was born near Paducah, McCracken county, in the heart of that portion of Lower Kentucky which is now attracting such widespread attention on account of its mineral resources. Her earlier years were spent in the country, in the midst of a landscape of quiet, pastoral beauty—low reaching meadows and far-off terraced hills. Her father was a physician of good standing. At the age of twelve her talent for writing verse began to manifest itself in brief poems published in the local press. Later on, several appeared in the now defunct *Saturday Star-Journal*, of New York. She was educated at St. Mary's Academy, in Paducah, to which city her parents had removed about her twelfth year. After the conclusion of her school-life she continued her contributions to the neighboring press, and frequently verses over her name appeared in the *Courier-Journal*, of Louisville. They attracted, however, little or no attention until she found a friend and helper in the veteran of the Kentucky press, Col. H. M. McCarty, who blamed when necessary, and gave praise when praise was due. Still, her path upwards has been one of stern struggle. "I could not explain to you, or any one else," says she, "just what difficulties I have had to fight against."

Four years ago she began contributing to *The Current*, established in Chicago, by Edgar L. Wakeman, and since then has obtained wide recognition as a contributor to *Once a Week*, *Youth's Companion*, *Godey's Lady's Book* and other eastern periodicals of high standing. She has also written several novelettes.

Personally, Mrs. Rollston is a small, quiet woman, with little or no vanity, yet possessing a great deal of ambition, force and earnestness. Having a strong individualism, the real woman shows in her work—direct, serious, capable, with an equal eye to the truth and the beauty of life, and their fashioning into musical speech.

It is, perhaps, one of the strongest indications of true genius that its possessor instinctively reproduces that landscape and its incidents by which he is environed. The picturesque scenery of southwest Kentucky stands out in bold relief in Mrs. Rollston's poetry. Her verse is full of graphic touches and natural color. Here are low, pastoral valleys, quiet glades, gently sloping hills, wide pastures with herds grazing throat-deep upon them, bits of woodland through which the oriole wheels and flashes like a shuttle of flame, quiet meadows, dew-brimmed, elder-rimmed, over which all day the chewink sings his song of summer, and on the hills beyond gleam long, snug farm-houses, with drowsy, shadowy yards, and within their snow-white walls human love and joy and sorrow have an abiding-place. C. J. O'M.

AT THE LAST.

LEAN from thy wall of mist, O Roseleaf frail,
And lay thy white, despairing face to mine;
Let thy sad eyes, like stars that have grown pale,
With all the old-time love and gladness shine;
Come to me now, before the twilight gray,
Darkens the reddening orchard's splendid sheen;
Lay thy poor wasted hand in mine, and say:
"We will forget the years that lie between."

Sweetheart, across the dreary waste of years
Hope will return to thee and me again;
What tho' my eyes are dimmed with sudden tears,
And in my heart the old, despairing pain!
* * * O Roseleaf, fading Roseleaf, long ago,
The warm, red tint of June was on thy face;
Now, like a broken lily, fair as snow,
It haunts me with its strange and mournful grace.

* * * * *

O sweet south-wind, blow soft and low to-night,
And kiss her shrouded eyes to dreamless rest!
O lilies, fold your petals cold and white,
Above her quiet breast!

IF I HAD KNOWN.

SHE lay with lilies on her pulseless breast,
Dim, woodland lilies wet with silver dew.
"Dear heart," he said, "in life she loved them best!
For her sweet sake the fragrant buds were blown,
For her in April-haunted nooks they grew—
* * * Oh, love, if I had known!

"If I had known when yesterday we walked,
Her hand in mine, along the hedges fair,
That even then, the while we careless talked,
The shadow of a coming loss was there,
And death's cold hand was leading us apart!—
If I had known the bud she would not wear
Nor touch, lest she should mar its perfect grace,
To-day would press its dewy, golden heart
Against her poor dead face!

"Last year, when April woods were all aglow,
She said, 'If it be death to fall asleep,'
And, bending, kissed the lilies sweet and wet,
'A dreamless sleep from which none wake to weep—
When I lie down to that long slumber, dear,
And life for you has dark and empty grown,
Come to me then, and tho' I shall not hear,
Lay your sad lips to mine, and whisper low:
If I had known! Oh, love, if I had known
That you would not forget.'"

SOME DAY.

BESIDE the grave that hides my poor dead face
Some day, beloved, you will come and wait,
And, kneeling with the old-remembered grace,
With lips to dust will say: "O life grown desolate!
O fond, true heart! O heart that loved me so!"
(But then I shall not know.)

When, thro' the stillness of the warm sweet air
Shall sweep the music of the Spring's low call,
Your lips will cry: "O days so fair, so fair,
Poor dear, poor dear, that you should lose them all!
And I should learn, at last, to need you so!"
(But, ah! I shall not know.)

O love! O love! O fair, fair yesterday!
To-day we walk in bitterness apart!
And yet, though Hope and Youth be gone away,
What need of tears, O foolish, doubting heart?—
Since all the love that thrills my pulses so
Some day, some day you'll know!

SONG.

OH, Summer days! fair Summer days!
When thro' dim woodlands straying,
We heard along the upland ways,
The sound of brooklets playing;

When through soft aisles of misty green
  Made sweet and cool with shadows,
Came gleams of yellow blooms between
  From distant, sunny meadows.

Oh, Summer days! sweet Summer days!
  When over fields of clover,
We loitered by the shady ways,
  Or walked the green paths over;
When by the river's silver sheen
  The lilies red were burning,
Like scarlet flames against the green
  That Summer winds were turning.

Oh, Summer days! lost Summer days!
  Too soon the purple gloaming
Came down and hid with dreamy haze
  The path where we were roaming;
For in the mists that lingered long
  O'er meadow, wood and river,
We stilled the passion of Love's song,
  And said good-bye forever.

A PROMISE.

ALL day against my window blurred and dim
  The rain had dripped with dreary monotone,
And leaning mists, that hurrying winds had blown
  From o'er the distant mountain's purple rim,
Made twilight pale within the leafless woods.
  There, in those bleak and dismal solitudes
No bud made bright the branches dull and gray,
  Nor bloom shone on the withered vines that shed
Their broken stems along the winding way.
  "The spring will come no more, no more," I said
"Unto my life made sad with loss and pain!"
  When, lo! across the clouds of driving rain
The sunlight broke with splendor sweet and mild,
  And from the faded turf the first blue violet smiled!

RETROSPECTION.

Was it the echo dim of hidden mountain brooks
  Pouring their frosty streams along the misty vale,
Or but a withered weed that rustled 'neath my feet?
  I only know a sound, sad as the beat of rain
On long-forgotten graves, moved my heart's depths with sweet
  And mournful longings, deeper far than pain;
And o'er the wasted years—swift as the swallows' flight,
My thoughts sped back across the bleak, drear night,
  O love, to home and thee!

—*A Fragment.*

JULIE M. LIPPMANN.

THE name of Julie M. Lippmann is to be included in that band of younger writers, men and women, who in this country are doing earnest and artistic work in poetry, and who are slowly but surely earning for themselves substantial reputation.

Miss Lippmann, though born of German parents, is thoroughly American, having lived almost her entire life in Brooklyn, which is her present home. Her education has been somewhat eclectic, so far as definite and protracted courses of study are concerned; but a discriminating taste in reading, a steady and high purpose, and perhaps more than all else the influences of a cultured home, have resulted in a development which the schools sometimes fail to produce. Besides her devotion to literature, the cultivation of which she looks upon as her serious life-work, Miss Lippmann is an enthusiast in music and an amateur pianist of no mean ability.

For some years this poet has been a favored contributor to the children's department of that unique publication, the *Youth's Companion*, and her child-poems have also appeared in such magazines and papers as *St. Nicholas*, *Harper's Young People*, and many others. She has been, therefore, most distinctively known as a writer of child-verse. More recently, however, work bearing her name and addressed to children of a larger growth has crept into *The Century*, *The Atlantic*, *The Overland Monthly*, *The Independent*, and similar high-class journals and periodicals, and has shown conclusively that her field is not to be thus restricted. "My Lady Jacqueminot," which appeared several years ago in *The Independent*, has been copied far and wide in this country and in Canada, and is one of the most perfect and dainty examples of her lighter vein, though not bearing comparison with deeper and later work. A recent poem in *The Atlantic*, entitled "It Seems But Yesterday," may be referred to as one of those productions which cause the most captious critic to lay down the scalpel and resign himself to the luxury of unalloyed approval.

In addition to her poetical productions, Miss Lippmann has turned her attention to prose and written several stories, long and short, which are likely to be heard from at an early day. At the age of twenty-five her health is quite uncertain, and she is obliged to pursue her studies and develop her gift under limitations fitted to discourage and silence one possessing less of will, indomitable pluck and singleness of purpose. That

she continues to say her say and sing her song is a proof that she is indeed one of those truly called to poetic utterance, and furnishes an example to younger writers that should be both stimulating and suggestive. R. E. B.

IT SEEMS BUT YESTERDAY.

It seems but yesterday that May
Tripped lightly past, nor paused to stay
A moment longer than 't would take
To set her signet near and far,
In field and lane—the daisies' star;
To set the grasses all ashake;
To kiss the world into a blush
Of briar-roses, pink and flush,
For Summer's sake.

It seems but yesterday that June
Came piping sweet a medley-tune,
Whereto the robin and the thrush
Lent each his thrilling throat, the while
The locust there beside the stile,
Deep hid in tangled weed and brush,
Spun out the season's skein of heat,
With now a "whir" of shuttle fleet,
And now a hush.

It seems but yesterday, and yet
To-day I found my garden set
In silver, and the roisterer wind
Made bold to pluck me by the gown,
What time I wandered up and down
The path, to see if left behind
Was one last rose that I might press
Against my withered cheek, and less
Feel time unkind.

MY LADY JACQUEMINOT.

My Lady's cheek is soft and red.
My Lady holds her graceful head
On high.
And why?
She knows not yet of care or woe;
She only lives to bud and blow—
My foolish Lady Jacqueminot.

My Lady's cheek 's less soft and red.
My Lady 's bowed her weary head.
And why?
She 's nigh
A heart that once was light as snow;
But hearts and flowers die, you know,
When broken, Lady Jacqueminot.

ECHO.

Along the woodland paths strays she
Of Arcadie,
Where dappled shadows shift and fall,
And blithe birds call.

Where in the olden time there trod
Each nymph and god,
And where the brooks to music ran
At sight of Pan.

But though her soul be beauty-filled,
Her voice is stilled,
Save when in echo she must ring
What others sing.

Echo, I wander, too, like thee,
In Arcadie.
Like thine, my spirit would rejoice
Could it find voice.

STONE WALLS.

Along the country roadside, stone on stone,
Past waving green field, and near broken stile,
The walls stretch onward, an uneven pile,
With rankling vine and lichen overgrown.
So stand thy sentinels, unchanged, alone.
They 're left to watch the seasons passing slow,
The Summer sunlight or the Winter's snow.
The Spring-time's birdling, or the Autumn's moan.
Who placed the stones now gray with many years?
And did the rough hands tire, the poor hearts ache?
The eyes grow dim with all their weight of tears?
Or did the work seem light for some dear sake?
Those lives are over. All their hopes and fears
Are lost like shadows in the morning break.

TOKENS.

I watched the Shadows of the Night
Crush out the Day with frowning might,
Till, with the birds' last lingering croon,
The Shadows deepened and the moon
Rose sad and white.

Rose sad and white the moon, and pale;
About its head a misty veil,
Or, was it like a sainted Soul
Blessed with a heavenly aureole,
Pure, radiant, frail?

Pure, radiant, frail, the mist appears;
'T is rain, I thought. In after years
I found that in our life-time's night
An aureole's faint, heavenly light
Betokens tears.

M. J. Savage

MINOT JUDSON SAVAGE.

AMONG the clergymen of this country who have contributed largely to the literary interest of the people is Rev. Minot Judson Savage, at present pastor of the Church of the Unity, Boston, Mass. In a letter to a friend, Mr. Savage writes: "There was no time in my boyhood when I did not intend to become a minister." It would, therefore, appear that his writings were made secondary to or dependent upon his profession.

Mr. Savage was born June 10, 1841, at Norridgewock, Me. The greater part of his life was passed there until he had attained manhood. At thirteen he became a member of the Congregational Church, in which belief he was raised. He became dissatisfied with that doctrine and has filled a Unitarian pulpit since 1873. It was Mr. Savage's intention to enter Bowdoin College, but ill health prevented, and he was, therefore, compelled to take a theological course at the Bangor Seminary. Prof. Harris was at that time connected with the school, and Mr. Savage has never forgotten his strengthening influence. Mr. Savage graduated from the seminary in 1869, and in September of that year left his home to settle in San Mateo, Cal., having received a commission from the American Home Missionary Society of New York. One and a half years later he was assigned to a church in Grass Valley, Cal., preaching there eighteen months. His duty to his parents called him home at this time. Shortly after returning east, a call to a church in Framingham was given and accepted. After staying there two years a call was received from Hannibal, Mo., and another from Indianapolis, Ind. Owing to its close proximity to a brother, located at Jacksonville, Ill., he decided to accept the church at Hannibal. He remained there three and a half years, and it was during this time he experienced his theological change. He determined to leave the orthodox faith and embrace Unitarianism. Mr. Savage next assumed the pastorate of the Third Unitarian Church of Chicago. In the spring of 1874 he went to Boston to attend the May meetings, and, having a Sunday at his disposal, he supplied the pulpit of the Church of the Unity. After his return to Chicago a call was given him from that church, and in September, 1874, he began his work there, where he has since remained.

During these years of clerical labor Mr. Savage's pen has not been idle. He has contributed to different periodicals throughout the country, and has published numerous volumes, chiefly prose. A book of poems appeared in 1882. This volume does not comprise all the poems he has written, as many are scattered through different magazines. Some of his best-known prose works are: "Belief in God," "Beliefs About Man," "Beliefs About the Bible," "The Modern Sphinx," "The Morals of Evolution," "Talks About Jesus," "Man, Woman and Child," "Christianity the Science of Manhood," "The Religion of Evolution," and "Life Questions." N. L. M.

LIGHT ON THE CLOUD.

THERE'S never an always cloudless sky,
  There's never a vale so fair,
But over it sometimes shadows lie
  In a chill and songless air.

But never a cloud o'erhung the day,
  And flung its shadows down,
But on its heaven-side gleamed some ray,
  Forming a sunshine crown.

It is dark on only the downward side:
  Though rage the tempest loud,
And scatter its terrors far and wide,
  There's light *upon* the cloud.

And often when it traileth low,
  Shutting the landscape out,
And only the chilly east winds blow
  From the foggy seas of doubt,

There 'll come a time, near the setting sun,
  When the joys of life seem few,
A rift will break in the evening dun,
  And the golden light stream through.

And the soul a glorious bridge will make
  Out of the golden bars,
And all its priceless treasures take
  Where shine the eternal stars.

THE COMING SHIP.

I KNOW it is coming, my absent ship,
  Out somewhere over the seas unknown,
Though it wander afar where the oceans dip
  Below the round world's edge sloping down.

I have never seen it except in dreams,
  Or, like a mirage, in the misty air;
And yet it is coming, and often it seems
  To be rounding the point over there.

It is loaded down to the water's edge
  With all that the heart of man desires:
Rich robes and fine gold in many a wedge,
  And jewels that flash with their hidden fires.

It is freighted with all I have ever sought:
With the hopes that eluded my eager hand;
The deeds I have dreamed, but never wrought;
The perfect poems my thought has planned.

And there on the deck, looking out o'er the main,
Are the forms of the lost ones who went away:
I wait on the cliffs till I see them again,
And count all the days of my weary delay.

And sometimes I fear they will never come back;
For, when the wind rises and all the waves roar,
I fancy them driven in pitiless wrack
And torn on the rocks of some desolate shore.

But, when the storm lulls, I see it anew,
Each spar standing out against a clear sky,
Her prow pointing homeward, her compass still true,
And cleaving the waves as she tosses them by.

And so I wait on, day in and day out,
Till I look on my home-coming, beautiful barge,
Gold-rigged in the sun, with song and with shout,
Glide up with wide wings to the sandy marge.

THE WEED-GROWN PATH.

BETWEEN two hearts a pathway led,
Oft trod in joyous days;
And, many a time, they each one said,
"So shall it be always!"

The morning hours went singing by,
And eve, with sunset's gold:
While every joy or hope or sigh
Each to the other told.

So near, that snatches of a song
Each from the other heard,
And subtle thoughts the whole day long
Passed swiftly without word.

So smooth the pathway grew at last
That one would swear the day
Could never come, when no more passed
Such loving feet that way.

* * * *

A whisper of suspicion blew
One day, none knew from where;
And each one close the casement drew;
A chill was in the air.

And now the path with weeds is grown,
The singing birds are fled;
In each house sitteth one alone;
The happy past is dead.

IN BUD.

I HOLD in my hand an oak as great
As storm ever wrenched at or chopper fell;
Gnarled trunk, wide bough and leafy freight,
All closely packed in an acorn-shell.

My fingers clasp a harvest sheaf,
With heavy gold head and twisted zone;
In these kernels bare I see the leaf
And bending stalks of grain full grown.

I look out where the drifted snow
Lies cold and glist'ning 'neath the moon,
And know there sleeps, the crust below,
The blossom-browed, green-slippered June.

In yon dry pear-branch, stiff and cold,
A bud lies hid away from sight
That, 'neath the Spring's kiss, shall unfold
Dawn-tinted blossoms streaked with light.

The boughs that writhe in the sighing storm,
'Neath frowning skies and pelting sleet,
Shall droop with sunny burdens warm
When long days with soft breezes meet.

I hold a home upon my knee,—
A laughing child with sunny eyes:
She grows a maiden fair to see,
And then a chastened matron wise.

A prince goes limping past my door,
But find him no keen critic can.
The neighbors call him old and poor,
But he 's God's courtier, rough old man.

From out a life of work and care,
Of crosses heavy and burdens sore,
A soul may bloom to beauty rare
That shall not fade forevermore.

A BLOCK OF MARBLE.

WHITE possibility! Before thee now,
With chisel and with mallet in my hand,
A musing artist, hesitant I stand,
And wonder with what shape I 'll thee endow:
A grand Athene, with majestic brow?
A raging Fury, with her flaming brand?
Diana, leading on her huntress band?
Or sea-nymph sporting round some rippling prow
Or shall I carve out Aphrodite fair,
Who melteth with her eyes the hearts of men?
Or, better yet, I 'll make a Victory,
Whose upward look shall rouse men from despair
Discouraged souls thrill with new hope again,
And give them strength to breathe a nobler air.

EVENING.

After the noisy day, with rush and roar,
Has all the chambers of the soul possessed,
Its holy nooks disturbed with rout unblest,
How sweet the lengthening shadows on the floor,
As soft the old nurse, Night, shuts to the door,
Draws down the star-pinned curtains of the west,
Hushes the birds and all the flowers to rest,
Puts out the lights and brings us peace once more.
Then we, our heads in our earth-cradle laid,
Trust all to her strong arms and watchful care,
While suns and planets rock us in our sleep.
We drift into the dark all unafraid,
For all the eternal forces are aware
That 'tis the Universe's child they keep.

PURSUIT.

My boyhood chased the butterfly,
Or, when the shower was gone,
Sought treasures at the rainbow's end,
That lured me, wandering on.
I caught nor bow nor butterfly,
Though eagerly I ran;
But in the chase *I found myself*
And grew to be a man.

In later years I 've chased the good,
The beautiful and true;
Mirage-like forms which take no shape,
They flit as I pursue.
But, while the endless chase I run,
I grow in life divine:
I miss the ideals that I seek,
But *God himself is mine.*

THE OLD PROBLEM.

She had just one wee bird in her nest,
And she loved it, oh, so dear!
She cooed o'er it, sang to it, brooded its rest,
And kept it from shadow of fear.

I saw the nest empty: the mother apart
Sat silent, with never a song.
The earth's oldest problem oppressed her dumb heart,
Accusing the world of its wrong.

THE MYSTIC HOPE.

What is this mystic, wondrous hope in me,
When not one star from out the darkness born
Gives promise of the coming of the morn;
When all life seems a pathless mystery
Through which the weary eyes no way can see;
When illness comes and life grows most forlorn,
Still dares to laugh the last dread threat to scorn
And proudly cries, *Death is not, shall not be?*

I wonder at myself! Tell me, O Death,
If that thou rul'st the earth: if "dust to dust"
Shall be the end of love and hope and strife,
From what rare land is blown this living breath
That shapes itself to whispers of strong trust,
And tells the lie—if 'tis a lie—of *life?*

SKEPTICISM.

A blind man through a wondrous picture hall
Went muttering about each "empty wall."
A deaf man, when a symphony was sung,
Much marveled at each mute and voiceless tongue.
And one, whose sense of smell was lost, deplored
Their folly who the odorous rose adored.
And one, heart-shriveled by his heartless loves,
Mocked at young lovers and at cooing doves.
And one, who talked of solid facts, oft smiled
At those by poetry and art beguiled.

—*Life's Wonder.*

SOLITUDE.

Behind, the low, flat reaches of the sand;
Before, the measureless, wide-heaving sea;
Far out, one lone ship, with its human life.

—*The Sublime.*

DISAPPOINTMENT.

But ever are we baffled:
By adverse currents whirled,
To other oceans drifting,
Or on the breakers hurled,
We see the vain endeavor,
We hear the hopeless cry,
While still through fruitless labors
They seek, find not, and die.

—*The Sea's Secret.*

SHIPWRECK.

A shivering shock, a piercing yell!
A rush of waters, a sidelong heel!
The gun's dull boom her last farewell,—
And the waves surge over her, deck and keel!
Oh, pity the sailor's fate to-night!
And pity the homes that wait in vain!
The pitiless sun, in the morrow's light,
Will laugh, as of old, with the waves again.

—*The Storm.*

WOMEN.

"The women all are witless!" thus he cried:
"I've said it often, and I say 't again."
"I'm quite of your opinion," she replied:
"The Almighty made 'em fools *to match the men.*"

—*Mrs. Poyser on Women.*

CHARLES MACKAY.

CHARLES MACKAY, LL. D., member of a Highland family, was born in Perth, Scotland, in 1814, and removed in infancy to London. While in Belgium, completing his education, he was a witness of the revolution of 1830. In 1834 he published a small volume of poems which led to his introduction to the editor of the *Morning Chronicle*, and he became connected with that paper. He remained on the paper about nine years, in the meantime publishing "The Hope of the World, and Other Poems." He was editor of the Glasgow *Argus* in 1844-47. In 1846 the Glasgow University conferred the degree of LL.D. upon him. Mr. Mackay wrote for the *Daily News* a series of poems, "Voices From the Crowd," afterwards published in separate form. He has always been an active writer, publishing poems, novels, works on language, etc. For some years he contributed leading articles to the *Illustrated London News*, and he established the *London Review* in 1860. Dr. Mackay resided in New York from 1862 until 1865, and always had a warm appreciation of the American people. In a letter to the editor of THE MAGAZINE OF POETRY, written a few weeks previous to his death, he said: "The Americans appreciate poetry more than the English, who are the most prosaic people under the sun and think that all verse must be poetry, and deluge the newspapers and magazines with rhymed rubbish, hateful to Gods and men. Your journal will be successful." Mr. Mackay died last December at the age of seventy-five.

Mr. Eric Mackay, a son of Charles Mackay, is a poet of much promise. He is the author of "Love-Letters of a Violinist." I. A. K.

ÆOLIAN MUSIC.

O'ER the loose strings of the Æolian harp
  Float the wild melodies like straws on streams;
Songs without words, but full of thought and meanings,
  Though evanescent all as fancy's dreams.

Songs of soft sadness, as if sorrowing angels
  Sighed for the woes of hapless human kind,
Foredoomed to sorrow and to hopeless error,
  Perverse and wayward, obstinate and blind.

I hear them at my casement half asleep,
  And weave them to my fancy, as they skim
Lightly as breezes o'er a placid deep,
  And fancy fashions them into a hymn,
Half praise and half lament, and melting slowly
In happy thoughts and tender melancholy.

THE VOICE OF THE TIME.

DAY unto day utters speech—
  Be wise, O, ye nations! and hear
    What yesterday telleth to-day,
What to-day to the morrow will preach.
  A change cometh over our sphere,
    And the old goeth down to decay.
A new light hath dawned on the darkness of yore,
And men shall be slaves and oppressors no more.

Hark to the throbbing of thought
  In the breast of the wakening world:
    Over land, over sea it hath come.
The serf that was yesterday bought,
  To-day his defiance hath hurled,
    No more in his slavery dumb,
And to-morrow will break from the fetters that bind,
And lift a bold arm for the rights of mankind.

Hark to the voice of the time!
  The multitude think for themselves,
    And weigh their condition, each one.
The drudge has a spirit sublime,
  And, whether he hammers or delves,
    He reads when his labor is done,
And learns, though he groan under penury's ban,
That freedom to think is the birthright of man.

But yesterday thought was confined;
  To breathe it was peril or death,
    And it sank in the breast where it rose;
Now, free as the midsummer wind,
  It sports its adventurous breath,
    And round the wide universe goes;
The mist and the cloud from its pathway are curled,
And glimpses of glory illumine the world.

The voice of opinion has grown:
  'Twas yesterday changeful and weak,
    Like the voice of a boy ere his prime;
To-day it has taken the tone
  Of an orator worthy to speak,
    Who knows the demands of his time,
And to-morrow will sound in oppression's cold ear
Like the trump of the seraph to startle our sphere.

Be wise, oh, ye rulers of earth!
  And shut not your ears to his voice,
    Nor allow it to warn you in vain:
True Freedom of yesterday's birth
  Will march on its way and rejoice,
    And never be conquered again.
The day has a tongue, aye, the hours utter speech,
Wise, wise will ye be if ye learn what they teach.

WHAT MIGHT BE DONE.

WHAT might be done if men were wise—
What glorious deeds, my suffering brother,
Would they unite
In Love and Right,
And cease their scorn of one another!

Oppression's heart might be imbued
With kindling drops of loving-kindness,
And Knowledge pour,
From shore to shore,
Light on the eyes of mental blindness.

All Slavery, Warfare, Lies and Wrongs,
All Vice and Crime might die together;
And wine and corn,
To each man born,
Be free as warmth in summer weather.

The meanest wretch that ever trod,
The deepest sunk in guilt and sorrow,
Might stand erect
In self-respect,
And share the teeming world to-morrow.

What might be done? *This* might be done,
And more than *this*, my suffering brother—
More than the tongue
E'er said or sung,
If men were wise and loved each other.

TO THE WEST! TO THE WEST!

To the West! to the West! to the land of the free,
Where mighty St. Lawrence rolls down to the sea,
Where a man is a man, if he's willing to toil,
And the humblest may gather the fruits of the soil,
Where children are blessings, and he who hath most,
Hath aid for his fortune and riches to boast;
Where the young may exult, and the aged may rest,
Away, far away, to the Land of the West!

To the West! to the West! where the rivers that flow
Run thousands of miles, spreading out as they go;
Where the green waving forests, that echo our call,
Are wide as old England, and free to us all:
Where the prairies, like seas where the billows have rolled,
Are broad as the kingdoms and empires of old;
And the lakes are like oceans in storm or in rest,
Away, far away, to the Land of the West!

To the West! to the West! there is wealth to be won,
The forest to clear is the work to be done:
We'll try it, we'll do it, and never despair,
While there's light in the sunshine and breath in the air.
The bold independence that labor shall buy,
Shall strengthen our hands and forbid us to sigh.
Away! far away! let us hope for the best,
And build up new homes in the Land of the West!

CHEER, BOYS! CHEER!

I.

CHEER, boys! cheer! no more of idle sorrow!
Courage, true hearts, shall bear us on our way!
Hope points before and shows the bright to-morrow,
Let us forget the darkness of to-day!
So farewell, England! Much as we may love thee,
We 'll dry the tears that we have shed before;
Why should we weep to sail in search of fortune?
So farewell, England! farewell evermore!
Cheer, boys! cheer! for England, mother England!
Cheer, boys! cheer! the willing strong right hand!
Cheer, boys! cheer! there's work for honest labor—
Cheer, boys! cheer!—in the new and happy land!

II.

Cheer, boys! cheer! the steady breeze is blowing,
To float us freely o'er the ocean's breast;
The world shall follow in the track we're going,
The star of empire glitters in the west.
Here we had toil and little to reward it,
But there shall plenty smile upon our pain,
And ours shall be the mountain and the forest,
And boundless prairies ripe with golden grain.
Cheer, boys! cheer! for England, mother England!
Cheer, boys! cheer! united heart and hand!
Cheer, boys! cheer! there's wealth for honest labor—
Cheer, boys! cheer!—in the new and happy land!

TUBAL CAIN.

OLD Tubal Cain was a man of might
In the days when earth was young;
By the fierce red light of his furnace bright
The strokes of his hammer rung;
And he lifted high his brawny hand
On the iron glowing clear,
Till the sparks rushed out in scarlet showers,
As he fashioned the sword and spear.
And he sang—"Hurra for my handiwork!
Hurra for the Spear and Sword!
Hurra for the hand that shall wield them well,
For he shall be King and Lord!"

To Tubal Cain came many a one,
As he wrought by his roaring fire,
And each one prayed for a strong steel blade
As the crown of his desire;
And he made them weapons sharp and strong,
Till they shouted loud for glee,
And gave him gifts of pearl and gold,
And spoils of the forest free.
And they sang—"Hurra for Tubal Cain,
Who hath given us strength anew!
Hurra for the smith, hurra for the fire,
And hurra for the metal true!"

But a sudden change came o'er his heart
Ere the setting of the sun,
And Tubal Cain was filled with pain
For the evil he had done;
He saw that men, with rage and hate,
Made war upon their kind,
That the land was red with the blood they shed
In their lust for carnage, blind.
And he said—"Alas! that ever I made,
Or that skill of mine should plan,
The spear and the sword for men whose joy
Is to slay their fellow-man!"

And for many a day old Tubal Cain
Sat brooding o'er his woe;
And his hand forbore to smite the ore,
And his furnace smouldered low.
But he rose at last with a cheerful face,
And a bright courageous eye,
And bared his strong right arm for work,
While the quick flames mounted high.
And he sang—"Hurra for my handiwork!"
And the red sparks lit the airs
"Not alone for the blade was the bright steel made;"
And he fashioned the First Ploughshare!

And men, taught wisdom from the Past,
In friendship joined their hands,
Hung the sword in the hall, the spear on the wall,
And ploughed the willing lands;
And sang—"Hurra for Tubal Cain!
Our stanch good friend is he;
And for the ploughshare and the plough
To him our praise shall be.
But while Oppression lifts its head,
Or tyrant would be lord,
Though we may thank him for the Plough,
We'll not forget the Sword!"

WHO SHALL BE FAIREST?

Who shall be fairest?
Who shall be rarest?
Who shall be first in the songs that we sing?
She who is kindest
When Fortune is blindest,
Bearing through winter the blooms of the spring;
Charm of our gladness,
Friend of our sadness,
Angel of Life, when its pleasures take wing!
She shall be fairest,
She shall be rarest,
She shall be first in the songs that we sing!

Who shall be nearest,
Noblest and dearest,
Named but with honor and pride evermore?
He, the undaunted,
Whose banner is planted
On Glory's high ramparts and battlements hoar;
Fearless of danger,
To falsehood a stranger,
Looking not back while there's Duty before!
He shall be nearest,
He shall be dearest,
He shall be first in our hearts evermore!

THE GOOD TIME COMING.

There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming:
We may not live to see the day,
But earth shall glisten in the ray
Of the good time coming.
Cannon-balls may aid the truth,
But thought's a weapon stronger;
We'll win our battle by its aid;—
Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming:
The pen shall supersede the sword,
And Right, not Might, shall be the lord
In the good time coming.
Worth, not Birth, shall rule mankind,
And be acknowledged stronger;
The proper impulse has been given;—
Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming:
War in all men's eyes shall be
A monster of iniquity
In the good time coming:

Nations shall not quarrel then,
  To prove which is the stronger;
Nor slaughter men for glory's sake;—
  Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,
  A good time coming:
Hateful rivalries of creed
Shall not make their martyrs bleed
  In the good time coming.
Religion shall be shorn of pride,
  And flourish all the stronger;
And Charity shall trim her lamp;—
  Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,
  A good time coming:
And a poor man's family
Shall not be his misery
  In the good time coming.
Every child shall be a help,
  To make his right arm stronger;
The happier he the more he has;—
  Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,
  A good time coming:
Little children shall not toil,
Under or above the soil,
  In the good time coming;
But shall play in healthful fields
  Till limbs and mind grow stronger;
And every one shall read and write;—
  Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,
  A good time coming:
The people shall be temperate,
And shall love instead of hate,
  In the good time coming.
They shall use and not abuse,
  And make all virtue stronger.
The reformation has begun;—
  Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,
  A good time coming:
Let us aid it all we can,
Every woman, every man,
  The good time coming.
Smallest helps, if rightly given,
  Make the impulse stronger;
'Twill be strong enough one day;—
  Wait a little longer.

LET US ALONE.

Many, and yet our fate is one,
  And little after all we crave,
Enjoyment of the common sun,
  Fair passage to the common grave;
Our bread and fire, our plain attire,
  The free possession of our own.
Rulers, be wise! and, kings and czars,
  Let us alone—let us alone.

We have a faith, we have a law;
  A faith in God, a hope in man;
And own, with reverence and awe,
  Love universal as His plan.
To Charity we bow the knee,
  The earth's refiner and our own.
Bigots and fighters about words,
  Let us alone—let us alone.

The world is the abode of men,
  And not of demons stark and blind;
And Eden's self might bloom again,
  If men did justice to mankind.
We want no more of Nature's store
  Than Nature meant to be our own.
Masters and gerents of the earth,
  Let us alone—let us alone.

Your meddling brought us grief and care,
  And added misery day by day;
We're not so foolish as we were,
  Nor fashioned of such ductile clay;
Your petty jars, your wicked wars,
  Have lost their charm, the gilding's gone:
Victorious marshals, vaulting kings,
  Let us alone—let us alone.

Though dwellers in a little isle,
  We bear no hate to other lands,
And think that Peace might rule the earth
  If we and others joined our hands.
In Reason's spite why should we fight?
  We'll war no more—we're wiser grown.
Quibblers and stirrers up of hate,
  Let us alone—let us alone.

White man or black, to us alike;
  Foemen of no men we will live,
We will not lift our hands to strike,
  Or evil for advantage give.
Our hands are free to earn their fee,
  Our tongues to let the truth be known:
So despots, knaves and foes of right,
  Let us alone—let us alone.

Great are our destinies: our task,
  Long since begun, shall never end
While suffering has a boon to ask,
  Or truth needs spokesmen to defend;
While vice or crime pollute the time,
  While nations bleed, or patriots groan.
Rulers, be wise! and, meddling fools,
  Let us alone—let us alone,

SCIENCE.

Blessings on science! When the earth seem'd old,
When faith grew doting, and the reason cold,
'T was she discover'd that the world was young,
And taught a language to its lisping tongue.
'T was she disclosed a future to its view,
And made old knowledge pale before the new.

* * * *

Blessings on Science and her handmaid, Steam!
They make Utopia only half a dream
And show the fervent of capacious souls,
Who watch the ball of progress as it rolls,
That all as yet completed or begun
Is but the dawning that precedes the sun.

—*Railways.*

SUNSET.

The dying light,
Ere it departed, swathed each mountain height
In robes of purple, and adown the west,
Where sea and sky seemed mingling, breast to breast,
Drew the dense barks of ponderous clouds and spread
A mantle o'er them of a royal red,
Belted with purple, lined with amber, tinged
With fiery gold, and blushing-purple fringed.

—"*Voices From the Mountains and From the Crowd,*" *Prologue.*

TRUTH.

To-day abhorr'd, to-morrow adored,
So round and round we run;
And ever the Truth comes uppermost.

—*Eternal Justice.*

WOMAN.

Woman may err, woman may give her mind
  To evil thoughts, and lose her pure estate;
But for one woman who affronts her kind
  By wicked passions and remorseless hate,
A thousand make amends in age and youth,
  By heavenly pity, by sweet sympathy,
By patient kindness, by enduring truth,
  By love, supremest in adversity.

—*Praise of Women.*

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

CHARLES KINGSLEY was born at Holme Vicarage, on the borders of Dartmoor, Devon, Eng., in 1819, and was educated at home until the age of fourteen, when he became a pupil of Rev. Derwent Coleridge, and afterwards a student at King's College, London. From there he went to Magdalen College, Cambridge, where he was very successful, and took his B. A. degree in 1842, coming out as a senior optime with a first-class in classics. At the end of the year he was ordained by Dr. Sumner, Bishop of Winchester, and became curate at Eversley, a moorland parish in Hampshire, and, that living becoming vacant, he was presented to it by the patron, Sir John Cope, Bart. (1844), holding that benefice for thirty years. He was appointed regius professor of modern history at Cambridge in 1859, but resigned that office ten years later on being appointed by the Crown, Canon of Chester. He held that office for only four years, as on the death of Canon Nepean in 1873 he was named to the Westminster canonry. He was Chaplain in Ordinary to the Queen (1859), one of the chaplains to the Prince of Wales, and Domestic Chaplain to Lord Sydney.

In early life he was an eager apostle of socialism and democracy, and was one of a small party of young men who keenly and actively interested themselves in the cause of the working classes after the collapse of political chartism in 1848, and earned for himself the title of the "Chartist Parson." They started a magazine called *Politics for the People*, addressed meetings and set up the college in Red Lion Square.

To this period and its prevailing influences belong the first noteworthy writings of Charles Kingsley, such as "Yeast," "Alton Locke, Tailor and Poet," "Hypatia, or New Foes With An Old Face," and "Two Years Ago." Among his other works may be mentioned: "Westward Ho," a stirring tale of the Elizabethan sea-rovers; "Hereward the Wake," a story of the struggles between the Saxons in the Fen country and their Norman conqueror; and "The Water Babies," a story for children. Some of his songs have taken a permanent place in English literature. He died in 1875.

T. H. W.

THE THREE FISHERS.

THREE fishers went sailing away to the west,
  Away to the west as the sun went down;
Each thought on the woman who loved him best,
  And the children stood watching them out of the town;

Then hey for boot and horse, lad,
And around the world away;
Young blood must have its course, lad,
And every dog his day.

When all the world is old, lad,
And all the trees are brown;
And all the sport is stale, lad,
And all the wheels run down;
Creep home and take your place there,
The spent and maimed among;
God grant you find one face there
You loved when all was young.

DRIFTING AWAY.

THEY drift away. Ah, God! they drift forever.
I watch the stream sweep ownward to the sea,
Like some old battered buoy upon a roaring river,
Round whom the tide-waifs hang, then drift to sea.

I watch them drift, the old familiar faces,
Who fished and rode with me, by stream and wold,
Till ghosts, not men, fill old belovéd places;
And, ah! the land is rank with churchyard mould.

I watch them drift, the youthful aspirations,
Shores, landmarks, beacons, drift alike.
* * * * *
I watch them drift, the poets and the statesmen;
The very streams run upward from the sea.
* * * * *
Yet overhead the boundless arch of heaven
Still fades to night, still blazes into day.
* * * * *
Ah, God! My God! Thou wilt not drift away!

—*November, 1867.*

THE TIDE RIVER.

CLEAR and cool, clear and cool,
By laughing shallow and dreaming pool;
Cool and clear, cool and clear,
Dy shining shingle and foaming weir;
Under the crag where the ousel sings,
And the ivied wall where the church-bell rings,
Undefiled, for the undefiled;
Play by me, bathe in me, mother and child.

Dank and foul, dank and foul,
By the smoky town in its murky cowl;
Foul and dank, foul and dank,
By wharf and sewer and slimy bank;
Darker and darker the further I go,
Baser and baser the richer I grow;
Who dare sport with the sin-defiled?
Shrink from me, turn from me, mother and child.

Strong and free, strong and free,
The flood-gates are open, away to the sea.
Free and strong, free and strong,
Cleansing my streams as I hurry along
To the golden sands and the leaping bar,
And the taintless tide that awaits me afar,
As I lose myself in the infinite main,
Like a soul that has sinned and is pardoned again.
Undefiled, for the undefiled;
Play by me, bathe in me, mother and child.

LORRAINE.

"ARE you ready for the steeple-chase, Lorraine, Lorraine, Lorree?
Barum, Barum, Barum, Barum, Barum, Barum, Baree.
You're booked to ride your capping race to-day at Coulterlee,
You're booked to ride Vindictive, for all the world to see,
To keep him straight, and keep him first and win the run for me.
Barum, Barum, Barum, Barum, Barum, Barum, Baree."

She clasped her new-born baby, poor Lorraine, Lorraine, Lorree,
Barum, Barum, Barum, Barum, Barum, Barum, Baree,
"I can not ride Vindictive, as any man might see,
And I will not ride Vindictive with this baby on my knee;
He's killed a boy, he's killed a man, and why must he kill me?"

"Unless you ride Vindictive, Lorraine, Lorraine, Lorree,
Unless you ride Vindictive to-day at Coulterlee,
And land him safe across the brook, and win the blank for me,
It's you may keep your baby, for you'll get no keep from me."

"That husbands could be cruel," said Lorraine, Lorraine, Lorree,
"That husbands could be cruel, I have known for seasons three;
But, oh! to ride Vindictive while a baby cries for me,
And to be killed across a fence at last, for all the world to see!"

She mastered young Vindictive—oh! the gallant
lass was she,
And she kept him straight and won the race, as
near as neear could be;
But he killed her at the brook against a pollard
willow tree,
Oh! he killed her at the brook—the brute—for all
the world to see,
And no one but the baby cried for poor Lorraine,
Lorree.

ACCIDENT.

Our wanton accidents take root, and grow
To vaunt themselves God's laws.
—*Saint's Tragedy, Act II, Scene 4.*

AURORA BOREALIS.

Night's son was driving
His golden-haired horses up;
Over the eastern firths
High flashed their manes.
—*The Longbeard's Saga.*

CLOUDS.

Those clouds are angels' robes. That fiery west
Is paved with smiling faces.
—*Saint's Tragedy, Act I, Scene 3.*

DEEDS.

Oh! 'tis easy
To beget great deeds; but in the rearing of them—
The threading in cold blood each mean detail,
And fury brake of half-pertinent circumstance—
There lies the self-denial.
—*Ibid, Act IV, Scene 3.*

LIFE.

Life is too short for logic; what I do
I must do simply; God alone must judge—
For God alone shall guide, and God's elect.
—*Ibid, Act III, Scene 3.*

NOBILITY.

Oh, noble soul! which neither gold, nor love,
Nor scorn can bend.
—*Ibid, Act IV, Scene 1.*

CONTENTMENT.

The world goes up and the world goes down
And the sunshine follows the rain;
And yesterday's sneer and yesterday's frown
Can never come over again,
Sweet wife,
No, never come over again.
—*Dolcino to Margaret.*

H. T. MACKENZIE BELL.

IN recent years the name of Mr. Mackenzie Bell has become familiar to an increasing circle of readers through his monograph on Charles Whitehead, and his contributions to the *Academy* and other London journals, both in prose and verse. Not that his career by any means began with these; he has been an assiduous verse-writer and essayist for a number of years; but he was, till about 1884, little known to the general public. He has had from childhood to struggle against physical drawbacks which would have discouraged most men; and, in choosing the career of literature, which he did on coming to reside in London a few years ago, he showed no little boldness and determination. Suffering from a weakness in the right side—the result of infantile paralysis—he has exhibited indefatigable perseverance and devotion to his loved pursuits and studies. He has to use his left hand for writing. In all his compositions there are the marks of patient culture. In his prose studies keen curiosity for facts and careful analysis are the leading notes, with a well-controlled sympathy, which seldom becomes effusive. His poetry is varied in style from the ballad to the simple lyric, from the dramatic sketch to the patriotic or didactic song.

Mr. Mackenzie Bell was born on the 2d of March, 1856. His father, who had been for many years a resident in Buenos Ayres, was then a Liverpool merchant. His mother is a sister of the late Scottish judge, Lord Mackenzie, author of the well-known "Studies in Roman Law." His physical weakness in youth caused him to be educated almost entirely at home; but his own aptitude for learning so far made up for this disadvantage that, in the beginning of 1874, it was arranged he should go to the University of Edinburgh with the view of taking his M. A. degree, and afterwards proceeding to Trinity Hall, Cambridge, preparatory to entering on a legal career in London. Working very hard with this object proved too much for his strength. His health completely broke down; and he had, under medical orders, to relinquish the plan, and eventually to go abroad, visiting many noted health resorts. Spain exercised a powerful influence on his mind, as was to be expected, and it is visible in his writings. By and by he was so far recovered as to be able to fall back on habits of study and literary work, and produced many verses, most of which appear in his published volumes. "The Keeping of the Vow," a very successful ballad, was written in 1877. His first volume, to which this poem

gave the title, was issued in 1879. "Verses of Varied Life" followed in 1882. In the autumn of 1883 "Old Year Leaves" appeared. It contains some of his most finished work. In 1884 he published his biographical and critical monograph: "A Forgotten Genius: Charles Whitehead"—a man of remarkable genius, admired by Dickens and Rossetti, but, like so many men of genius, the victim of vices that at last undid him. Mr. Bell's volume, discriminating and effective as it is, asserts for him something of classic position, and will do much to preserve his memory and send students of literature to his books. It was very favorably received by the most influential critical journals. Mr. Bell has written a book dealing with fiction during the last eighty years. In 1885 new editions of Mr. Bell's poems were issued with considerable re-arrangement of contents.

A. H. J.

THE KEEPING OF THE VOW.

(A. D. 1330.)

KING Robert Bruce is dying, uncertain comes his breath,
And the last strife for failing life will soon be won by death;
Around his couch the courtiers stand and heave full many a sigh,
In dire dismay and grief are they to see their monarch die.
"Sir James of Douglas, come!" he cries, "thou ever wast my friend,
And though we part, 'tis well thou art with me unto the end.
When in great straits, I vowed to God, if He would grant to me
That war should cease in perfect peace, and Scotland should be free,
His blessed banner I would bear to sacred Palestine,
With arms to quell the infidel: such my supreme design.
And grieved am I that here I lie, life ebbing fast away,
This gnawing pain now proving vain the hope my vow to pay.
Then promise me right faithfully, when I am laid at rest,
That with my heart thou wilt depart to do my last behest!"
"I pledge my knightly word, my liege, thy bidding shall be done,
And though so sad, yet am I glad such favor to have won!
Safe in my bosom shall thy trust abide with me for ever,
Unless perchance in peril's hour 'twere best that we should sever."
The king smiles faintly in reply—then gently falls his head,
And on his grand old follower's breast bold Robert Bruce lies dead.
With pennons gay and proud array doth Douglas then depart,
And in a casket carefully he keeps the kingly heart.
Crossing the main and sighting Spain, he hears of that wild war
Which Moor and Christian long have waged with ceaseless conflict sore;
Forthwith he deems that here it seems his mission first should be,
And with his host soon swells the boast of Spanish chivalry.
The armies twain on Tebas' plain extend, a splendid sight,
In armor dight with weapons bright, impatient for the fight;
The summer sunbeams on the shields of warriors brave are glancing,
And o'er the plain spurs many a man with charger proudly prancing,
Whose gallant crest, stirred by the breeze, full gaily now is dancing,
While each Moslem there with scimitar, upon his Arab horse,
Moves with a calm, courageous mien, unswerving in his course;
And thus at length the stately strength the Cross and Crescent wield,
As deadly foes now darkly close upon this fatal field.
The Spaniards' stroke has bravely broke the dense opposing line!
Yet none the less both armies press around their standard-sign,
And though many a Paynim late so proud lies lifeless on the plain,
While good Castilian jennets seem unguided by the rein.
First in the van the Douglas rides, with all his men-at-arms;
A valiant company they are, inured to war's alarms,
The veterans of a hundred fields, for whom it had its charms;
With spur and rein they onward strain on the retreating foe,
And in the chase can scarcely trace the road by which they go,

Till, looking back upon their track, with horror now they see
The ranks opposed once more have closed—they are in jeopardy!
"We find full late the danger great," Sir Douglas cries. "Return!
And charge the foe like Scots who know the rout at Bannockburn;
Surely the men who vanquished then vain Edward's vast array
No caitiff Moor can e'er e'ercome on this victorious day!"
Thus speaking, swift he turns his steed and gallops to the rear,
Mid battle's tide his dauntless ride as gallant doth appear
As the swimmer's strife who strives for life, yet feels no craven fear.
And as they passed the blows fell fast: stern was the conflict wild.
With steeds and men, who ne'er again would rise, the field was piled.
Yet Douglas true, and still a few, have almost cut their way
With wondrous force, resistless, straight through the grim array,
When, glancing quickly round, he sees, still struggling in the fight,
The noble Walter St. Clair, a very valiant knight.
They oft were nigh in days gone by, on many a bloody field,
And oft had they in tourney gay their chargers swiftly wheeled,—
"Ride to the rescue!" Douglas shouts, "dash on, and do not spare,
To save yon matchless comrade, which man of you will not dare!"
Urging his horse with headlong force, he rushes to to his aid,
And many a tunic's fold is cleft by his resistless blade;
Yet he is left of friends bereft, fierce foemen all around,
And mid the roar of mortal strife of succor not a sound.
Now snatches he the jeweled casque in which the Heart reposes
('Twas strange to see how lovingly his hand upon it closes),
And flings it forward 'mong the foe around him, with the cry,
"Press on, brave Heart, as thou wert wont: I follow thee or die!"
With lifted lance he makes advance to where his treasure fell,
Each crash of blow, now fast, now slow, like a rude requiem knell,
And left alone, yet ne'er o'erthrown, he grapples with the foe,
Until a sword-thrust piercing him at last doth lay him low;
Then gallantly he fights awhile, half kneeling on the plain,
And there, exhausted by his wounds, he finally is slain.
So died this grand old hero! In Douglas Kirk he sleeps,
While history the record proud of his achievements keeps.

WAITING FOR THE DENTIST.

THOUGH many dismal years I've been
To dull old Care apprenticed,
The worst of the small woes I've seen
Is—waiting for the dentist!

How dreary is the cheerless room
In which you bide his pleasure!
The very chairs seem steeped in gloom
And sorrow without measure,

As if so wild mute-molar grief,
So uncontrolled its swelling,—
That its fierce tide had sought relief
By deluging the dwelling.

What though of literature a store
Is lying on the table,
You only think the books a bore;
To read you are unable.

What from the window, though, perchance,
You see forms full of graces,
They merely make you look askance,
And think how sore your face is.

On many chairs and sofas, too,
More martyrs round you languish,
You glance at them, they glance at you,
And give a groan of anguish.

You deem it hard their turn arrives
Before you in rotation,
Or they wax wroth that yours deprives
Their case of consolation.

You muse upon the ruthless wrench
Which buys a tooth's departing,
Or how the stopping pangs to quench,
In which you may be starting.

Or haply on these ivory chips,
Harsh Nature may deny you,
But which the "golden key" equips
Man's genius to supply you.

No words your mood of mind express,
A mood devoid of quiet,
In which pain, pleasure and distress
Mingle in hopeless riot.

Yes, though much sorrow one must know,
While to old Care apprenticed,
The greatest unheroic woe
Is—waiting for the dentist.

IN MEMORIAM W. E. FOSTER.

(Obiit, April 5, 1886.)

Oh, stalwart man and pure, whose earnest face
Mirrored thy fair-orbed soul; whose every deed
Made answer to thy word; who gav'st no heed
To foolish babble or the lust of place.

Who, grieved to see thy country's hapless case
For lack of knowledge, cam'st when great her need,
With succor just and meet; whose civic creed
Was not of party, but took in the race.

A year has passed since thou wast laid to rest,
Yet fragrant is thy memory; thy bequest
A work whose scope and grandeur Time shall gauge.
England some day—her daughter-lands apart
No longer,—will remember thee whose heart
Fired hers to win her world-wide heritage.

OLD YEAR LEAVES.

The leaves which in the autum of the year
Fall auburn-tinted, leaving reft and bare
Their parent trees, in many a sheltered lair
Where Winter waits and watches, cold, austere,

Will lie in drifts; and when the snowdrops cheer
The woodland shadows, still the leaves are there,
Though through the glades the balmy southern air
And birds and boughs proclaim that Spring is here.

So lost hopes severed by the stress of life
Lie all unburied yet before our eyes,
Though none but us regard their mute decay;
And ever amid this stir, and moil, and strife,
Fresh aims and growing purposes arise
Above the faded hopes of yesterday.

THE GRAVE OF DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI.

(April 9th, 1883.)

There is a tomb, all monumentless yet,
Hard by a moss-grown church's Gothic door,
Within the hearing of the ocean's roar,
Where lies a man the world will not forget.
And here the world's extremes are surely met,
For round about him are the tombs of those
Who led long lives obscure until their close,
And when their days were done their suns were set.

Wild thyme and violets grow upon his grave,
Summer's fair heralds; and a stranger now
Visits with reverence his resting-place,
A harbinger of many who will crave
On each sad anniversary to avow
True love's regret that ne'er they saw his face.

UNFULFILLED YEARNINGS.

When Summer's sweetest influence
Is shed o'er plain and hill,
And Nature gains her recompense
For working Winter's will,
We feel a void, a weary sense
Of something wanting still.

In Autumn, when each searing leaf
With sorrow aye is fraught,
And every garnered golden sheaf
Yields fruit for saddest thought,
We feel a void, our spirits' grief
For something vainly sought.

When Winter with his ice-cold hand
Grasps giant-like the ground,
And stiff and stark lies all the land
In frost's firm fetters bound,
We feel a void, we understand
'T is something still unfound.

When Spring returns with fairest face,
Filling the earth with song,
And gladness seems in every place,
And love and life are strong,
Ah me! even then we fail to trace
The dream for which we long.

PASSION.

Blind passion ever proves a maddening power
Enthroned within us, a sin-garnered dower
Of quenchless loves and longings, a fierce storm
Breaking the beauteous boughs, where, sheltered warm,
Repose, like unfledged nestlings, Life's chief joys.
Its wave sweeps o'er the soul and swift destroys
Our store of peace—what years of labor cost
Perchance by one false step for ever lost.

CHARLES HENRY PHELPS.

CHARLES HENRY PHELPS, born in Stockton, Cal., January 1, 1853, is distinguished among our younger poets as one of the few who write too little. Or shall we say, rather, that he belongs with the rare wise ones who write just enough, and, instead of tiring us, inspire a wish for more? It may well be that Mr. Phelps is to be congratulated on his inheritance of practicality, on the restraining current of his blood running back, on both the father's and the mother's side, even to the staunch base of Plymouth Rock. I, for one, am more than half committed to the suspicion that he is quietly reading a lesson in propriety to some of us less fortunate in temperament by not pulling his stops till sure that there is a good tune behind. This much is certain, in his opinion, man can not live by song alone. The wholly bird life is not the ideal of the man who, having received the degree of LL. B. from the Harvard Law School in 1874, has since wandered from the straight path of law only for a short flight of song, or, as a pastime during the brief period of two years, to play the not over-relaxing role of a successful editor. From 1880 to 1882, Mr. Phelps edited *The Californian*, now the *Overland Monthly*. In looking over the file of this magazine for 1882, I find no acknowledgment of a more poetic contribution from his pen than an article entitled "Shall Foreigners Vote?" but probably certain nimble airs, wandering unclaimed, could be traced back to their source in the besetting Plymouth Rock reticence.

The term of editorial deviation served, our author forsook the poppied fields of his nativity for a prosperous law practice in the metropolis. It was during the editorial by-play period, I believe, that the little volume of poetry, "California Vines," found its way into the light. Though a most modest announcement of a new poet, its reception was cordial enough to rouse the ordinary soul of indifference to more ambitious effort. Some opinion of the merits of the little book may be formed from the selections here made, which, it is believed, will prove inviting all the long way from so natural, light and human a poem as the "Orchids" to that bit of daring ghastliness, "Mojave Desert." I can not close this rough sketch without saying that, if we tear out Mr. Phelp's prose, we cut his literary gift in two in the middle. Those readers of the *Atlantic Monthly*, who recall the appeal in the case of Shylock vs. Antonio, published in April, 1886, will second me in this opinion; while those favored now and then with a characteristic epistle from this all-around writer, will readily admit that there is a dash half-and-half of Cowper and Papa Pepys in the sturdy Plymouth strain. J. V. C.

MOJAVE DESERT.

THE ghastly face of the accusing moon
  Glares like a death-face thro' the haggard night;
  By day the swoll'n, malignant sun doth blight
And shrivel with curses the unpregnant dune;
While gaunt and grim, at midnight and at noon,
  With wide swirl spreading famine and affright,
  A formless horror drives in frenzied flight
    The maniac coursers of the dread simoom.
Man born of woman, pause and give thou heed
  What time thou cross that direful chariot's path;
    For mortal lungs there pant and find scant
      breath.
And thirst doth rage, and veins do crack nor bleed,
  And mad delirium a season hath,
    And last—too late—white, bony-fingered death.

AT THE ORCHID SHOW.

I WENT to the show of orchids,
  I was told it was quite the thing,
But as I sauntered among them
  I sighed for the breath of spring;
The flowers were choice and exotic,
  I could see by the Latinized bills;
But my vagrant thoughts kept wandering
  To my far California hills.

And, in the place of the pampered darlings,
  Each ticketed in its jar,
Rose a golden glory of poppies
  And a saintly nemophila;
And, lo! the delicious whisper
  Of the mischievous western breeze,
As it carried the forest gossip
  To the listening redwood trees.

And naught in that pent-up building
  Quite banished the subtle sense
That my spirit was somehow roving
  And reaping wild recompense;
And even the voices of children
  Blent into my dream to recall
My own little maid so far away,
  The daintiest blossom of all.

SONG OF THE MONTHS.

MAY.

TIME enough, time enough,
  Hoary old pate,
Love must have rhyme enough,
  Kisses can 't wait;

Fame is ahead for us,
Work—by and by—
Meanwhile lips red for us
Dare us to try;
Time enough, time enough,
Years are so long,
Love must have rhyme enough,
Youth must have song.

AUGUST.

Power enough, power enough,
Manhood is here,
Crowd but this hour enough,
Conquest is near.
When the to-morrow breaks,
Wealth mine shall be,
Then care nor sorrow takes
Tribute from me;
I shall have power enough,
All that I ask
Is one brief hour, enough
Unto my task.

NOVEMBER.

Rest enough, rest enough,
Age tires of toil
Life has not zest enough
For its turmoil.
Time is all yesterdays,
In its great deep
Age knows the best are days
Given to sleep.
Death, thou sweet guest, enough
Is thy repose,
I shall have rest enough
Under the snows.

UNDER THE STARS.

The day is not for thought, but deeds,
And one who dreams at midday needs—
He needs the throbbing pulse which acts,
The will which changes dreams to facts;
He needs to know both right and wrong;
He needs to know men weak and strong;
To learn to think with healthful mind,
With creed as broad as human kind;
He needs to feel that toil is great,
The architect of every fate.

But day is only half our lives,
And he half lives who always strives,
Who takes no survey of the field,
Who plants, but never plans the yield.

Go forth at night by peaceful seas,
And catch their wondrous melodies;
Go forth and hear the tide of fate
Which pulses through the Golden Gate,
While far to seaward breaks the moan
Of billows on sad Farallon.

There yield thyself unto the spell,
And let thy soul uplift and dwell
Beneath the searching, silent stars
That pierce like silver scimitars.
Then in the unimpassioned night
Thy soul shall feel diviner light,
Shall sit entranced as one who hears
The surging anthem of the spheres,
There dream of things of high estate,
Of deathless deeds which make men great,
Of burning words which flame like fire
And rouse a nation's deep desire,
Of noble thoughts which glorify,
Of fame and immortality.

O, it is grand to dream,—to play
With inspiration,—disarray
The mind so it may cleave the sea
Of thought, with godlike poise, soul free!
Like him who saw new worlds in space,
Thy finer vision now shall trace
A hint of higher mysteries,
A glimpse of possibilities
Which lie like undiscovered spheres
Within diviner atmospheres.
Thy mind shall hold a broader plan,
Thy heart confess a truer man;
And day, no more a weary round
Of toiling hours, of jarring sound,
Shall come to thee with new intent,
Thy time of grand accomplishment.

AT THE SUMMIT.

Not to the southern savanna
That pants for the clasp of the sea,
Nor yet to the peaks of Montana,
White-mitered in chastity—
But here, O, my fair Sierra,
I come like a child to thy breast,
Confessing my heart's bitter error,
Lamenting its burning unrest.

Here only, O, marvelous mountains,
Sublime, serene and unmoved,
I drink a new faith from thy fountains
And feel my forebodings unproved.
The stars are nearer and kinder,
The air seems clearer to sight,
And worlds that await but the finder
Are faint on the verge of the night.

J. Edgar Jones

Far down, unaware of this glory,
The buried earth lies at my feet—
Shall I take them this balm salvatory?
Will they know it is healing and sweet?
Or will they pronounce this a vision,
And me but a coiner of dreams
Deserving their wiser derision,
Their jests and significant gleams?

What matters how plodders shall take it?
The grandeur of truth must be sung;
And the sneering of fools shall not shake it,
Where once its accents have rung.
And builder, and singer, and dreamer
Shall dream, and shall sing, and shall build,
For the world will forget the vain schemer
When the mission of these is fulfilled.

THE MAID OF ST. HELENA.

Across the long, vine-covered land
She gazed, with lifted, shading hand.

Behind were hillsides, purple, brown;
Before were vineyards sloping down;

While northward rose, through golden mist,
St. Helen's mount of amethyst.

But forest, vine and mountain height
Were less divinely benedight

Than she who so serenely stood
To gaze on mountain, vine and wood.

Her presence breathed in sweet excess
The fragrance of rare loveliness—

A simple beauty in her face,
And in her form a simple grace.

She was so perfect and so fair,
So like a vision, and so rare,

The air that touched her seemed to me
To thrill with trembling ecstasy.

Spell-bound, for fear she might not stay,
I stood afar in sweet dismay.

At last, she sang some olden song,
I did not know its tale of wrong;

I only knew the oriole's note
Grew garrulous within its throat—

It seemed so shameful birds should sing
To silence so divine a thing.

She faded, singing, from my sight,
A dream of beauty and delight;

And I, with unconsenting will,
Retraced my footsteps down the hill.

I. EDGAR JONES.

I. EDGAR JONES was born at Liverpool, England, coming to this country with his parents when but eight years old. They settled upon a farm in Oneida county, N. Y., and there their son was brought up, working hard upon the farm in summer, going to the country school in winter, and studying in the evenings to gain that knowledge for which such youths hunger and strive.

At fifteen he became a telegrapher and, taking a position in Missouri during the last year of the war, enlisted there and became a boy soldier in the Union Army. Some years later, having distinguished himself by tact and remarkable courage in dealing with turbulent Indian tribes, he became a commander of Texan Rangers, and was distinguished for the cool courage and dogged determination with which he hunted down and killed or dispersed the desperadoes, who in robber gangs then infested the Mexican frontier. Later he became a journalist, and has served as chief editor or editorial writer upon some of the leading newspapers, winning high rank among them. He has also owned several journals, and was as successful in business management as in the higher field of editorial work. He early became a contributor to periodicals, and for years has ranked high as a poet. Mr. Jones has traveled extensively, especially in Central and South America and Mexico, and for years his career was one of adventure, full of stirring events. He lived in the South for a time, and it was here I first met him, at first as his political foe, deeply prejudiced against him as a Northern man outspoken in his views. We at once wrote to places in which he had lived, hoping to find something against him, but found that everywhere he had been highly esteemed, a leader in church and society, one of whom even his political enemies spoke well. His genial nature, manliness, powers as a writer and public speaker, and withal his unfailing kindliness were upon us, and we became his firm friends.

In western Maryland and at Washington and the South, as well as in other cities in which he has lived, his friends were the leaders in literature and society, while they and he corresponded with and were the friends of such men as Longfellow and Holland, who valued his work. I have heard both speak in high terms of him.

Some years ago he became proprietor of a leading Indianapolis newspaper, but for a year or two has lived at Muskegon, Michigan, being editor of the leading paper in that city. He has always been a religious man, an active worker in Sunday

school, and no man ever found in him anything at variance with the character of the true Christian gentleman.

Mr. Jones is a bachelor, genial, quiet, unassuming, active and athletic, emphatically one of those well-balanced men who have a sound mind in a sound body, one who has it in his power to take high rank among the literary workers of the age. I know no better example of a thoroughly-equipped and entirely self-made American.

R. H. L.

A NATURE PRAYER.

O, BIRDS, that sing such thankful psalms
Rebuking human fretting,
Teach us your secret of content,
Your science of forgetting;
For every life must have its ills,
You too have hours of sorrow;
Teach us, like you, to lay them by,
And sing again to-morrow;
For gems of darkest jet may lie
Within a golden setting,
And he is wise who understands
The science of forgetting.

O, palms, that bow before the gale
Until its peaceful ending,
Teach us your yielding linked with strength,
Your graceful art of bending;
For every tree must meet the gale,
Each heart encounter sorrow;
Teach us, like you, to bow, that we
May stand erect to-morrow.
For there is strength in humble grace,
Its wise disciples shielding;
And he is wise who understands
The happy art of yielding.

O, brooks, which laugh all night, all day,
With voice of sweet seduction,
Teach us your art of laughing still
At every new obstruction;
For every life has eddies deep
And rapids fiercely dashing,
Sometimes through gloomy caverns forced,
Sometimes in sunlight flashing;
Yet there is wisdom in your way,
Your laughing waves and wimples
Teach us your gospel of content,
The secret of your dimples.

O, trees, that stand in forest ranks,
Tall, strong, erect and sightly,
Your branches arched in noble grace,
Your leaflets laughing lightly,
Teach us your firm and quiet strength,
Your secret of extraction
From slimy darkness in the soil
The grace of life and action;
For they are rich who understand
The secret of combining
The good that's hidden deep in earth
With that where suns are shining.

O, myriad forms of earth and air,
Of lake, and sea, and river,
Which make our landscapes glad and fair
To glorify The Giver,
Teach us to learn the lessons hid
In each familiar feature,
The mystery which still perfects
Each low or lofty creature;
For God is good, and life is sweet,
And suns are brightly shining
To glad the gloom and thus rebuke
The folly of repining.

Each night is followed by the day,
Each storm by fairer weather,
While all the works of nature sing
Their psalms of joy together.
Then learn, O, heart, the song of hope;
Cease, soul, thy thankless sorrow;
For though the clouds be dark to-day,
The sun shall shine to-morrow.
Learn well from bird, and tree, and rill,
The sin of dark resentment,
And know the greatest gift of God
Is faith and sweet contentment.

VEILED HARMONIES.

SWEETER the songs forever unsung
Than the psalms which found their voices;
Back of the thought which found a pen
A happier thought rejoices;
And the grandest wonders hide and sleep
In the space profound of the voiceless deep.

Nobler the landscapes unrevealed
Than those that have charmed our seeing;
Greater the things as yet unborn
Than those that have found a being;
And the brightest glories bathed in light
Are the ghosts of grander veiled from sight.

Sweet are the echoes soft and clear,
But the soul of sound is sweeter;
Glad are the joys which break in smiles,
But the sealed ones are completer;
And back of the loves our idols win
Are the deep heart secrets sealed within.

Never as good the pictured scene
  As the harvest rich and fruity;
Never a view that charmed thy soul,
  But covered a nobler beauty;
And the scents which burden the evening hours
Left a sweeter locked in the soul of flowers.

Never a kind word but concealed
  A love-thought still more tender;
Never a sunset but reflects
  The gold of a greater splendor;
And everything to a man revealed
Is the shade of a grander thing concealed.

Some day shall come from their deep retreats
  Great thoughts which the years are screening;
Some day shall break through the words and songs
  The soul of their matchless meaning;
And the shadows hiding the heavens from view
Reveal the substance from which they grew—
God's marvelous secrets shining through.

NEBULOUS PHILOSOPHY.

She came from Concord's classic shades, on Reason's throne she sat,
And wove intricate arguments to prove, in language pat,
The Whichness of the Wherefore, and the Thisness of the That.

She scorned ignoble subjects—each groveling household care—
But tuned her lofty soul to prove the Airiness of Air,
And twisted skeins of logic 'round the Whatness of the Where.

To lower natures leaving the dollars and the sense,
She soared above the level of commonplace pretense,
And molded treatises which proved the Thatness of the Thence.

Her glorious purpose to reveal the Thinkfulness of Thought,
To trace each line by Somewhat on the Somehow's surface wrought,
To picture forms of Whynots from the Whatnot's meaning caught.

To cultivate our spirits with the Whyfore's classic plow,
To benefit the Thereness with the highness of the How,
To flood the dark with radiance from the Thisness of the Now.

"What good has she accomplished?" Oh, never doubt her thus!
It *must* be useful to reveal the Plusness of the Plus,
To illustrate with corkscrew words the Whichness of the Us.

Mock not, poor common mortal, when thoughts like these appear,
Illumining our labors with the Howness of the Here,
And blazing like a comet through the Nowness of the Near.

Some day in realms eternal such grand mist-haunted souls
Inscribe the words of Whichness on Wherefore-antic scrolls,
In that great world of Muchness which through the Maybe rolls.

Then shall we each acknowledge the Whyness of the Whence,
Each understands completely with Sensefulness of Sense,
The Thusness of the Therefore, the Thatness of the Thence.

BROWN EYES.

You may sing me a song of the eyes that are bluest,
  Of golden locks catching the gleam of the sun,
And say that the blondes are the brightest and truest,
  But prove it you can not, my friend, when you've done:
For I know of brown eyes that have love in their embers,
  That look in my own with a glance fond and true
As any that shoot from a little blonde maiden
  Their arrows of love from the eyes that are blue.

There are dark locks that mingle with mine in the gloaming,
  That gracefully wave at my gentle caress,
And a true little heart that is tired of roaming,
  Though sheltered by only a calico dress;
For it came to me once, at the call of affection,
  And now finds its happiest home on my breast;
Nor danger exists there of doubt or defection,
  For the bird nestles safe in its love-guarded nest.

Her cheeks are as red as the brightest June roses,
  As roses seek sunshine turn they unto me,
And she lists to the voice that delights in her praises,
  Or talks of a theme on which both can agree:

For love finds response in affectionate phrases,
While the long lashes tremble and gently fall down,
Like curtains that guard with their fringed lids' protection
The true love enshrined in the eyes that are brown.

A country-born maiden, a little wood-blossom,
I found from the din of the city afar,
And fate led me there to the shrine of affection,
Like wise men of old by the light of a star;
So, night after night, in the calm of the twilight,
We watched it together and learned to be wise,
For love looked at me as I watched its reflection
Down deep in the depths of her beautiful eyes.

Do you think that the azure is brighter than amber?
The love in its looks more enduring and true?
So be it; but give me the brown eyes to guide me,
Whose light in my life-thoughts eclipses the blue;
The heart that can cling to its chosen companion,
Whose eyes for my sorrow with pity are pearled,
Whose laugh wakes the soul-songs asleep in my nature,
Whose arms form the bounds of my happiest world.

So I place all my faith in this little wild blossom,
This flower that no fashion hath withered or stirred,
And love with fond trust the demure little maiden
Who staked all her life on the weight of my word;
Nor care I for state and its shallow attractions,
The hollow philosophy, heartless and cold,
That lives in vain pomp and its evil distractions,
To plate with its pewter the genuine gold.
God grant that the future hath joy for our reaping,
That shadows of sorrows I never shall see
In the beautiful eyes that hold fast in their keeping
The faith and the fates of the future for me.

POETRY.

To trace a picture graved in song, to balance and combine
The homeliest things with links which join the human and divine:
A perfect grace in every word, a soul in every line.
To make of swiftly-changing things great thoughts which never change,
To fly from flower to flower for sweets through Nature's boundless range,
And out of treasures culled to weave a pattern rich and strange.

—*The Task of the Poets.*

AUGUSTA COOPER BRISTOL.

AUGUSTA COOPER was born in 1835 in Craydon, N. H., and was the youngest of ten children. Her first verses were written at the age of eight, and she had poems published when only fifteen. She was precocious in mathematics and showed in her early life an aptitude for logical and philosophical reasoning. The better part of her education was acquired at a public school, but she was also a student at Canaan Union Academy and Kimball Union Academy. She began teaching at fifteen and was thus employed summer and winter for seven years.

At twenty-two years of age Miss Cooper married G. H. Kimball, a printer, from whom she was divorced five years later. In 1866 she married Louis Bristol, a lawyer of New Haven, Conn., and removed to southern Illinois. In 1869 she published a volume of poems, and in this year gave her first public lecture, which latter circumstance seems to have changed the course of her intellectual career.

In 1872 she moved to Vineland, N. J., her present residence, from which date she has been called more and more before the public as a platform speaker. For four years she was president of the Ladies' Social Science Class in Vineland, N. J., giving lessons from Spencer and Carey every month. In the winter of 1880 she gave a course of lectures before the New York Positivist Society on "The Evolution of Character," followed by another course under the auspices of the Woman's Social Science Club of that city. In the following June she was sent by parties in New York to study the Equitable Association of Labor and Capital at the Familistère, at Guise, in France, founded by M. Godin. She was also commissioned to represent the New York Positivist Societry at an international convention of liberal thinkers at Brussels in September. Remaining at the Familistère for three months, and giving a lecture on the "Scientific Basis of Morality" before the Brussels convention, she returned home and published the "Rules and Statutes" of the association at Guise. In 1881 she was chosen state lecturer of the Patrons of Husbandry in New Jersey, and in the autumn of the following year was employed on a national lecture bureau of that order.

Since her husband's decease, which occurred in December, 1882, Mrs. Bristol has appeared but seldom on the public platform. For the last two years she has been the national superintendent of the Labor and Capital Department in the Woman's Christian Temperance Union.

As a poet Mrs. Bristol weaves her earnest thoughts and tender fancies together with a natural and easy grace. Her ideas are clothed in pure and womanly, as well as tuneful, words.

But Mrs. Bristol is better known as a speaker than as a writer. While she constructs fewer verses than formerly, she is, however, none the less a poet.

She is a woman of medium height, and though not a blonde, she is of the type of woman called fair, with silken golden-brown hair and blue eyes. She has a fascinating personality, is not a mere rhapsodist, but is simply and naturally eloquent rather than rhetorical L. V. B.

THE "PIXIE."

SWEET child of April, I have found thy place
Of deep retirement; where the low swamp ferns
Curl upward from their sheaths, and lichens creep
Upon the fallen bough, and mosses dank
Deepen and brighten; where the ardent sun
Doth enter with restrained and chastened beam,
And the light cadence of the blue-bird's song
Doth falter in the cedar. There the spring
In quietude hath wrought the sweet surprise
And marvel of thy unobtrusive bloom.

Most perfect symbol of my dearest thought;
A thought so close and warm within my heart
No words can shape its secret, and no prayer
Can breathe its sacredness. Be thou my type,
And breathe to one who wanders here at dawn
The deep dvotion which, transcending speech,
Lights all the folded silence of my heart
As thy sweet beauty doth the shadow here.
So let thy clusters brighten, star on star
Of pink and white, about his ling'ring feet,
Till, dreaming and enchanted, there shall pass
Into his life the story that my soul
Hath given thee. So shall his will be stirred
To purest purpose and divinest deed,
And every hour be touched with grace and light.

HEART AZALEAS.

SOFTLY I slept in the green of my garden,
Sweetly I dreamed of the coming dawn;
Innocence waited as watcher and warden,
Keeping the curtain of mystery drawn.
But miracles came with the pulse of the morning
Into my being; I woke with a start;
The young tree of Love without budding or warning
Had suddenly sprung into bloom in the heart.
Love's own azalea! Crimson azalea!
Wonderful bloom in the green of the heart!

Such an aurora of halo resplendent
Seemed to the world and the universe given!
Earth was enwrapt in a glory transcendent
Close in the tender embraces of Heaven.
Oh, I was brave in an ecstatic passion!
Ruler of Fate and creator of Art!
For Love is the empress of law and of fashion
When her red blossom unfolds in the heart.
Love's own azalea! Crimson azalea!
Wonderful bloom in the green of the heart!

Yet while I exulted and laughed in the morning,
The beautiful blossom was touched with decay;
Its death, like its advent, had come without warning
And stolen the charm of existence away.
Oh, there was loneliness, darkness and sorrow!
Faith lifted quickly her wing to depart!
Hope had no promise or lease of to-morrow
When the red bloom had dropped out of my heart.
Love's own azalea! Crimson azalea!
Blossoms but once in the green of the heart.

Then to the desolate places of spirit,
Toilers and helpers came in at my need;
Over the furrows of scorn and demerit
Angels were stooping to scatter the seed.
Oh, it was joy, after waiting and praying,
To feel the faint pulse of the buried seed start!
And it was bliss worth the pain and delaying
When a white bud opened out in my heart.
Love's white azalea! Perfect azalea!
Slowly it grows into bloom in my heart.

Meanings that lurked in subtle concealment
Now to my purified vision are given;
Life is an earnest and sacred revealment;
Earth is the twilight that brightens to heaven;
Duty is Beauty in saintlier whiteness;
Truth is sublimer than Genius or Art;
And the specter of sorrow is crowned with a brightness
As pure as the blossom that grows in my heart.
Love's white azalea! Perfect azalea!
Slowly it grows into bloom in my heart.

Such an eternity opens before me:
Vision o'ermatching the pain and the cost!
While Hope ever whispers that heaven will restore me
The essence and soul of the blossom I lost.
Time can not lessen and doubt can not smother
The hope that my blossoms will each form a part

Of the heaven that is coming, the one and the other,
To open for aye in the angelic heart.
Crimson azalea! Snowy azalea!
Love has no loss in the angelic heart.

THE BIRD-SONG.

UPON the southern porch I sit
And smile to see the summer come;
I can not count the wings that flit
Or bees that hum.

I watch the July blossom turn
Its sweet heart-center to the light,
The sun-wrought secret in its urn
Revealed to sight.

I hear the drip of woodland springs,
Where the wild roses lean across
To mingle fragrant whisperings
Above the moss.

I feel the fingers of the breeze
Caressingly my hair entwine,
And think that touches such as these
Are half divine.

But most I marvel at a bird,
That trills a wild and wondrous note;
The sweetest sound that ever stirred
A warbler's throat.

He perches not in leafy nooks,
But seeks a tree-top, gaunt and bare,
That all the woodland overlooks,
And warbles there.

Incarnate melody! Serene
He bides upon the summit high,
Where not a leaf can intervene
'Twixt song and sky.

Perchance some angel, loving me,
Hides in the plumage of the bird
And wins me with the sweetest plea
That e'e was heard,

And bids my human heart forego
Earth's easy coverts, cool and green,
The long-drawn aisles of pomp and show,
Wealth's flower screen,

And the poor words of worldly praise,
So cheaply bought, yet held so dear,
That I one song for Truth may raise
Divinely clear,

With not a laurel leaf between
The sunlight and my lifted eye,
Or earthly shade to intervene
'Twixt soul and sky.

EMMA HUNTINGTON NASON.

MRS. NASON is a native of Hallowell, Maine. She is of stanch Puritan descent, her father, Samuel Huntington (a name not without distinguished representatives in other generations), being directly descended from Simon and Margaret Huntington, who emigrated from Norwich, England, to Massachusetts in 1639; while the family of the mother, Sally Mayo, was founded in this country in the same year by the Rev. John Mayo, one of the original settlers of Barnstable, Cape Cod, and first pastor of the second church, Boston.

Mrs. Nason attended the Hallowell Academy for a time, and afterwards was gradutated from Kent's Hill, Maine. When only twelve years old she began to write in verse, and her poems were published in the Portland *Transcript*. For several years she wrote under the name of John G. Andrews, but was finally persuaded to appear under her own name. Since then she has been a frequent contributor to *The Independent*, *The Churchman*, *The Commonwealth*, etc., although she has been especially interested in writing for young people.

Before the publication of her volume, "White Sails," she was chosen one of ten poets whose ballads, beautifully illustrated, appear in a volume entitled, "Children's Ballads from History and Folk Lore."

Mrs. Nason is an enthusiastic student of German literature, being very fond of that language. Moreover she wields a brush with almost as much grace as she does the pen. She has a face in which do meet "sweet records, and promises as sweet." In her dark eyes one sees "thought folded over thought." Hers is a face which must be very grave, indeed, in her hours of meditation when writing such a poem as "Simon the Cyrene." Yet she is an optimist, happily; a woman, too, whose lightest word and movement are stamped by refinement. K. V.

THE BISHOP'S VISIT.

TELL you about it? Of course I will!
I thought 't would be dreadful to have him come,
For mamma said *I* must be quiet and still;
And she put away my whistle and drum,

And made me unharness the parlor chairs,
And packed my cannon and all the rest
Of my noisiest playthings off up-stairs,
On account of this very distinguished guest.

Then every room was turned upside down,
And all the carpets hung out to blow;
For when the Bishop is coming to town
The house must be in order, you know.

So out in the kitchen I made my lair,
  And started a game of hide-and-seek;
But Bridget refused to have me there,
  For the Bishop was coming, to stay a week;

And she must make cookies, and cakes, and pies,
  And fill every closet, and platter, and pan,
Till I thought this Bishop, so great and wise,
  Must be an awfully hungry man.

Well, at last he came; and I do declare,
  Dear grandpapa, he looked just like you,
With his gentle voice, and his silvery hair,
  And eyes with a smile a-shining through.

And whenever he read, or talked, or prayed
  I understood every single word,
And I wasn't the leastest bit afraid,
  Though I never once spoke or stirred.

Till, all of a sudden, he laughed right out
  To see me sit quietly listening so;
And began to tell us stories about
  Some queer little fellows in Mexico.

And all about Egypt and Spain—and then
  He *was n't* disturbed by a little noise,
But said that the greatest and best of men
  Once were rollicking, healthy boys.

And he thinks it is no matter at all
  If a little boy runs, and jumps, and climbs;
And mamma should be willing to let me crawl
  Through the banister-rails in the hall sometimes.

And Bridget, sir, made a great mistake
  In stirring up such a bother, you see,
For the Bishop—he did n't care for cake,
  And really liked to play games with me.

But though he 's so honored in word and act—
  (Stoop down, for this is a secret, now)—
He could n't spell Boston! That 's a fact!
  But whispered to me to tell him how.

GLENDARE.

The wild torrents plunge o'er the falls of Glendare;
  The cliffs of Glendarock hang high with a frown;
And night, from the hill-tops sodden and bare,
  In its gray, sleety cloak with the storm-wind comes down.

Roy of the Highlands, he hastes from the seas,
  But my Lady Glendare no longer can wait;
Like a wan spectral shape in the shadow she flees,
  While the warden sleeps sound at the stout castle-gate.

Faster, oh, faster! my Lady Glendare!
  Thy black-hearted lover will close on thee soon!
He rideth behind on the wings of the air,
  As the black-hearted tempest rides after the moon.

And faster, my lad, from the free Highland hill!
  Let each sail to the winds! Let each breath be a prayer!
For her life blood runs slow and her life blood runs chill:
  She hath beckoned to death—my Lady Glendare!

She heareth the clangor of armor behind,
  The tramping of horsemen afar o'er the land,
But never the flapping of sails in the wind,
  Or the noise of the keel as it grates on the sand.

The wild torrents plunge o'er the falls of Glendare;
  There are horsemen above, there are boatmen below;
But the waters have tangled my lady's bright hair,
  And her bosom is cold as the winter's white snow.

She heeds not the voice of the brave Highland lad,
  She heeds not, she hears not his wail of despair;
Wrap her deftly, though late, in the bright Scottish plaid—
  My sweet, winsome lady, my Lady Glendare!

THE TOWER.

I am the tower of Belus—the tower! yes, I!
Under the rifting lines of the gloaming's tremulant sky,
Under the shifting signs of the ages circling by,
I stand in the might of the mighty—the tower of Belus, I!
Who are these at my feet, like pigmies, scorched in the sun?
Who, but the petty hordes of a race that has just begun?
It matters little to me whether prince or Bedouin stand,
Or the lizard creep at my feet, or the jackal up from the sand.
What does the time-bound traveler know of the dim by-gone—
What can he tell of the glory that died with the world's bright dawn,
More than the sun of the desert? the slim, green, creeping things?
The night-owl fast in his crevice? the bat with his ghostly wings?

Each in his own way imagines the past and the yet-to-be;
Each to himself is greatest: equal alike to me!
I am the tower of Belus; ages unnumbered are mine;
Mightier I than the gods who dreamed themselves divine!

Is this the grandest of rivers, that rolled like a king to the sea,
Crying, "I am the great Euphrates! bring all your tithes unto me"?
How the ships with their treasured freight went down to their rocky bed!
Are these ghouls, insatiate still, with grinning mouths to be fed,
That you burst your stony embankments, ravaging meadow and fen,
Making drearier drear desolation, in scorn for the arts of men?
Ah! Babylonia, where—ah! where is thy fruitful plain
Spreading sea-like unto the ocean its billowy fields of grain?
Where now is the mighty city secure with its brazen gates
And walls on whose towering fastness the Assyrian warrior waits,
His milk-white steeds in war-gear, his blazoned flags unfurled,
Hurling in grim defiance his challenge out to the world?
Where are the toiling millions who wrought with their cunning skill
Sweet dreams of a fair ideal in forms that were fairer still?
Oh! Babylon's looms are silent; in silence dead are the plains;
And dead are city and soldier; the tower alone remains.

I am the tower of Belus! I stand in the grasp of fate!
I and the Semitic princess, together we watch and wait,
She for her lover's coming, I for oblivion's knell;
Which with the greater longing the heavens alone can tell.
Is there any joy in existence void of hope or of fears,
In painless, slow dissolution through thousands of weary years?
Or rest for the ghost of the maiden that alike in life and in death,
While years into centuries ripen, and centuries wane, keeps faith?
She counts not night nor morning, but each new moon to greet
She cometh with shadowy garments, whose subtle perfume sweet,
From balms forever forgotten, floats over the secret bed
Where her lover, impatient, is sleeping the sleep of the restless dead.
For had he not said, "Beloved, come at the mystical hour
When the young moon lightens with silver the shade of the mighty tower"?
Had he not sworn, "Though I perish! though Belus lie in the dust"—
And the trust of a loving woman is blind and unending trust.

Three hands were joined at their parting, three voices breathing love's breath;
The voice of the third was ghostly, its hand was the hand of death:
And the white stone goddess had shivered while the glowing of the sunset dyes
Had deepened in one broad blood-streak and blazed in the western skies;
But the maiden, unheeding the omen, hears only her lover's last oath,
Nor dreams that her life has been purchased with this as he dieth for both;
The grave that is reeking with vengeance no tale of its mystery brings—
Gods!—he was a Tyrian soldier, she the daughter of kings!
And what but death can be reckoned as price of unequal love,
And what but the vow recorded by direful fates above
Could save the life of the maiden?—the vow that never again,
While the tower of mighty Belus o'ershadows the haunts of men
With its ancient and storied grandeur—ay, more! that never the while
One upright stone shall be standing alight with the young moon's smile,
Shall body or ghost of the soldier under its shadow wait:
But death is longer than life-time, and love is stronger than fate!

There were hope e'en yet for the tower, standing stark and alone,
Had the flames of an altar-fire e'er burned in its heart of stone;
Had the depths of its adamant bosom e'er thrilled with a love or a hate,

Very truly Yours,
Hu. Maxwell.

Stern destiny's grip must have slackened sooner
or late.
I am the tower of Belus! Can the story be writ-
ten, "I was"?
Shall the tide of an ended existence flow back to
the primal cause
Which sent it first into being, and records of age
sublime
In utter nothingness vanish under the finger of
time?
Hist! a jar in the ragged brickwork! it totters,
and now is still;
I can feel the sand slow trickling with a cold, un-
earthly thrill;
Perchance but a stone is falling—perchance it is
death's last throe—
Ay! under the young moon's glitter I catch the
roseate glow
Of the maiden's royal mantle; the clang of a
mailèd tread
Tells that the past has canceled its debt which
held the dead.
He cometh with step triumphant! he readeth the
fateful sign;
The last grim arch is shattered which linked their
lot with mine.

Ah, fate, to the last relentless! thy vassal allegi-
ance owns—
Go back to your cities, O stranger! write, "Belus,
a heap of stones."

WHITE SAILS.

Prelude

At dawn they sailed! a dancing, white-winged fleet;
With freight of children's souls, sped to the sea,
The waves, in-coming, dipped and smiled to meet
Glad childish faces flushed with hope and glee;
And soft winds blew, their untried sails to greet,
While sea and air quivered with melody.

No swift "God speed" the happy voyagers lack;
From them a song sweeps shoreward on the
breeze;
And we, whose eyes but yesterday turned back,
Follow the wake of white-sailed argosies.
Nor cloud, nor storm, can dim the shining track
Across the harbor, left by ships like these.

HOME.

Oh! Love of Home! who clings to thee
Drifts not astray nor far!
Be thou, for aye, upon Life's sea
The children's guiding star!

—*The Return of the Northmen.*

HU MAXWELL.

THE boyhood home of Hu Maxwell was far back among the Allegheny mountains in West Virginia, where the water wells pure from the earth, and the sky is serene above, and the greenness and the freshness of the primeval woodlands whisper to the soul of man, and "nature speaks with a myriad tongue that life is there." Beneath the hills, and among the forests, and by the brooks that played through the shadows, he spent his early years. It has been said of him that he never had any companions or playmates. He walked by the river, and climbed the mountains, and strolled through out-of-way places, and always alone. The rocks and rills, the leaves and trees, and flowers, and the whole inanimate world were his companions. That love of nature and that worship of the beautiful grew into his character and became himself. What he was as a boy he is as a man.

His progress at school was discouraging. In fact there were few educational advantages in that rural country. At home he was surrounded by culture and refinement, for his parents were highly educated, but beyond his own home there was a deplorable illiteracy. His mother took his education under her special care, and instructed him in the primary branches and in algebra and Latin. A turn for mathematics was inherited from his father.

In course of time the poet entered college and at nineteen years of age graduated at the head of his class. He aspired to a cadet engineership in the navy, but was rejected on account of defective eyesight. He studied law, but soon saw that it did not suit him, and he quit it. For a short time he taught Latin and Greek in the St. George Academy. Having purchased a newspaper, he spent a time as editor, and in the meanwhile published in a volume of six hundred pages a history of his native county. This work has been pronounced a model of what a local history should be. Before his twenty-first year he had lectured on subjects of archæology. Twice before his twenty-fifth year he had been chosen poet of the West Virginia Press Association, and had been elected Mayor of his town. Before that time he had seen many parts of America, extending his travels to Mexico and California. He followed no beaten paths. His way was through forests and deserts and over mountains, and all the while his guiding spirit was that love of nature which developed in his early years. What to him as a boy was only a dream, he has realized; and strange lands, and islands of the

Pacific, and the forests of Spanish America, and the mountains on the frontiers of Alaska, have taken the place of the brooks, and woods, and hills of his boyhood. He travels alone, often passes days and weeks beyond the borders of civilization, spending the day searching for new things, and at night sleeping on the seashore, or in the desert, or in the crater of some extinct volcano, but always full of enthusiasm and hope. Still under thirty years of age, and with a constitution capable of withstanding any hardship or exposure, and with an energy invincible, his ambition to be a great traveler may be realized. To those not intimately acquainted with him he appears what he is not—cold and distant in nature. His chosen friends are not many, but highly prized by him. He is an intense student of books and carries with him always some favorite author. Considering how much of his life has been spent in activity, few men of his years have read more extensively than he. He has studied the literatures of many languages, a few in the original, but more in translations.

He has written verse all his life and has contributed to various newspapers. In 1889 he published "Idyls of the Golden Shore," a small volume of poems, which was not well received by the critics. The faults pointed out were those of which he himself was conscious, principally due to haste and a lack of condensation. He writes too much to write the best. His ability undoubtedly lies more in prose than in verse, yet when he has taken time to write with care, his poetry shows no mean power. A. W. F.

THE CONQUEST.

When you were alone this even,
Ada May,
Did you hear the soft winds whisper
In their play?
Did you hear them sighing, sighing,
O'er the withered roses lying
Where the butterflies were flying
All the day?

Zephyrs worship you and love you
More and more;
As you pass the flowers are bending
To adore.
Bluest blossoms bow before you,
Orange blossoms quiver o'er you,
Plead to kiss you and adore you
Evermore.

Truly you will not be cruel,
Ada May!
You will let me hear you singing
Far away?
You'll not frown when I come nearer
So that I can hear you clearer,
If I'm quiet, dear and dearer
Ada May?

Ah, I know you will not chide me,
For you know
That I came to hear you singing
Soft and low.
And I came to sit beside you,
Where the manzanitas hide you,
And the breezes sweetly chide you
As they blow.

Velvet fig-leaves cluster o'er us,
Ada May;
Cute blue quails are peeping at us
In their play;
And about us shadows shiver,
Blossoms o'er us quake and quiver
Like the sunlight on a river
Far away.

CALIFORNIA.

Fair western realm that borders on the sea,
Kissed by the sun's last ray at eventide,
Full many a true, true heart has beat for thee,
Adored and loved thee with devoted pride.

I, too, although a stranger on thy shore,
Would claim thee for a season as my own;
Thou dream-like country, radiant evermore,
No sun on fairer land has ever shone.

And I have loved thy valleys calm and still;
I've roamed at random o'er thy boundless plains;
I've lingered long on many and many a hill,
Where nature sleeps in peace and silence reigns.

Thy snow-white mountains rising to the sky
Have thronged my spirit with submissive dread,
Thrilled with the panorama wild and high,
Among creation's tombs of mighty dead.

And I have rested, there above the clouds,
On rocky crags wrapped in eternal snow,
While mists, like sailing ships with silver shrouds,
Swept white and wonderful afar below.

I've loved thy storms at times; for in the hour
Of tempests and tornadoes I can feel
A grandeur in the gloom of darkest power,
When thoughts rush forth too mighty to conceal.

Then, land of rapture, fairer and more bright
  Than other realms of earth, I came to thee,
And loved thee; left thee, but thy summer light
  Will beam in splendor evermore for me.

BUENA VISTA.

Ye summits of Sierras! I am here;
I pause, and westward look for the last time.
Beneath me far the rolling hills appear,
And farther down is Sacramento's clime,
Wrapped in the fullness of the spring sublime.
From southward, but beyond my vision's ken,
Flows the Joaquin, the grandest theme of rhyme
E'er touched upon by bard's poetic pen.
I bid ye all adieu, but I will come again.

My way is east across the continent,
To lands where angry winters rave and roar;
But, ere I turn, I pause in my intent
And look again on California's shore.
The more I linger here, I love thee more.
Those undulating hills and plains below,
To me they overthrong with legend lore,
And in time's mighty current rise and flow,
As mysteries and dreams from out the long ago.

Around about me lie the century snows,
The snows that I have seen from plains afar,
All glittering in the light that ever glows
In summer days when skies all azure are.
And here I am where thunders scathe and scar
The crags, and in deep echoes live and roll
In dread when winter drags his booming car.
And here I am! I feel my panting soul
Rise into ecstasy and throb beyond control.

The golden shore beneath me to the west,
Even in the distance beauteous more and more,
In verdure of the spring-time proudly dressed,
O beauteous, beauteous, beauteous Golden Shore!
To east I go where mountains cold and hoar
Frown o'er Nevada, gloomy, waste and drear;
But farther lands than these to wander o'er
Is now my task; the eastern plains appear.
Farewell, thou Golden Shore! The parting hour
  is near!

SYMPATHY.

So a woman's deep existence turns to him who
  speaks of love—
Turns to him who softly whispers words almost
  too low to hear;
But she knows the meaning, words are ne'er too
  low for woman's ear; [heart—
Meaning never is too hidden for the wisdom of her
To interpret love unspoken is a woman's native art.
—*The Bandit's Bride.*

ANNA OLCOTT COMMELIN.

Anna Olcott Commelin was born in Brooklyn, N. Y., and has resided all her life in that city. She was educated at the Brooklyn Heights Seminary, of which the late Professor Alonzo Gray was principal. She has always been interested in literature and literary pursuits, having a special fondness for poetry. She contributed many poems to the *Index*, a Boston paper, and she has also written for the *Open Court*, the *Christian Register*, the *Woman* magazine. In 1889 Mrs. Commelin collected and published a small volume of her poems, and has received kind notes of appreciation from several eminent literary personages. M. W. O.

SPIRITS TWAIN.

Through paths unfrequented,
All noiselessly, and as the lightning fleet,
By airy fancy or by sweet charm led,
  We pass on winged feet.

By day aloft we soar,
Piercing the heaven's limitless blue dome,
By night its glittering starry splendors o'er,
  Close, closer still we roam.

Then to the sapphire sea,
Where liquid emeralds and rubies glow,
Down into coral depths and treasures we
  Close, close together go!

Sometimes a darker spell
From saddest memory lures us with its trend,
Past the dark cypress in the yew-tree dell,
  Where over graves we bend.

We heed not bolt nor bar,
But enter at our will the palace gate,
With no credentials but as guests from far;
  We neither stand nor wait.

We know no bound nor mete
In sky, in cloud, in sea, in air at home;
On mountain peaks afar, with silent feet,
  O'er all the earth we roam.

Close, close, how close we cling!
Nor marriage rite, nor thou, oh, child most dear!
Nor friend, long-tried and ever true, can bring
  Soul unto soul so near.

How finely tuned are we!
We know true hearts below the forms of speech.
Between no twain is subtle sympathy
  Closer than love can teach.

Yes, where have we not been
On land, on sea, on cloud or sunny sky?
What places dark, what spots so fair we've seen,
My thought, my thought and I!

WHEN SPRING-TIME COMETH ON.

When Spring-time cometh on,
When the first wind-flower lifts its fragile head,
And purple violets faintest perfume shed,
And earth her robe shall don
Of emerald velvet sown with dots of gold,
Shall I thy face behold?

When Spring-time comes again,
When fruit trees deck themselves in bridal white,
And bush and shrub with living bloom are bright,
And the soft, gentle rain
Falls on the world and droppeth in the mere,
Wilt thou be here?

When Summer shall return,
With wealth of chestnut bloom and crown of flowers,
With hum of bee and bird and drowsy hours,
In her face shall I learn,
While all her glowing, ripened charm I see,
Aught yet of thee?

When Autumn shall have sway,
When golden-rod and purple aster show
In beauty where the maples deepest glow
And light with flame the way,
And barberries in coral shall appear,
Wilt thou be near?

When Winter draweth nigh
And wraps her ermine o'er earth's clay cold breast,
And every tree in jeweled sheen is drest,
If I for thee shall sigh,
Shall I, in home's familiar fire-lit place,
Behold thy face?

Through change of seasons told,
Through Spring with elm tree buds and tender green,
And lavish Summer's pageantry of scene,
Through Autumn's red and gold,
And Winter's frost and jeweled tracery,
'Twere vain, oh, Love, earth's fairest things to see
Afar from thee.

Oh, Love! what guise soe'er
Thou takest, and in whom thy dwelling place,
Albeit form unlovely, fair thy face!
Oh, gift of heaven rare,
Fairer than light of day, than all things fair—
Thou art beyond compare!

FACES.

In the eye that lights to meet us and the face that smiles to greet us
Are the shadow of the future and the impress of the past;
And the cheek that in its dawning flushed as rosy as the morning
Shows the outline of its beauty as it fades away at last.

And the little children's faces—'mid their dimples are the traces
Of the maiden's glowing beauty and of manhood's brow of care;
And the prophecy of gladness, and the shadow of the sadness,
To the thoughtful eye that gazeth, are they lurking ever there.

But the faces that are nearest, and the faces that are dearest,
Are the true, the tender faces that our trust and loving win;
Then, when comes to them the shading, when the roses shall be fading,
Like the vase, with light illumined, shall we see the soul within.

MURILLO'S MAGDALENE.

I gaze upon thy soul-lit eyes upturned,
And oft I marvel that Murillo's grace,
In holy thought and holy musing learned,
Conceived the wondrous beauty of thy face.
What glow of sacred genius in him burned?
No stain of earth upon thy brow I trace.
Was face of mortal ever seen so fair?
Was face of mortal ever seen so sweet?
Lies on thy neck, unbound, thy flowing hair,
Which dried, with golden threads, thy Master's feet.
Methinks those eyes, which saw thy risen Lord,
Have held the glory in them everymore,
And high above all earthly thoughts they soar
To dwell in Heaven and see the things of God!

GEORGE ELIOT.

Back again across the ocean, wandering o'er the British Isles,
Through the fragrant English hedge-rows, where a landscape fresh beguiles,
But we need not find her birthplace, yet to know her honored name,
Poet, author, wisest thinker, world-wide in her self-made fame.

—*A Woman's Choice.*

Yours truly
Mary Baby Smith

MARY BARRY SMITH.

MISS MARY BARRY SMITH was born in Charlottetown, Prince Edward's Island, which now forms part of the Dominion of Canada. Her father, Rev. William Smith, a highly-esteemed minister of the Methodist Church, was a native of Nottingham, England. Her mother was the youngest daughter of the late Robert Barry, a Loyalist, who settled in Shelbourne, Nova Scotia, and whose name is widely known and honored as one prominently connected with the early settlement and development of that province. He became connected by marriage with a southern family, his wife being the sister of Rev. William Jessop, a poet-preacher, whose name is honorably recorded in the annals of early Methodism. In accordance with the itinerant system of the denomination to which he belonged, Mr. Smith made frequent removals with his family to different spheres of labor, and through the years of a successful ministry he resided in various towns and villages of Nova Scotia and the adjoining province. After his death the family took up their residence in St. John, N. B. The children of these parents, inheriting from their mother a marked poetic talent and gifted with a keen appreciation of all intellectual pursuits, were reared in an atmosphere of simplicity and refinement. They early discovered considerable literary ability; even their recreations partook largely of this character. For several years the sisters conducted a journal called *The Household Wreath*, editing it in turn and contributing to it articles in prose and verse over various signatures. This was read once a fortnight to the assembled household. Fugitive poems from the pen of each have since found their way to the public through different periodicals, while Miss Mary Barry has been a regular contributor to several popular magazines. Some of her earliest pieces appeared in the pages of the *Ladies' Repository*, a literary journal published in Cincinnati, while those of maturer years have compelled recognition in a wider field.

Of Miss Smith's personal characteristics, of the sensibility of her imagination and the depths of her sympathies, much may be known by her writings. In social life she displays considerable versatility. She is animated in conversation and possesses a somewhat remarkable memory, which has been richly stored. She has given some attention to the study of elocution, and on occasions will consent to gratify her friends by the rendition of her favorite authors. Of late years artistic pursuits have divided her attention with those purely literary. She is perhaps better known in St. John as an artist than as a writer. Her studio contains some very successful expressions of skill in oil and water colors, and she finds a rare pleasure on summer afternoons in transferring to canvas the picturesque bits of scenery, the rocks and wharves, fishing vessels and weirs with which the harbor of St. John abounds.

It is her intention at an early day to collect her poems and issue them in a volume, illustrated by her own pencil. A. H. E.

ELSWITHA.

ELSWITHA knitteth the stocking blue,
  In the flickering firelight's glow;
Dyed are her hands in its ruddy hue,
And it glints on the shining needles, too,
  And flashes her cap of snow.

Elswitha dreameth a waking dream,
  As busy her fingers ply;
And it lights her eye with its olden gleam,
For the world seems now as it used to seem,
  And the things far off are nigh,

The things far off in the lapse of years,
  Dead faces and loves outgrown.
Oh, many a form at her side appears,
And many a voice in her soul she hears,
  And many a long-hushed tone.

For Memory walks through her halls to-night,
  A torch in her lifted hand,
And, lo! at the sound of her footstep light,
They shake them free from the dust and blight
  And, trooping, around her stand.

Bright curls of auburn and braids of brown,
  With the sunlight sifted through,
And foreheads, white as the hawthorn's crown,
And garlands fresh as when last thrown down,
  Ay, fresher in scent and hue!

They come from aisles of the buried past,
  From the faded long ago,
From sepulchers old, and dim, and vast,
They come, with their grave-clothes from them cast,
  To stand in this firelight glow!

And weird is the charm they weave, I trow!
  Elswitha is young and fair,
Gone are the furrows and tear stains now,
Gone are the wrinkles from hand and brow,
  The silver from shining hair.

Gone are the years with their heavy weight
  (And heavy the years had grown),

For Love hath gained in the tilt with Fate,
And memory needeth nor name nor date,
For Memory knoweth her own!

"Now haste thee, dame, for the fire is low,
And the good man waits his tea!"
Back to their tombs do the phantoms go,
And dark and deep do the shadows grow,
But Elswitha smileth, her dreams to know,
Not a dream—but a prophecy!

AFTERWARD.

The sea is calling the sea,
Wildly, fitfully calling,
And a voice in my heart is calling thee,
And the tears are falling, falling!

Oh, the wild rose bends to the bee,
And the shadow pales to the sun,
And the stream grows dark 'neath the alder-tree,
And the stars blink, other to one!

But never a word hast thou
For the words of love I pour,
And I pray the prayer, and I vow the vow,
But thou answerest none the more!

Is it that Death has set
Thy feet on a plane too high?
Is it that eyes, with the mists all wet,
Can not look into eyes that are dry?

Is it that ever my voice
Breaks with the weight of tears?
Oh, blessèd spirit, rejoice, rejoice,
But mine are the sorrowful years!

And the sorrowful years they stand,
Like specters haunting the night,
But the light that streams from that other land
Is caught on their garments white,

And I know at the last, the last,
By a faith not over bold,
I shall find my joy of a vanished past,
Life's wine of a vintage old!

Oh, the kiss of the rose to the bee,
Or the brightening of shadow to sun,
Can never be types of thy greeting to me
When the sorrowful years are done!

Oh, not as the star to the star,
Of a differing glory and range,
But soul unto soul as the Angels are,
As the Angels, who fear not change!

MY ROSE.

I said, My love is a rose,
A rose with never a thorn,
A royal flower is the rose,
And royally shall it be worn!
So I set her on high, my Rose,
All out in the world's sunshine,
For I said to my heart, each breeze that blows,
Shall gladden her heart like wine,
And fill my cup till it overflows,
For this flower is mine, is mine!

For her shall the dew-drops shed
Their tribute of love by night,
For her shall the stars o'erhead
Shine out with a holier light,
And ever among the sweet,
Sweetest my Rose shall be,
And ever and ever where bright ones meet,
Purest and brightest she!
And winds shall echo and waves repeat
The fame of her name to me!

Did I know the sun was hot,
And the wind's rude breath was strong?
Oh, must there be ever a "crook in the lot,"
And ever a break in the song?
Was it fate? Was it chance? Who knows?
The cheek is as purely bright,
And the red on the lip no fading shows,
But the heart is touched with blight;
She is lost to me, and I weep for my Rose,
I weep for her day and night!

SUNSET.

It was the sunset hour, and Nature lay
Hushed in a stillness solemn and sublime,
While the last moments of the dying day
Were gently dropping from the hand of Time.

* * * * * *

The brightness faded, but a lingering ray
Still rested softly on the tree-tops bright,
A golden link between the passing day
And the still beauty of the coming night!

LOVE.

There's a realm of Faith, so pure
The Souls grow pure that win it;
There's a realm of Love where the heart is sure
By the lien of love within it!

—*The Wise Men.*

CHARLES H. CRANDALL.

LOVE is a moving theme with poets, youth their chosen season, and perhaps the lines in which this particular young man first tried to approach poetic excellence were words of admiration written in a young lady's album when he was but eighteen. Since then he has given wings to many and varied fancies, grave and gay; yet the last produced from his pen would indicate that the muse is as dear as when he first fell in love with her.

A country-bred youth, thrown into busy mercantile life in the great metropolis, but still thrilling and vibrating with the memories of woods and fields, it was simply a question, it seemed to him, whether he should write poetry or surrender to melancholy. And it would not be strange if many a bit of rural sentiment or elusive charm of nature in his poems should strike his readers as it came to the writer, not with the photographic effect of being "taken on the spot," but with the softer, idealized coloring of a fondly remembered dream. So much dearer often is the country life after it is abandoned.

In 1880 Mr. Crandall bade adieu to his commercial life, and obtained a position on the staff of the New York *Daily Tribune*, where he served steadily for five years in various capacities, mainly as a reporter and correspondent, but contributing occasional poems and editorials.

The *Tribune* has printed over a score of his poems. Others have appeared in *The Century*, *Christian Union*, *The Independent*, *Lippincott's Magazine*, and other high-class periodicals.

As regards the form of his stanzas he appears to like, generally, simple ones, and yet loves to work an innovation. While he is strong and practiced in the sonnet, he has perpetrated but one rondeau—no *ballades*. Neither ballads, epics nor the water-ice sort of society verse appear to suit him. Poems of the heart, of friendship, both playful and sincere; nature, patriotism and earnest suggestions, the product of his graver moods, draw out his best poems. As he is yet but thirty-one he may gain much in grasp, in the power of elaboration and the disposition to do that irksome work of poets, to "revise and polish."

Mr. Crandall's birthplace, also the birthplace of his mother, was a modest farm-house, amid the beautiful, diversified region around the village of Greenwich, N. Y., and in his veins is perpetuated the blood of the hardy New England families, English, Welsh and Scotch, that settled the region. Scions of the paternal stock have filled not a few responsible and honored positions since the first Crandall in America, a Baptist preacher, followed the fortunes of Roger Williams into Rhode Island. In 1884 he married "The Fair Copy Holder" of his muse, then, as now, a valued writer for a New York daily paper. Ill health has within a few years driven him to a quiet life in the country. If he was already worthy to be termed, according to Longfellow, "a graduate of the field and street," he is now taking his post-graduate course with nature, and producing prose and verse as well as live stock, fruit and vegetables. He now lives in Springdale, Fairfield county, Conn. F. W. W.

WAITING.

As LITTLE children in a darkened hall
  At Christmas-tide await the opening door,
  Eager to tread the fairy-haunted floor
Around the tree with goodly gifts for all,
And in the dark unto each other call—
  Trying to guess their happiness before—
  Or knowing elders eagerly implore
To tell what fortune bright to them will fall—
Thus wait we in Time's dim and narrow room;
  And with strange fancies, or another's thought,
    Try to divine, before the curtain rise,
The wondrous scene! Yet soon shall fly the gloom,
And we shall see what patient ages sought,
    The Father's long-planned gift of Paradise.

WRITTEN IN A VOLUME OF SHAKESPEARE.

BETWEEN these covers a fair country lies,
  Which, though much traversed, always seemeth new;
  Far mountain peaks of Thought reach to the blue,
While placid meadows please less daring eyes,
Deep glens and ivied walls where daylight dies
  Tell of Romance, and lovers brush the dew
  By moonlit stream and lake, while never few
Are the rich bursts of song that shake the skies.

This country's king holds never-ending court;
  To him there come from all his wide domain
Minstrels of love and spangled imps of sport,
  And messengers of fancy, joy and pain.
Of man and nature he has full report;
  He made his kingdom, none dispute his reign.

SUNSET ON THE PALISADES.

GIVE me a golden frame for yonder sky
  And let me hang it on my memory's walls,
  That I may not forget how sweetly fall
The mellow hues which seem to sanctify
The purple cliffs, the river, and more nigh,
  That old bare elm tree with its branches tall,
  Etched on the radiance, and yon manor hall,
With gray stone walls whereon the lichens lie.

Now pales the brilliant zone the world doth wear
And fleck by fleck the crimson tints retreat
From Night's grey robes that over me unroll;
Across the hills the feet of Twilight fare,
While sounds of vesper bells come soft and sweet,
As if from yonder evening star they stole.

MUSIC.

* * * * *

YET still my heart, responsive, beat,
And with my steps I marked the time;
A subtle music moved my feet
Like that which makes a poem rhyme.

And so to sounds that swiftly flew
Soldiers in fight have forward pressed,
Still thinking their dead bugler blew
Because his challenge fired each breast!

* * * * *

The every morning music brought,
And Time with gladness stepped along;
No Ariel thought escaped uncaught
And every sound was turned to song!

It comes again, the glorious sound,
Immortal, wonderful, and strange;
It wakes my pulses with a bound
And sets a step that shall not change.

Sweet, o'er the hills that hide my youth,
I hear the bells of morning chime;
They ring for honor, love and truth,
And head and heart are keeping time!

THE LITTLE MISSIONARY.

I HAVE met her many mornings,
With her basket on her arm,
And a certain subtle charm,
Coming not from her adornings,
But the modest light that lies
Deep within her shaded eyes.

And she carries nought but blessing,
As she journeys up and down
Through the never-heeding town,
With her looks the ground caressing;
Yet I know her steps are bent
On some task of good intent.

Maiden, though you do not ask it,
And your modest eyes may wink,
I will tell you what I think:
Queens might gladly bear your basket
If they could appear as true
And as good and sweet as you.

LOOKING FORWARD.

A GRECIAN frieze of godlike forms
Moves on and on before my gaze,
Their faces set for sun and storms,
Hands clasped, no traveler stops or stays.

What if these lives and thoughts and years
Should bring the race its golden age
Whose beckoning promise onward cheers
And glorifies the oldest page?

Faces that Phidias scarce had wrought,
Forms to make Spartans stop and gaze,
Minds born to sovereignty of thought,
Hearts tempered in the solar blaze!

Love on her throne and self her slave,
A willing slave, this life of ours,
Art, science borne on one great wave
To grander use, diviner powers!

Clasp closer hands, heroic forms,
Before, behind! Who would not fain
Set faces stern to sun and storms
To form a link in such a chain?

PLOWING.

* * * * *

You musn't think a pleasin' thing
Is lost on country people;
The birds that in that maple sing
Beat chimes in any steeple.

And as for good, fresh thinkin' stuff,
Paved streets can't be so given;
While this one field has got enough
To last you while you're livin'.

* * * * *

You'd like to hold the plough awhile?
All right, sir. I am willin'.
Whoa there, I say. Don't go a mile!
You ought to keep its bill in.

What threw the plough out? Oh, a stone.
They're rather apt to turn her.
I guess I'll go it best alone—
You do well for a learner.

Why, I have seen men lean and try
To push the plough before 'em!
'Twould make a horse laugh till he'd cry;
But one fool makes a quorum.

I s'pose they think that Kingdom Come
Depends on them for motion;
But of the power that's pullin' some
They haven't the slightest notion.

Chas L Thompson

It's like good times to plough sod loam—
To hear the culter rippin',
And the soft earth, like fallin' foam,
Into the furrer drippin'.

But when you strike a stretch o' stone,
It's sickness and low prices:
The plough not only shakes each bone,
But kinder wakes your vices.

* * * * *

I tried a new plough at the fair:
'Twas neat, but I refused it.
This "Rough and Ready" stands the tear,
And our folks allus used it.

Old ploughs and old beliefs are strong,
And good yet if kept shinin'!
Things that have stood the strain so long
Kin stand some underminin'.

I like to watch before the plough
The grass a-tumblin' over:
The big and little have to bow,
The June-grass and the clover.

A plough reminds me, then, of Time.
Does't other folks, I wonder?
There goes a violet in its prime—
I hate to turn them under.

But when above the buried weeds
The yellow wheat is wavin',
'Twill teach that buried years and deeds
Still live, if worth the savin'.

I've sometimes thought if we would range
Our daily walk with Natur',
Our lives with things that never change,
We'd draw our furrer straighter.

— —

AT FIRST SIGHT.

HAST thou a heart, O, dark-eyed girl,
To match that glance of thine?
Hast thou a love as rich and deep,
And may I call it mine?

I have no heart, O, blue-eyed boy,
I am a maid forlorn:
For I dreamed of you and lost my heart,
Long years ere I was born.

I have thy heart, O, deep-eyed girl,
And hard within my breast
It leaps to meet its owner sweet,
That it may be at rest.

And I have thine, O, fair-eyed lad,
It flutters like a feather,
Then since they may not be exchanged
Lets keep them close together!

CHARLES LEMUEL THOMPSON.

DR. THOMPSON is a poet, because he has the faculty of seeing, as Elisha's young man was given to see, and when he saw, the rocky and barren sides of the mountain were set with squadrons of winged chariots. Dr. Thompson writes with marked directness and simplicity. It is the charm both of his essay and poetry writing. One does not see his crystalline words, but only the thing which they reveal. His work as a minister makes him a mystic, and leads his eyes to "the hills from whence cometh mine aid," to the scenery of that land whose light our material eyes can not gather. The hopes, aspirations and pure passions of the soul, its moods of exaltation or resignation, all that are in faith, hope and love are familiar to his vision. All the winds that blow from the upper or the lower hills and plains of mortal and immortal life awaken the chords of his harp. He has been somewhat warped out of his natural bent by his profession. The element of humor, which is in such frequent effervescence in his soul, should be permitted freer expression in his poems. His unpublished humorous rhymes are replete with the genuine essence of laughter. As in the old method of milling, the best part of the wheat went with the bran, so it is very often with the products of genius.

Dr. Thompson was born near Allentown, Pa. His parents moving to Wisconsin when he was ten years of age, his classical education was received at the Classical Institute, at Portage, Wis., and at Carroll College, at Waukesha, Wis. He received theological training at Princeton, N. J., and at Chicago, Ill. After a few years of ministerial work in Wisconsin, he became pastor of the First Church of Cincinnati. While there, with a few friends, he founded and edited *Our Monthly*, a religious and literary magazine which attained a good deal of prominence, and in which some of his best poems were published. Subsequently, while pastor in Chicago, he was associated with me in the conduct of *The Interior*, with which journal he has ever since been connected, either as editor or editorial writer. During his residence in Chicago he published a "History of American Revivals." Since then in pastorates in Pittsburgh, Kansas City and now in New York, he has found time to make many contributions to the periodical press in both prose and poetry. He has often been urged by his friends to collect his scattered poems into a volume, and he has at length given the promise that at an early day he will revise them for this purpose. The increasing exactions of his minis-

terial position in the metropolis, it is to be feared, will so harness him down to the work of his profession that he will not give to his delightsome pastime of poetry the attention his friends could desire. It is to be hoped, however, that at least an occasional spark may fly off from the anvil to let us know the fire still is burning. W. C. G.

A SONG OF THE CAMP.

As a lance of sunrise over the hill
  Pierces the mists, that lie
Dun and heavy on field and rill
  From the woods to the western sky;

So the lance of firelight bursts to-night
  The shadow-gates of the past,
And shows in the glow of its dancing light
  The years with their treasures vast.

I am rich, I think, in this somber wood,
  With a richness past compare,
For time is not, and in memory's flood
  I am yester's happy heir.

What care I now for the strife of men?
  I hold the world at bay;
And, memory's miser, I count again
  The gold that is mine alway.

What is it I hear? Through the silence round
  Comes, borne on a current fleet,
A laughing ripple of baby sound
  And the patter of baby feet.

I am strangled again in the old arm-chair,
  I am fast in the meshes light
Of the curls that net me everywhere,
  And moisten my eyes to-night.

For the loneliest hour, on seas or lands
  (Match it no solitude can),
Is the day when the strangling baby hands
  Unclasp from the neck of the man;

When the game of bo-peep goes out of the hall,
  As the game of the years comes in,
And we play more alone, and care not at all
  Whether we lose or we win.

I am counting over my pearls. Ah, here
  Is one which a mighty wave
From a mighty depth has brought, a tear
  Made crystal in its deep sea grave.

I wrung it out on a baby's face,
  I dashed it away from me;
Now it comes back, by its transformed grace
  To light my eternity.

Another wave to my idle feet
  Has flung a tinted shell,
Burdened with music sad and sweet,
  From a depth no line can tell.

It has no sound for other ears,
  I press it to my heart alone,
Where it sobs and sings of far-off years
  In a haunting undertone.

So I listen and dream; and beneath the free
  Groined arches of the pines,
The church of the village comes to me
  With its square and modest lines.

From its silent doors the ghost of a hymn
  Comes quavering along,
As if the dead, from their silence dim,
  Were keeping up the song.

Though the parson sleeps in his grassy tent,
  The voice of his trembling prayer,
Sweeter than sound of an instrument,
  Lingers upon the air.

I am walking again in the grasses deep
  Of the churchyard's empty way,
I am reading the names of those who sleep
  'Neath the marbles worn and gray.

And they who have gone come back to me
  As I read each moss-grown stone;
Heaven's goodly and shining company,
  And I am no more alone.

Is it the wind that sighs in the pines?
  Or the strange, sweet noise of wings?
A path of fire through the wood that shines?
  Or a vision of heavenly things?

Is this woodland temple a Gothic shrine,
  With its swaying lines and bands?
Or is it in shadow the rise divine
  Of the house not made with hands?

I can not tell; but the dream I dream
  Of the fading days of yore
Has a dash that, like a mountain stream,
  Cuts open the hills before.

My heart leaps out of the past with a bound
  That requires somewhere should be,
Beyond the shadows that bind me round,
  A landing-place for me.

So I rest awhile in the shadow here,
  This tent of God's own love,
While memory guards the darkening rear,
  And hope flies on above.

So, heart of mine, fly on before,
The path through the woods is free,
While I wait for the house where evermore
My dwelling-place shall be.

THE CRYPT AND THE CATHEDRAL.

THE pile of a great cathedral stood,
In the ages of long ago,
On the marge where the great Rhine River flowed
To the breadth of the sea below,
And under the deep, dim arch and nave,
Where the river washed the walls,
Was the gloomy crypt, like a waiting grave,
With its silent, shadowy halls.

When the morning struggled through windows low,
When the sunset fell aslant,
A hooded friar, with utterance slow,
Rehearsed the Litany Chant
With a choir of boys from the streets and lanes,
Who stood where the death-damp dripped,
And sang together the friar's strains,
In the great cathedral's crypt.

And the friar said, "As each one learns
The chant in this prison-gloom,
He shall pass by a stair that winds and turns,
To the great cathedral's room;
He shall stand in a surplice as white as snow,
Where the lights of the altar fall,
And the voice of his song shall rise and flow
Like a glory along the wall.

"Above the censer that swings its cloud,
Through the aisles and the arches dim,
And over the heads of the worshipers bowed,
Shall rise your vesper hymn.
It will cheer the spirit as dews that fall,
Refresh the fevered sod;
And, borne by its power, the people all
Will lift their hearts to God."

Oh! world-wide prison, girt with graves,
The songs you echo now,
When the singers learn, shall lift their waves
Where the vailèd angels bow;
The sound of the heart reverberates,
The altar-lights are aglow,
But the great cathedral-service waits
For the singers from below.

MONT BLANC.

NOT from the Vale of Chamouni,
Where the flow of pleasant streams
Is veiled by the lingering morning mist,
As a thought may be clothed in dreams;

Where the gleaming gates of the glaciers old
The stately entrance bar
To the pinnacles and bastions
Of the mountains vast and far;

Not there, where the grasses whisper low,
And the sweet-voiced birdlings sing,
Can I take the measure of thy form,
Thou storm-wrapped, awful king!

But from some weary Col de Balm,
Lonely, and far, and bleak,
Where the voice of the little birds is hushed,
And the awful voices speak:

Where the world in dimness sinks away,
And the purple distance shows
Thine upward rise of solitude
And everlasting snows.

Even so I leave the paths of men,
And the voices that I love,
In a daring climb, somewhere to find
A throne that is built above

The last dim peak of the Alpine way
And beyond a sinking world,
Beyond the star-sprent robe of eve
In its purple distance furled;

Where lone, and vast, and full of rest—
Worthy thy spirit's laud,
Worthy the weight of a weary faith—
Rises the throne of God.

AFTER THE RAIN.

OUT of the sobs of the winter's storm
The leaves of spring-time grow,
And behind the drifts of the apple bloom
Are the drifts of whirling snow.

The velvet robe of the prairies wide
Is wrought by the shuttles of rain,
And the robin sings in the tree that moaned
With the March day's dull refrain.

Perhaps, oh, Soul, it will yet appear
There is life in the beating rain,
And not for naught the shuttles fly
O'er the quivering threads of pain.

Perhaps a bird will sing, some day,
In the barren boughs, that thrill,
Like striken harps, with the memory
Of storms that haunt them still.

LOVE.

Floats the mad music on the wind
But the sailor's ears so fast
Great love did close and sweetly bind
Ulysses to the mast. —*Love.*

CARRIE RENFREW.

CARRIE RENFREW resides in Hastings, Neb. Her progress in literary art and expression, though rapid, if not phenomenal, is evidently but the mere promise of what she is yet to accomplish, for she is still in the very morning of life, surrounded by every earthly comfort, a beloved member of a well-born, harmonious and happy family, who sympathize with her aspirations and rejoice in her success. Her mother, a rare and excellent woman, several sisters and a brother are still living, but her father, the late honored Silvester Renfrew, one of the early pioneers of Hastings, died during the past year.

Miss Renfrew was from childhood a thinker, dreamer and philosopher, but not, like most poets, an early rhymster. Her lack of training in the art of rhyming, while plainly visible in some of her first attempts, has its compensation in the higher and more essential qualities that characterize nearly all her recent efforts. It is scarcely more than five years since the advent of her first poems in the *Inter-Ocean*, *Woman's Tribune* and other western papers.

In temperament Miss Renfrew is a harmonious blending of the brunette and blonde types. She is of about medium size, has a graceful figure, an attractive manner and appearance, and a magnetic presence, and does not on acquaintance disappoint those who have learned to love and admire her through her poetry. She has already endeared herself to a host of personal friends and to thousands who knew her only through her work. The world at large will know her better in the near future. J. G. C.

POETRY.

THE bloom of thought kissing eternity;
The light of loves immortal recognized;
The fire and snow-bloom sprung from passion's sea;
Their light, their warmth, their fragrance crystallized.

LIFE.

I LOVE thee, love thee, life!
I fain would dwell with thee, thy much-loved guest.
Oh, fold me nearer to thy pulsing breast,
Thy I may feel thy heart beats throb in mine
So holding it in unison with thine.

I love thee, love thee, life!
Oh, hold me closer in thy strong embrace,
Uplift me, bear me onward in thy race:
Impart to me thy soul's exulting power
To be my heritage forevermore.

I love thee, love thee, life!
I fain would wear thy brightness in my face!
Oh, give to me thine animating grace,
Inspire me, thrill me, love me in return;
It is thy noblest gifts for which I yearn.

I love thee, love thee, life!
Bear not so swiftly to my journey's end,
For, oh! I dread to part with thee, my friend.
Surround me with thy warm, entrancing breath,
And leave me not too soon alone with death.

"MISSING."

MISSING! A voice!
Its impassioned refrain
Is gone—is gone.
And I listen in vain.
Its music has vanished afar from me
Somewhere in the lonely mystery.

Missing! A smile!
And the sunshine of home
Doth lack—doth lack;
And it harbors a gloom.
My heaven of joy has lost a star,
This smile that mine eyes are yearning for.

Missing! A face!
And the fireside of love
Is lone—is lone.
And wherever I rove
The lack of a something dear to me
Doth follow and linger mournfully.

Missing! Ah me!
The strange silence around
Doth ache—doth ache;
And the yearnings I send
Enflamed through the darksome mystery
Come back all unanswered to me.

Missing! Ah me!
And I listen in vain
To catch one note
Of a tender refrain.
But yet, pitying Hope sings low to me
Sometime, ay, somewhere in that mystery.

BEFORE A MUMMY.

AMID the ghastly relics of dead time
A shaft of sunlight fell in careless play,
And joined in time's derision of the brief,
Frail life of men, the moth-flame of a day.

It spied an ancient mummy as it fell,
And laughed about the thing in soulless glee;
Ay, laughing at man's resistance to decay,
Ending in such a jeering mockery.

Carrie Renfrew.

And this small, hideous, brown thing was once
  A living woman, in whose pulsing breast
The tender mother-love had warmed and thrilled,
  And e'en of that decay had made a jest.

For in the pressureless and fleshless arms
  Nestled the mummied babe of long ago,
As dead to love as love was dead to it,
  The ghastly remnant of a joy and woe.

Where is the jewel that once shown within
  And gave life's fairness to this lump of clay?
Ah, where? It has departed as the flame
  Into invisible and soundless Nay.

Our questionings do haunt the voiceless deep
  Like homeless, storm-tossed birds seeking for rest.
And still 'tis nature's cruelty that blows
  Them quivering, too, upon their hopeless quest.

The bird of faith is but a weakling bird,
  It can not soar mid sepulchers of doubt;
Its pinions falter in the charnel air,
  The Nay of silence shadows it about.

Oh, man! how poor, how limited thy light!
  Yet thou can 'st play with thy one bean of sight,
Can'st laugh and sing upon the wheel of fate,
  Though whirled above a precipice of night.

'Tis well! The present owns some little warmth;
  So bask within the pleasure of the known.
Circean Life with kisses offers thee
  Her flaming draught and bids thee drink the boon.

Drink, deeply drink, Life will not tarry long.
  Too soon thou'lt see the fair one vanishing,
And from the blackness of the great abyss
  The Sphinx of Death will rise with soundless wing.

Relentless, cruel in its voicelessness,
  'Twill bear thee, shrinking, on its loveless breast
Into the Whither where no ripple stirs
  To whisper us the manner of thy rest.

But Love hath flung the rainbow of its hope
  Across the gulf, and, lo! a Phœnix bloom,
The flower of immortality's To Know
  Star promises the sepulcher of doom.

Illusion of illusion it may be,
  But still this fleeting life, Time's parasite,
Will weave around its prison house of flesh
  The shining dream of an immortal sight.

'Tis by this glory that we walk upright
  And see the glimmering of being's Yea.
Ah! can that light be false which makes for us
  A guide, a comfort in our finite Nay?

Thou withered mummy of a once fair life,
  'Tis not thy bleak negation we would wed,
And bind our souls to thy forgetfulness.
  Nay! ours the light by which we're perfected,

That makes us something more than time's plaything,
  Not dew-drops lost in the eternal sea,
But conscious parts of infinite To Know,
  The quenchless beams of immortality.

A REFRAIN.

Dying, dying, dying!
Hearken to the solemn measure,
  Piercing inward like a knife
Through our spirit's inmost pleasure,
  Under-currrent of all life.
Hearken, hearken!
Oh, the achings
Darken, darken
On our wakings,
On our wakings, aye, and sleepings,
If they follow after weepings,
After thought's unsounded crying,
Or the soul's o'erflooded sighing,
Dying, dying, dying!

Dying, dying, dying!
Oh, the dark that lies behind it
  When the dying ones are dead!
Seeking light, we can not find it;
  Deeper dark is ours instead.
And we listen
For some echo
To out-glisten
On the Mecca
Of our hot desire's upbuilding,
For some shining whisper's gilding,
For a Yea to all denying;
But there's only that one sighing,
Dying, dying, dying!

Dying, dying, dying!
Is there not some truer measure
  Underneath the hurt of this?
Seek, oh, soul, and find the treasure,
Seek and find the hidden bliss,
Heaven's blisses
Drifting soundward,
And love's kisses
Bending downward.
Sing, oh, soul, thy song immortal,
Send it out beyond life's portal.
Sing, and bury all denying,
Sing thy *hope* through all this dying,
Dying, dying, dying!

HARRY CHARLES FAULKNER.

HARRY CHARLES FAULKNER was born in Boston, November 27, 1863. His mother was a daughter of Josiah Abbott, Esq., of Boston, and his paternal grandfather was Augustus Faulkner, of Walpole, N. H., at one time governor of New Hampshire. The blood of the Puritans is almost undiluted in his veins. For eight generations his ancestors have been New England people, direct descendants of the "Mayflower" pilgrims, and the earliest settlers of Massachusetts Bay Colony in Boston and also in Andover. It is somewhat odd, in view of these facts, the direction his principal literary work has taken. Nothing could be farther removed from the firm, austere and solemn New Engiand manner than the gayety and lightness of his touch.

His parents moved to New York City when he was about four years old, and the metropolis has been his home ever since. His education began at five in the public schools, and at fourteen he entered the College of the City of New York, graduating in the year 1882, the youngest Bachelor of Arts ever sent out from its halls. After graduation he was associated with Colonel C. L. Norton, for some time editor of *The Continent*, and in 1884 he became managing editor of the *Domestic Monthly*, which position he still occupies.

It is difficult to say when his literary work began. All through the college periodicals are scattered his verses. Since 1883 his poems have been frequently seen in the leading journals. In 1884 he published a valuable little book, "Dictionary of Synonyms," upon an entirely new plan. In 1885 a "Classical and Mythological Dictionary" edited by him was issued, and at present he is busy with an important work for which he is particularly well equipped.

His range of work has not been great, but within his limits the result is brilliant. *Vers de Société* is his field, and he stands in the front rank of the few Americans who have followed successfully where Herrick and Prior, Praed and Thackeray, Dobson and Lang have led.

Mr. Faulkner is nearly six feet in height, slender, but muscular, and in his college days excelled in athletic sports such as running, foot-ball, etc. He still retains the elastic step and quickness of the athlete, but a slight droop in his shoulders is the penalty of his devotion to his desk. His eyes are blue, his nose large and prominent, and his hair curls away from his forehead, and is brushed back without a parting. He is unmarried. His health has not been good for several years, and trips abroad in 1886 and 1889 were the tonics that were prescribed. Mr. Faulkner is popular in society and in the few artistic and literary clubs of which he is a member. He is both a scholar and a man of the world, the two essential elements, according to Frederick Locker, of a poet of society.

A. S. T.

POETS.

I KNEW a poet, one with eyes of laughter,
  A face like a sun-smile, eager as a boy,
Singing as the birds sing, trusting the hereafter:
  I knew a poet, and his name was Joy!

I knew a poet who had eyes for beauty,
  Piercing the cloud-mists; infinite his scope,
Sounding the world's song, like a hymn of duty:
  I knew a poet, and his name was Hope!

One there was also, gentle as a woman,
  Walking the sunless alleys of the city,
One all-compassionate, eloquently human:
  I knew a poet, and his name was Pity!

But these with their loveless tissue of fair weaving;
  These with the joyless musical refrain;
These letting life go, blind and unbelieving;
  These looking earthward only and in vain;

These that have lain in poppy flowers waving,
  Grown where the fields turn wilderness and bare;
These with the look-back and the lotus craving;
  These with the thin, self-echo of despair;

These ever straining after days that were not,
  These with their reckless abandonment of youth;
These that restrain not, wonder not, revere not,
  These are no poets, or there is no truth.

THE BALLET GIRL.

I.

WITH complexion like the rose
  'Mid the snows,
Due to powder on her nose,
  I suppose,
She twirls upon her toes
In abbreviated clothes
And exhibits spangled hose
  To the beaux.

II.

When cruel time bestows
  Adipose,
Fairy parts and all those
  She outgrows,

And murmuringly goes
To the very hindmost rows,
To pirouette and pose
With the "crows."

III.

When life frayed and faded grows,
Like her bows,
She in garret sits and sews
Furbelows
Till her weary eyelids close
In the peace of death's repose:
Is she reaping what she sows?
Heaven knows.

ST. ELISE.

HER faith makes worthy things of worthless,
With all its promised powers.
Her hope makes joyous hearts of mirthless,
With all the peace it showers.
Her love can waken love now birthless—
Would such a love were ours!

If you had lived in olden days,
When men were too devout to praise
An earthly beauty,
They would have canonized you saint
And fasted for your sake in quaint
Excess of duty.

They would have called you good, divine,
And raised for you a sculptured shrine
In ancient fashion;
A cross, a font—above, your face
O'erflowing with symbolic grace
And with compassion.

There pious men of holy creeds
Would whisper *aves* to their beads,
Both monk and friar,
And all would kneel before your face,
The beggar, yeoman, lord in lace,
The knight and squire.

To-day our faith is much the same;
Perhaps it is far more a name
To live than die for
Than in those days of cross and blade,
Those days of torture and crusade,
We mourn and sigh for.

But virtue keeps its sacredness,
Our better selves have changed far less
Than have our manners;
We reverence innocence and truth,
To the divinity of youth
We pledge our banners.

We have not changed; the shrines of old
Are in our hearts, and there we hold
An image of you,
Dear Saint Elise! ah, yes, as such
We worship you to-day as much
And more—we love you.

BALLADE OF TEASING.

HER letters come and I am glad,
The heavens seem a brighter blue;
They fail to come and I am sad,
The skies are dull and tearful too.
I sing her songs, as poets do,
She reads them, do they fail to please?
She loves me—no, she hates me—pooh!
Clorinda is a charming tease.

I call her "angel," and I add
Some sentences, ah, far less true,
And she—it really is too bad—
Neglects to write a post or two.
And when alarmed I sadly sue
Forgiveness on my bended knees,
She laughs and says, "'Twas only you."
Clorinda is a charming tease.

One day I am Sir Galahad,
Devoted, gallant, tender, true,
The next she finds she has to add
That I am Don Quixote too.
She vows to read my letters through
To every other maid she sees.
Of course she may, but still a few—
Clorinda is a charming tease.

ENVOY.

Fates, did I rule your snake-haired crew,
I would not alter your decrees,
I would not have her made anew,
Clorinda is a *charming* tease.

AD CHLOEN, ÆTAT. XLV.

CHLOE, Time's breath is harsh and rough,
And you are surely old enough
To be my mother.
That wrinkle certainly I see,
Half hidden 'neath the "*poudre de riz*,"
Or something other.

You once, perhaps, were true and fair,
As sweet and pure as mountain air
That breathes of heaven;
But now you're growing stout and gray;
And what is worse, I heard you say,
"I'm twenty-seven."

Perhaps on some one's arm you strayed,
'Mid quiet paths ('tis like a maid—
See lovers' annals),
Preferring moonlight to the "hop";
But now the night air makes you stop
And think of flannels.

Perhaps with slender maiden grace
You led gay Love a pretty race,
And romped with Cupid.
Perhaps your wit and beauty drew
Full many a swain, before you grew
Both fat and stupid.

You were a "blue," I have no doubt;
Read Greek, perhaps could tell about
The swan and Leda;
But now you never read at all,
Except the "*Robes et Modes Journal*,"
Or "Moths," by Ouida.

Ah, madame, with your purchased wiles,
Your painted blush, your penciled smiles
And vulgar jewels,
Your time is usually spent
In gossip of unkind intent,
Or working crewels.

With simple faith fast girt about,
You were as trusting, as devout
As any Quaker;
But now the god you most revere
And worship, supplicate and fear,
Is your dressmaker.

Chloë, have not the vanished years
That mock you through a mist of tears
Left some sad traces?
Or is your heart a patent thing
Adjusted by a hidden spring
And bought at "Macy's"?

AN APOLOGY.

Now, no one could see—
And her waist was so slender—
What wonder that we,
As no one could see,
Sat so long 'neath the tree
In an attitude tender.
Really, no one could see—
And her waist was *so* slender.

JACQUEMINOT.

Rose, come you not ambassador
From Cupid's court to let me know
Love yields at last? Speak, I implore!
She loves me—rose, you tell me so.

ROBERT BROWNING.

ROBERT BROWNING was born at Camberwell, England, May 7, 1812, and died at Venice, December 12, 1889. At 37 he married Elizabeth Barrett, the greatest poet among English women. Their wedded life was spent chiefly in Florence, for Mrs. Browning could not endure her native climate. After her death, in 1861, Browning never revisited Florence; but he abode much in Italy, though a familiar and welcome presence in London during "the season."

To poetry he was wholly dedicated at an early age, and his zeal before her altar was unwearied. He wrote vastly more verse than any other poet of our day. In quality it is the most varied, subtle, strong, since Shakespeare.

His verse is varied, because he wrote in many moods, yet in forms that were "always dramatic in principle"; plays and monologues, idyls and romances. He wrote of many times and lands; of human character in many phases; of men fierce and gentle; of women jealous and confiding, warm and winning, cold and cruel. He dipped from the well of self-devoted love and stirred the bitter pool of hate. He was himself a painter and musician, and often fitly set forth the sister arts in the language of the one he had chosen mainly to serve.

His verse is subtle, for he wrote of the springs of human action as revealed in a thousand situations. Shakespeare summoned all the world to act upon his stage. Browning tested each individual soul in his crucible, and compelled it to deliver up such secrets of the inner life as no previous analysis had disclosed.

His verse is so strong that he may well be called the poet of energy. Though he wrote some stanzas of surpassing grace, the quality of strength has made his fame, which will be lasting, for his theme was high. That the spirit of man is great and immortal, because always capable of effort towards an ideal beyond, is the truth to which he was constant. Such was his philosophy.

Robert Browning is an apostle of nineteenth century Christianity. At a time when imposed authority is losing its power and superstitious dogmas are inadequate, he makes us feel spiritual truth by his own virile faith, burning like a beacon against a stormy sky.

There has been much dispute over the question whether he is a great poet, which turns upon the mere definition of art and opinions about the scope of poetry. This has its proper place, but is subordinate here. Men of a broad nature and women of a noble mind, who value all that sends the soul

Robert Browning.

along with livelier step and a more cheerful aspect, will prize the poetry of Robert Browning.

W. S. B.

MY STAR.

ALL that I know
Of a certain star
Is, it can throw
(Like the angled spar)
Now a dart of red,
Now a dart of blue;
Till my friends have said
They would fain see, too,
My star that dartles the red and the blue!
Then it stops like a bird; like a flower, hangs furled:
They must solace themselves with the Saturn above it.
What matter to me if their star is a world?
Mine has opened its soul to me; therefore I love it.

HOW THEY BROUGHT THE GOOD NEWS FROM GHENT TO AIX.

[16—.]

I SPRANG to the stirrup, and Joris, and he;
I galloped, Dirck galloped, we galloped all three;
"Good speed!" cried the watch, as the gate-bolts undrew;
"Speed!" echoed the wall to us galloping through;
Behind shut the postern, the lights sank to rest,
And into the midnight we galloped abreast.

Not a word to each other; we kept the great pace
Neck by neck, stride by stride, never changing our place;
I turned in my saddle and made its girths tight,
Then shortened each stirrup, and set the pique right,
Rebuckled the cheek-strap, chained slacker the bit,
Nor galloped less steadily Roland a whit.

'T was moonset at starting; but, while we drew near
Lockeren, the cocks crew, and twilight dawned clear;
At Boom a great yellow star came out to see;
At Düffeld 't was morning as plain as could be;
And from Mecheln church-steeple we heard the half-chime,
So Joris broke silence with, "Yet there is time!"

At Aershot up leaped of a sudden the sun,
And against him the cattle stood black every one,
To stare through the mist at us galloping past;
And I saw my fast galloper Roland at last,
With resolute shoulders, each butting away
The haze, as some bluff river head-land its spray:

And his low head and crest, just one sharp ear bent back
For my voice, and the other pricked out on his track:
And one eye's black intelligence—ever that glance
O'er its white edge at me, his own master, askance!
And the thick heavy spume-flakes which aye and anon
His fierce lips shook upwards in galloping on.

By Hasselt, Dirck groaned; and cried Joris, "Stay spur!
Your Roos galloped bravely, the fault's not in her,
We 'll remember at Aix"—for one heard the quick wheeze
Of her chest, saw the stretched neck and staggering knees,
And sunk tail, and horrible heave of the flank,
As down on her haunches she shuddered and sank.

So we were left galloping, Joris and I,
Past Looz and past Tongres, no cloud in the sky;
The broad sun above laughed a pitiless laugh,
'Neath our feet broke the brittle, bright, stubble-like chaff;
Till over by Dalhem a dome-spire sprang white,
And "Gallop," gasped Joris, "for Aix is in sight!

"How they 'll greet us!"—and all in a moment his roan
Rolled neck and croup over, lay dead as a stone;
And there was my Roland to bear the whole weight
Of the news which alone could save Aix from her fate,
With his nostrils like pits full of blood to the brim,
And with circles of red for his eye-sockets' rim.

Then I cast loose my buffcoat, each holster let fall,
Shook off both my jack-boots, let go belt and all,
Stood up in the stirrup, leaned, patted his ear,
Called my Roland his pet-name, my horse without peer;
Clapped my hands, laughed and sang, any noise, bad or good,
Till at length into Aix Roland galloped and stood.

And all I remember is, friends flocking round
As I sat with his head 'twixt my knees on the ground;
And no voice but was praising this Roland of mine,
As I poured down his throat our last measure of wine,
Which (the burgesses voted by common consent)
Was no more than his due who brought good news from Ghent.

INCIDENT OF THE FRENCH CAMP.

You know we French stormed Ratisbon:
A mile or so away
On a little mound, Napoleon
Stood on our storming-day;
With neck out-thrust, you fancy how,
Legs wide, arms locked behind,
As if to balance the prone brow
Oppressive with his mind.

Just as perhaps he mused, "My plans
That soar to earth may fall,
Let once my army-leader Lannes
Waver at yonder wall,"—
Out 'twixt the battery smokes there flew
A rider, bound on bound
Full-galloping; nor bridle drew
Until he reached the mound.

Then off there flung in smiling joy,
And held himself erect
By just his horse's mane, a boy:
You hardly could suspect—
(So tight he kept his lips compressed
Scarce any blood came through)
You looked twice ere you saw his breast
Was all but shot in two.

"Well," cried he, "Emperor, by God's grace
We 've got you Ratisbon!
The Marshal 's in the market-place,
And you 'll be there anon
To see your flag-bird flap his vans
Where I, to heart's desire,
Perched him!" The chief's eye flashed; his plans
Soared up again like fire.

The chief's eye flashed; but presently
Softened itself, as sheathes
A film the mother-eagle's eye
When her bruised eaglet breathes;
"You 're wounded!" — "Nay," the soldier's pride
Touched to the quick, he said,
"I 'm killed, sire!" And his chief beside,
Smiling, the boy fell dead.

THE LOST LEADER.

Just for a handful of silver he left us,
Just for a ribbon to stick in his coat—
Found the one gift of which fortune bereft us,
Lost all the others she lets us devote;
They, with the gold to give, doled him out silver,
So much was theirs who so little allowed.
How all our copper had gone for his service!
Rags—were they purple, his heart had been proud!
We that had loved him so, followed him, honored him,
Lived in his mild and magnificent eye,
Learned his great language, caught his clear accents,
Made him our pattern to live and to die!
Shakespeare was of us, Milton was for us,
Burns, Shelley, were with us—they watch from their graves!
He alone breaks from the van and the freemen,
He alone sinks to the rear and the slaves!

We shall march prospering—not through his presence;
Songs may inspirit us—not from his lyre;
Deeds will be done—while he boasts his quiescence,
Still bidding crouch whom the rest bade aspire;
Blot out his name, then, record one lost soul more,
One task more declined, one more foot-path untrod,
One more devil's triumph and sorrow for angels,
One wrong more to man, one more insult to God!
Life's night begins; let him never come back to us!
There would be doubt, hesitation and pain,
Forced praise on our part—the glimmer of twilight,
Never glad confident morning again!
Best fight on well, for we taught him—strike gallantly,
Menace our heart ere we master his own;
Then let him receive the new knowledge and wait us,
Pardoned in heaven, the first by the throne!

THE LAST RIDE TOGETHER.

I said—Then, dearest, since 't is so,
Since now at length my fate I know,
Since nothing all my love avails,
Since all my life seemed meant for fails,
Since this was written and needs must be—

My whole heart rises up to bless
Your name in pride and thankfulness!
Take back the hope you gave—I claim
Only a memory of the same,
—And this beside, if you will not blame,
  Your leave for one more last ride with me.

My mistress bent that brow of hers;
Those deep dark eyes where pride demurs
When pity would be softening through,
Fixed me a breathing-while or two
  With life or death in the balance: right!
The blood replenished me again;
My last thought was at least not vain.
I and my mistress, side by side,
Shall be together, breathe and ride,
So one day more am I deified.
  Who knows but the world may end to-night?

Hush! if you saw some western cloud
All billowy-bosomed, over-bowed
By many benedictions—sun's
And moon's and evening-star's at once—
  And so you, looking and loving best,
Conscious grew, your passion drew
Cloud, sunset, moon-rise, star-shine too,
Down on you, near and yet more near,
Till flesh must fade for heaven was here!
Thus lent she and lingered—joy and fear—
  Thus lay she a moment on my breast.

Then we began to ride. My soul
Smoothed itself out, a long-cramped scroll
Freshening and fluttering in the wind.
Past hopes already lay behind.
  What need to strive with a life awry?
Had I said that, had I done this,
So might I gain, so might I miss.
Might she have loved me? Just as well
She might have hated, who can tell?
Where had I been now if the worst befell?
  And here we are riding, she and I.

Fail I alone, in words and deeds?
Why, all men strive and who succeeds?
We rode; it seemed my spirit flew,
Saw other regions, cities new,
  As the world rushed by on either side.
I thought: All labor, yet no less
Bear up beneath their unsuccess.
Look at the end of work, contrast
The petty done, the undone vast,
This present of theirs with the hopeful past!
  I hoped she would love me; here we ride.

What hand and brain went ever paired?
What heart alike conceived and dared?
What act proved all its thought had been?
What will but felt the fleshy screen?
  We ride and I see her bosom heave.
There 's many a crown for who can reach.
Ten lines, a statesman's life in each!
The flag stuck on a heap of bones,
A soldier's doing! what atones?
They scratch his name on the Abbey-stones.
  My riding is better, by their leave.

What does it all mean, poet? Well
Your brains beat into rhythm, you tell
What we felt only; you expressed;
You hold things beautiful the best,
  And pace them in rhyme so, side by side.
'T is something, nay 't is much; but then,
Have you yourself what 's best for men?
Are you—poor, sick, old ere your time—
Nearer one whit your own sublime
Than we who have never turned a rhyme?
  Sing, riding 's a joy! For me, I ride.

And you, great sculptor—so you gave
A score of years to Art, her slave
And that 's your Venus, whence we turn
To yonder girl that fords the burn!
  You acquiesce, and shall I repine?
What, man of music, you grown gray
With notes and nothing else to say,
Is this your sole praise from a friend,
"Greatly his opera's strains intend,
But in music we know how fashions end!"
  I gave my youth; but we ride in fine.

Who knows what 's fit for us? Had fate
Proposed bliss here should sublimate
My being—had I signed the bond—
Still one must lead some life beyond,
  Have a bliss to die with, dim-descried.
This foot once planted on the goal,
This glory-garland round my soul,
Could I decry such? Try and test!
I sink back shuddering from the quest.
Earth being so good, would heaven seem best?
  Now heaven and she are beyond this ride.

And yet—she has not spoke so long!
What if heaven be that, fair and strong
At life's best, with our eyes upturned
Whither life's flower is first discerned,
  We, fixed so, ever should so abide?
What if we still ride on, we two,
With life forever old yet new,

Changed not in kind but in degree,
The instant made eternity—
And heaven just prove that I and she
Ride, ride together, forever ride?

ONE WAY OF LOVE.

All June I bound the rose in sheaves.
Now, rose by rose, I strip the leaves
And strew them where Pauline may pass.
She will not turn aside? Alas!
Let them lie. Suppose they die?
The chance was they might take her eye.

How many a month I strove to suit
These stubborn fingers to the lute!
To-day I venture all I know.
She will not hear my music? So!
Break the string; fold music's wing;
Suppose Pauline had bade me sing!

My whole life long I learned to love.
This hour my utmost art I prove
And speak my passion—heaven or hell?
She will not give me heaven? 'T is well!
Lose who may I still can say
Those who win heaven, blest are they!

GOD.

Fresh births of beauty wake
Fresh homage, every grade of love is past
With every mode of loveliness; then cast
Inferior idols off their borrowed crown
Before a coming glory. Up and down
Runs arrowy fire, while earthly forms combine
To throb the secret forth a touch divine,
And the scaled eyeball owns the mystic rod;
Visibly through his garden walketh God.

—*Sordello.*

LOVE.

From the beginning love is whole
And true; if sure of naught beside, most sure
Of its own truth at least nor may endure
A crowd to see its face, that can not know
How hot the pulses throb its heart below
While its own helplessness and utter want
Of means to worthily be ministrant
To what it worships, do but fan the more
Its flame.

—*Ibid.*

ITALY.

"Open my heart and you will see,
Graved inside of it, 'Italy'.
Such lovers old are I and she,
So it always was, so it still shall be."

—*De Gustibus.*

MAY.

And after April, when May follows,
And the white-throat builds, and all the swallows,
Hark! where my blossomed pear-tree in the hedge
Leans to the field and scatters on the clover
Blossoms and dew-drops, at the bent spray's edge,
That's the wise thrush; he sings each song twice over,
Lest you should think he never could recapture
The first fine careless rapture!

—*Home Thoughts.*

LOVE.

Love is the only good in the world.
Henceforth be loved as heart can love,
Or brain devise, or hand approve.

—*Flight of the Duchess.*

PERFECTION.

Is this apparent,
That admiration grows as knowledge grows?
That imperfection means perfection hid,
Reserved in part to grace the aftertime?

—*Cleon.*

GOOD.

There shall never be one lost good! What was, shall live as before.
The evil is null, is naught, is silence implying sound;
What was good, shall be good, with, for evil, so much good more;
On the earth the broken arcs; in the heaven a perfect round.

—*Abt Vogler.*

PERFECTION.

Ah, but a man's reach should exceed his grasp,
Or what's a heaven for?

—*Andrea del Sarto.*

BEAUTY.

If you get simple beauty and naught else,
You get about the best thing God invents:
That's somewhat, and you'll find the soul you have missed
Within yourself, when you return him thanks.

—*Fra Lippo Lippi.*

CHEERFULNESS.

Then welcome each rebuff
That turns earth's smoothness rough,
Each sting that bids nor sit nor stand, but go!
Be our joys three-parts pain!
Strive, and hold cheap the strain;
Learn, nor account the pang; dare, never grudge the throe!

—*Rabbi Ben Ezra.*

SORROW.

Everywhere—

* * * * *

Sorrow the heart must bear,
Sits in the home of each, conspicuous there.
Many a circumstance, at least,
Touches the very best,
For those
Whom any sent away, he knows:
And in the live man's stead,
Armor and ashes reach
The house of each.

—*Agamemnon.*

PLEASURE.

Pleasure must succeed to pleasure, else past pleasure turns to pain.

La Saisiaz.

MUSIC.

Music (which is earnest of a heaven,
Seeing we know emotions strange by it,
Not else to be revealed) is as a voice
A low voice calling fancy, as a friend,
To the green woods in the gay summer time;
And she fills all the way with dancing shapes,
Which have made painters pale, and they go on
While stars look at them, and winds call to them,
As they leave life's path for the twilight world
Where the dead gather.

—*Pauline.*

MIND.

Measure your mind's height by the shade it casts.

Paracelsus.

WISDOM.

What profits bring me wisdom never shown
Just when its showing would from each rebuff
Shelter weak virtue, threaten back to bounds
Encroaching vice, tread smooth each track too rough
For youth's unsteady footstep, climb the rounds
Of life's long ladder, one by slippery one,
Yet make no stumble?

—*Jochanan Hakkadosh.*

NEVER.

Never the time and the place
And the loved one all together!
This path—how soft to pace!
This May—what magic weather!

—*Never the Time and the Place.*

WOMAN.

God be thanked, the meanest of his creatures
Boasts two soul-sides, one to face the world with,
One to show a woman when he loves her.

—*One Word More.*

SUCCESS.

Are there not, dear Michal,
Two points in the adventure of the diver,
One—when a beggar, he prepares to plunge?
One—when a prince, he rises with his pearl?
Festus, I plunge.

—*Paracelsus.*

AGE.

Grow old along with me!
The best is yet to be,
The last of life, for which the first was made.
Our times are in His hand
Who saith, "A whole I planned,
Youth shows but half; trust God: see all, nor be afraid!"

—*Rabbi Ben Ezra.*

LOVE.

Oh, how but losing love does whose love succeed
By the death-pang to the birth-throe, learning what is love indeed?
Only grant my soul may carry high through death her cup unspilled,
Brimming though it be with knowledge, life's loss drop by drop distilled.
I shall boast it mine, the balsam, bless each kindly wrench that wrung
From life's tree its inmost virtue, tapped the root whence pleasure sprung,
Barked the bole, and broke the bough, and bruised the berry, left all grace
Ashes in death's stern alembic, loosed elixir in its place!

—*La Saisiaz.*

INCONSTANCY.

Was it something said,
Something done,
Vexed him? Was it touch of hand,
Turn of head?
Strange! that very way
Love begun,—
I as little understand
Love's decay.

—*In a Year.*

MEMORY.

What follows on remembrance of the past?
Fear of the future! Life, from birth to death,
Means either looking back on harm escaped,
Or looking forward to that harm's return
With tenfold power of harming.

—*Ferishtah's Fancies.*

FALSEHOOD.

Lied is a rough phrase: say he fell from truth
In climbing towards it!

—*Ibid.*

BEAUTY.

"But had you—O, with the same perfect brow,
And perfect eyes, and more than perfect mouth,
And the low voice my soul hears, as a bird
The fowler's pipe, and follows to the snare,
Had you, with these the same, but brought a mind!
Some women do so. Had the mouth then urged
'God and the glory! never care for gain!'
* * * * *
I might have done it for you."

—*Andrea del Sarto.*

EQUALITY.

All service is the same with God,
With God, whose puppets, best and worst,
Are we: there is no last nor first.

—*Pippa Passes.*

DUTY.

Be sure that God
Ne'er dooms to waste strength he deigns impart.

—*Paracelsus.*

AUTUMN.

Autumn wins you best by this its mute
Appeal to sympathy for its decay.

—*Ibid.*

BUTTERCUPS.

All will be gay when noontide wakes anew
The buttercups, the little children's dower.

—*Home Thoughts.*

WOMAN.

A pretty woman's worth some pains to see,
Nor is she spoiled, I take it, if a crown
Complete the forehead pale and tresses pure.

—*Colombe's Birthday.*

SECLUSION.

Round us the wild creatures, overhead the trees,
Under foot the moss tracks, life and love with these!
I to wear a fawn skin, thou to dress in flowers;
All the long lone Summer day, that greenwood life of ours!
Rich pavilioned, rather,—still the world without,—
Inside, gold-roofed silk-walled silence round about!
Queen it thou on purple, I at watch and ward
Couched beneath the columns, gaze, thy slave, love's guard!
So, for us no world! Let throngs press thee to me!
Up and down amid men, heart by heart fare we!
Welcome squalid vesture, harsh voice, hateful face!
God is soul, souls I and thou; with souls should souls have place.

—*Ferishtah's Fancies.*

CONTRAST.

—Hell from heaven,
Made tenfold hell by contrast!

—*Ibid.*

LIGHT.

You groped your way across my room i' the dear dark dead of night;
At each fresh step a stumble was: but, once your lamp alight,
Easy and plain you walked again; so soon all wrong grew right!
What lay on floor to trip your foot? Each object, late awry,
Looked fitly placed, nor proved offence to footing free—for why?
The lamp showed all, discordant late, grown simple symmetry.
Be love your light and trust your guide, with these explore my heart!
No obstacle to trip you then, strike hands and souls apart!
Since rooms and hearts are furnished so,—light shows you,—needs love start?

—*Ibid.*

CONSCIENCE.

Ask thy lone soul what laws are plain to thee,
Thee and no other,—stand or fall by them!
That is the part for thee; regard all else
For what it may be—Time's illusion. This
Be sure of—ignorance that sins, is safe.
No punishment like knowledge!

—*Ibid.*

POETRY.

Verse-making was least of my virtues. I viewed with despair
Wealth that never yet was but might be—all that verse making were.
If the life would but lengthen to wish, let the mind be laid bare.
So I said: "To do little is bad, to do nothing is worse"—And made verse.

—*Ibid.*

PROVIDENCE.

God smiles as He has always smiled;
Ere suns and moons would wax and wane,
Ere stars were thunder-girt, or piled,
The Heavens, God thought on me his child;
Ordained a life for me, arrayed
Its circumstances, every one
To the minutest, ay, God said
This head this hand should rest upon
Thus, ere he fashioned star or sun.

—*Madhouse Cell.*

ANNE REEVE ALDRICH.

MISS ALDRICH was born in New York, April 25, 1866. From her earliest years she showed a fondness for composition, spending hours from the time she learned to print in writing stories and verses, although she had the usual healthy childish tastes for romping and all out-of-door sports. At the death of her father, which occurred in her eighth year, her mother removed to the country, where she took charge of her daughter's education at first, which was afterward carried on by competent tutors. Miss Aldrich displayed remarkable proficiency in composition and rhetoric, which was counterbalanced by what she herself calls an amusing inaptitude for mathematics, so that, while she was translating French and Latin authors for amusement, she was also struggling over a simple arithmetic, whose tear-blotted leaves she still preserves.

In her fifteenth year a friend suggested her sending a poem to *The Century*, or *Scribner's Magazine*, as it was then called. Although the verses were returned, with them she received a friendly note of encouragement and praise from the editor, who from that time often criticized the young girl's work. She wrote constantly and voluminously, usually destroying her work from month to month, so that but few of her earlier verses are extant. She also read widely, her taste inclining to the early English poets and dramatists and to mediæval literature. When she was seventeen her first published poem appeared in *Lippincott's Magazine*, followed by others in *The Century*, *Scribner's* and various periodicals. In 1885 Miss Aldrich's mother moved back to New York, where they now reside. Her first book, "The Rose of Flame and Other Poems of Love," was issued in March, 1889.

Miss Aldrich is slender and girlish in appearance. She dislikes country life and is fond of society. She is a brilliant conversationalist, a most entertaining correspondent, and is fond of all the arts, as music, painting, etc. Her family is of English extraction. Her ancestors were notorious Tories in Revolutionary days, and their large estates were confiscated by the American government.

M. A. H.

NEW EDEN.

In that first Eden, Love gave birth to Shame,
  And died of horror at its loathsome child.
Let us slay Shame, and bury it to-day,
  Yea, hide it in this second Eden's wild,
    This dim, strange place, where for aught we two know,
    No man hath stepped since God first made it so.

Now dream we are alone in all the earth.
  Say, wouldst thou weep if all save us were dead?
I would not weep, but closer to my breast
  Would press the golden glories of thy head,
    Rejoicing that none other of my race
    Should feed his eyes upon thy wondrous face.

Look at this tangled snare of undergrowth,
  These low-branched trees that darken all below;
Drink in the hot scent of this noontide air,
  And hear far off some distant river flow,
    Lamenting ever till it finds the sea.
    New life, new world, what's shame to thee and me?

Let us slay Shame; we shall forget his grave
  Locked in the rapture of our lone embrace.
Yet what if there should rise, as once of old,
  New wonder of this new, yet ancient place,
    An angel with a whirling sword of flame
    To drive us forth forever in God's name!

LOVE'S CHANGE.

I WENT to dig a grave for Love,
  But the earth was so stiff and cold
That, though I strove through the bitter night,
  I could not break the mold.

And I said: "Must he lie in my house in state,
  And stay in his wonted place?
Must I have him with me another day,
  With that awful change in his face?"

TWO SONGS OF SINGING.

I.

SING to me once again, till I forget
That now we hate, and dream we love on yet.
Thy voice, if aught on earth, can wake regret;
Sing to me once again, till I forget.

Sing! At thy voice the old dream shall arise.
Make me thy fool, feed me again with lies,
For I was happier ere I grew so wise.
Sing! At thy voice the old dream shall arise.

II.

When first I heard thee sing, O, my Beloved,
Thy voice, like wine, ran through my sleepy blood,
Woke soul and flesh in answer to its pleading,
And thrilled the unstirred depths of maidenhood.

Listening, I wept, with strange delicious anguish,
Nor knew it was a bitter prophecy,
A dim foreshadowing to my troubled spirit
Of future tears that I must shed for thee.

A WANDERER.

THE snow lies thick around his door,
That door made fast by bar and lock;
He will not heed thee, trembling, chilled;
He will not heed thy piteous knock.
Poor wandering Heart, canst thou not see
There is no welcome here for thee?

The air is numb with frost and night.
O, wait no longer in the snow,
For lo! from yonder latticed pane
Faint music and the fire-light's glow.
He hath another guest in state,
And thou, poor Heart, thou art too late!

IN NOVEMBER.

BROWN earth-line meets gray heaven,
And all the land looks sad,
But love's the little leaven
That works the whole world glad.
Sigh, bitter wind; lower, frore clouds of gray!
My love and I are living now in May.

IGNIS FATUUS.

THE pathway led through marshy land,
My weary feet slipped in the ooze,
The drenching fog clung close around,
Yet never did my will refuse
To travel on, to crush the rising moan,
Nor question why my way was set alone.

Across the marshes came the sound,
Mist-muffled, of the lonely sea.
I passed the landmarks, one by one,
This slimy stone, that rotting tree.
"Nearing the end," I told my fainting soul,
"Be brave; we soon shall reach the journey's goal."

How could I know, when night closed in,
That ghastly light would haunt the moor
To lead me back to whence I came,
Always ahead, a Devil's lure?
So Hell gave them the race, and left for me
The faint and mocking laughter of the sea.

HARRIET MABEL SPAULDING.

HARRIET MABEL SPAULDING was born in Gloversville, N. Y., and is the daughter of Rev. N. G. Spaulding, a prominent Methodist clergyman of the Troy Conference. Her earliest surroundings were of a cultivated nature, both of her parents possessing fine literary attainments. Her father graduated with honor from Union College, and is a platform orator of ability. Her mother is an alumna of Mrs. Willard's Seminary in Troy, and possesses skilled artistic talent. In 1868 the family removed to Schodack Landing, a spot calculated to inspire a poet of nature, with the Hudson rolling its serene course on the one side, and the Catskill Mountains on the other. In 1877 Miss Spaulding graduated from the Albany Female Academy, and in rapid succession won six gold medals in various branches of composition, offered by the Alumnæ. Miss Spaulding's first verses were written at the age of nine years. Her poems breathe a keen sympathy with nature's varied moods. Much of her verse is introspective and is inspired by deep religious fervor. Her poems are founded on the simpler models and are chaste and melodious in diction.

Personally, Miss Spaulding is tall, graceful and dignified, with a classically-formed head. She has brilliant conversational and musical abilities and is a social favorite. She is between twenty-five and thirty years of age and resides at Schodack Landing, N. Y. F. W. H.

COMPLETION.

FAR off in the meadow the daisies white
With buttercups glow in the morning light,
The tree blossoms shake from their cups the dew,
And smile below to the violets' blue;
For Spring has come, though she tarried long,
And filleth the air with her voice of song.

The Summer comes from her coy retreat,
And the roses bloom 'neath her dancing feet,
While the lily leans o'er the lake below,
Dipping her hands in its crystal flow,
And the apple blossoms of early spring
Fair globes of gold in the sunshine swing.

The grain is white on the far-off hill,
Though the May bird's carol is hushed and still;
The reapers press through the falling leaves,
And gather the weight of the harvest sheaves,
The Autumn reaps from her golden store,
The fruit the blossoms of spring-time bore.

Yours truly
Harriet M. Spalding

But I—I have sported the hours away,
From the opening morn till the close of day,
  Till beautiful autumn came at last,
  And gave me the fruit of the weary past;
The summer and harvest their work have done,
But mine is unfinished, and scarce begun.

And I ask to-day, when life's spring is o'er,
And its lessons of hope are taught no more,
  When her summer has flown on airy feet,
  May I read her mission and mine—complete,
And in perfect trust may I waiting see
The grain of life's harvest bend for me?

A SONG OF AWAKENING.

AWAKE, awake, oh, Buttercup!
  The dews are sparkling in the light.
  O'er hedges sweet, in meadows bright,
    The flowers unfold; the sunlight weaves
    A web of gold o'er the emerald leaves,
  And the soft poplars drooping low,
  Shower forth their silvery buds of snow.
    Within the waters mirrored fair
    Bathe thy bright locks of shining hair,
  And flutter in the sunlight bold,
  Until the woods are all a-gold
    With flashing hues; till cowslips small
    Come forth and blossom at thy call.
      Look up, thou sleeping one, look up!
      Wake from thy slumbers, Buttercup!

  Wake up, wake up, oh, Daffodil!
  Far o'er the hill-tops, newly born,
  Flush the faint roses of the morn;
    With tinted fingers clamber out
    Into the sun, for all about
  Shall greet thee! Hasten now to rift
  The mossy mold and upward lift
    Thy pure face, where the streamlet winds
    Among the hills, while backward shines
  Splendor to splendor! Softly wake
  The downy mosses of the lake,
    Till the arbutus raises shy
    Its fair head to the fairer sky;
      A new life breathes on moor and hill,
      Wake up, wake up, oh, Daffodil!

GOING BERRYING.

LONG years ago, on a golden day,
  When the ripe, red berries lay fast asleep,
Down where the roses were wrapt away
  In the tangled leaves of the meadow deep,
They roamed together, the maiden fair,
And he with his ringlets of sunny hair,
  And their laughter rang out on the air so still
  As they went berrying over the hill.

Oh! sly, brown ringlets that floated gay!
  Oh! little maiden, so sweet and fair,
Did you dream of his thoughts as you roamed that day,
  Enshrined in those tresses of golden hair?
For the eyes of the lover saw only you,
With your cheeks that rivaled the rose in hue,
  As he carried the basket you helped to fill
  With the berries that waited over the hill.

What wonder that hands so small and brown
  Would meet his own—the tangled vines!
What wonder the hours would pass so soon,
  That the sky with the western sunset shines!
But what, little maid, were the words he said
That turned your lips and your cheeks so red,
  That left the basket as empty still
  As when you went berrying over the hill?

Though years have fled, and the blushing glow
  Of the crimson berries has passed away,
Yet summer comes, and her loving hands
  Bring others as rosy and bright to-day.
And thro' the bloom of the woodland ways,
With laughter and song, as in other days,
  The youths and maidens are roaming still
  To gather the berries over the hill.

But he, with his eyes of deepest blue,
  His ringing voice and conscious grace,
Lies low where the willows above him wave,
  And the daisies cover his laughing face.
And an aged woman, with tear-filled eye,
Stands watching the happy throng go by,
  And the scene is as sweet to her memory still
  As when she went berrying over the hill.

Her merry eyes, that were laughing then,
  Are dimmed with time, while the hand of care
Has silvered the locks on the aged brow,
  And furrowed the cheeks that were once so fair.
Though youth's sweet visions have flown away,
And under the willows he sleeps to-day,
  Yet her heart is as true and as royal still
  As when they went berrying over the hill.

SPRING.

The reign of the midnight has ended,
  There's a flush of the dawn on the hill,
There's a carol of song in the valley,
  And paled is the eventide chill.
There's a murmur of leaves in the forest,
  A tinting of gold in the morn,
For spring has awaked from its slumber
  And anew in its freshness is born.

—*Easter Morn.*

EUDORA BUMSTEAD.

EUDORA STONE BUMSTEAD is a native of Bedford, Michigan, and was born August 26, 1860. However, she may well be called a daughter of Nebraska, as her parents removed to that state, where she has since resided, when she was but two years of age. Her earliest recollections, therefore, are of the great West, with its billowy prairies and seas of green, its grasshoppers, snow-storms and howling blizzards. Having for her monitor the voice of the winds and for inspiration the magnificence of the limitless plains, it is not to be wondered at that she early sung of nature in poetic numbers. But she had more than these incentives to literary tendency and growth. She had, in addition, parents who, though not college-bred, were well educated and highly cultured, and by their own literary taste and force gave her every possible encouragement to make hers a literary career. She began writing rhymes in childhood, and when ten years old was paid two dollars for a poem entitled, "Signs of Spring," which was published in *Our Young Folks*, then edited by J. T. Trowbridge. Receiving a good common-school education, she was for a time a successful school teacher. In 1878-9 she attended the Nebraska State University, where, becoming acquainted with William T. Bumstead, she became his wife in 1880. Their only child, a bright boy of two-and-a-half years, left them, but the sadness occasioned by his loss has not been sung to the world, as the mother believes that it is better to spread light and gladness than clouds and sadness.

Devoted to her husband to a rare degree, Mrs. Bumstead is the very personification of contentment. Living at Béatrice in a simple home overlooking the beautiful Blue River, she never seems to permit a care or trouble to cross her threshold. A non-conformist in matters of religion, she finds fault with none because of their convictions. Being of Quaker descent, she is the perfect type of that people, having all their antipathy for show and sham. Except to a congenial few, she is almost as much a stranger in her own city as abroad. Remarkably well informed and having an analytic mind, she is a keen, though kindly, disputant, accepting nothing as proven which does not stand the test of reason. Devoting but a small portion of her time to literary work, she yet manages to keep up a continuous publication of poetry and stories in the leading periodicals of the country, chief among which are the *Youth's Companion* and *St. Nicholas*. As a writer of lines for children she has but few equals, and will yet gain, if indeed she has not already won for herself, in the world's heart, the title of "The Children's Poet."—N. K. G.

THE CORN.

WHILE Walter goes to plant his corn,
Says Mina to the fair May morn,
"How tall, and strong, and blithe is he!
O may the fertile grains of gold
Yield him twice a hundredfold,
For he is all the world to me!"

The morning breeze is fresh and strong;
The corn-bird sings his planting song;
The robin answers from the hill;
But not a note does Mina hear
Of all the music far and near,
Save Walter's whistle sweet and shrill.

His prairie farm is new and wide,
But he has naught on earth beside,
And in a tiny hut he dwells;
And so, except in smiles and sighs,
And gentle deeds and wistful eyes,
His love for her he never tells.

But if the year should go aright,
Nor drought nor hail the corn should blight,
What happy wonders then might be!
So saith the maid, "O grains of gold,
Yield him twice a hundredfold,
For he is all the world to me!"

While Walter goes to husk his corn
He smiles upon the frosty morn,
For Mina, smiling, sits beside.
Since first the stalks in summer spread
Their rank green blades above her head
He claims a precious promised bride.

The spot is chosen where shall stand
The cottage, oft and gravely planned
In summer noons and Sabbath eves,
And trees are named to shade the day,
And charm the twilight hours away
With mystic murmurs of their leaves.

"Dear girl," he says, "before we knew
What hail, or drought, or frost might do,
Our happy goal seemed far away;
But now, so blest our fields have been
That when the last great load comes in,
Oh, then should be our wedding day!"

And Mina answers soft and low;
She husks with him the first long row,
The sweet, sere blades above her head;
And if he stops her here and there,
The corn itself gives license fair,
For more than once the ear is red.

SAITH MY HEART.

WHILE the clouds hang low and the night-winds
moan,
The Earth is weary, and dark, and lone.
(O, sad Earth, thy pain I know.)
His heart of sorrow will not foresee
How the white moon cometh, his bride to be.
(And there is but one more fair than she,
Saith my heart in whispers low.)

The storm is ended; the winds are whist;
But the moon is masked in a shining mist.
(O, fond Earth, thy doubt I know.)
She parteth her veil—of silver spun—
And glory and joy the Earth o'errun.
(O, Love, behold what a smile hath done,
Saith my heart in whispers low.)

Crieth my soul, O list! O hear!
She that I love is near—is near!
(O, glad Earth, thy hope I know.)
Celestial glory the sky hath spanned;
My lips are mute, but they touch her hand.
(She that I love will understand,
Saith my heart in whispers low.)

Ah, that smile! 'Tis a silent vow.
Her pure heart flameth up to her brow.
(O, strong Earth, thy bliss I know.)
All that was bitter is turned to sweet;
All that was lacking is made complete.
(Heaven hath followed my darling's feet,
Saith my heart in whispers low.)

THE QUEST.

THERE once was a restless boy
Who dwelt in a home by the sea,
Where the water danced for joy
And the wind was glad and free;
But he said, "Good mother, oh, let me go;
For the dullest place in the world I know
Is this little brown house,
This old brown house
Under the apple tree.

I will travel east and west;
The loveliest homes I'll see;
And when I have found the best,
Dear mother, I'll come home for thee,
I'll come for thee in a year and a day,
And joyfully then we'll haste away
From this little brown house,
This old brown house
Under the apple tree.

So he traveled here and there,
But never content was he.
Though he saw in lands most fair
The costliest home there be,
He something missed from the sea or sky
Till he turned again, with a wistful sigh,
To the little brown house,
The old brown house
Under the apple tree.

Then the mother saw and smiled,
While her heart grew glad and free.
"Hast thou chosen a home, my child?
Ah, where shall we dwell?" quoth she.
And he said, "Sweet mother, from east to west
The loveliest home and the dearest and best
Is a little brown house,
An old brown house
Under an apple tree."

BLOW, WIND, BLOW.

(*Monosyllables.*)

Now the snow is on the ground,
And the frost is on the glass;
Now the brook in ice is bound,
And the great storms rise and pass,
Bring the thick, gray cloud;
Toss the flakes of snow;
Let your voice be hoarse and loud,
And blow, wind, blow!

When our day in school is done,
Out we come with you to play.
You are rough, but full of fun,
And we boys have learned your way.
All your cuffs and slaps
Mean no harm, we know.
Try to snatch our coats and caps,
And blow, wind, blow!

You have sent the flowers to bed;
Cut the leaves from off the trees;
From your blast the birds have fled;
Now you do what you may please.
Yes; but by and by
Spring will come, we know,
Spread your clouds then, wide and high,
And blow, wind, blow!

INTEMPERANCE.

They were drawn to a path of pain and shame,
As the moth is drawn to the torturing flame,
Though they knew there were paupers, and men
insane,
And prisons, and graves at the end of the lane.

—*Duzhupleze.*

GEORGE NEWELL LOVEJOY.

THIS writer of historic ballads and popular sympathetic verse, whose name is familiar to American hearts and homes, is a descendant of one of the earliest New England families—the Massachusetts. Adams Lovejoy, the martyr to the cause of emancipation, and the famous Owen Lovejoy were relatives on his father's side of the family. He was born at Riga, Monroe county, New York. Music became his early passion, and his song, "O, Love in the West," is the ripe fruit of his early musical culture. At ten years of age he became a pupil at the Conservatory, Lyons, N. Y., conducted by Prof. Hinsdale Sherwood, father of the eminent pianist, Wm. H. Sherwood. In 1858 Mr. Lovejoy's parents removed to Ann Arbor, Mich., where the son attended the public schools of that University town, and later graduated from the law department of the University before the age of twenty-one.

His father died suddenly in 1865, and the life of Mr. Lovejoy was terribly saddened for months after. He and his mother always lived together, each bound up in the affection of the other. She died near Rochester in August, 1888. Into his mother's grave went the joy of his life. For years he has given his attention to music and literary work. He has published several songs, has written for *Lippincott's Magazine*, *St. Nicholas*, one of the Harper publications, *The Current*, the *American Magazine*, *Youth's Companion*, and other prominent periodicals as well as newspapers. "Disappointment," a poem appearing in *Lippincott's Magazine* in April, 1883, attracted much attention. He has spent much time on varied occasions in the larger eastern cities, but he has a distaste for great cities and prefers a retired life. At present he resides in Rochester, N. Y. H. B.

A RECOLLECTION.

THE rose looked fairer as it lay
On her cold breast that summer day,
And sweeter smelled its guileless breath
Above the heart so still in death.
Beholding her the eye could trace
A tender smile on her calm face,
While on her lips one could not miss,
As e'en n life, the waiting kiss!

She seemed as one fast fallen asleep,
Like one in blissful dreamland deep,
Or, like an angel in repose,
Breathing the breath of a white rose;
And yet her quiet loveliness
A deeper meaning did express,
One full of that mysterious power
Which makes one dumb in such an hour!

We bended down and kissed the face
So white and sad, yet full of grace,
And felt the lily hands that pressed,
As in fond prayer, the silent breast,
And dropped the tears of sad regret
O'er one whose lovely bloom had set
In rarer hues and sweeter scent,
In God's blest garden of content!

THE OLD HILL-PATH.

'Tis true, it is as graceful as when, in other days,
It wound along in beauty to the top; but as I gaze
This musing hour upon it, sad tears my eyelids fill,
For something's gone forever from the old path up the hill.

The sunlight and the shadows rest upon it with the same
Dear benedictive presence as in the days when came
No aching care to haunt me, from morn till eve at will—
Ere something passed forever from the old path up the hill.

The breezes, as they loiter, the old airs fondly croon,
The blithe birds in the tree-tops sing as in my life's lost June;
And, as then, the myriad blossoms all around their wealth distill—
But something's gone forever from the old path up the hill.

Something—a face—a touch of hand—a voice—a presence—lo!
A world that brought me heaven, all vanished with the flow
Of pauseless time, and, slowly, along I wander still—
With something gone forever from the old path up the hill.

Would ye might come again—again—oh, days so dear to me,
And give me back the glory of my life's sweet Arcady!
For, though summer reigns a goddess, in my heart lives winter's chill,
Since something's gone forever from the old path up the hill.

I lift my wet eyes skyward and plead, "Why must it be—
This inmost desolation, this awful misery?"
But silence mocks my heart-cry, while fresh tears my eyelids fill—
Ah! something's gone forever from the old path up the hill.

The sun in royal splendor is flushing all the west;
The day is dying—dying—'twill soon be time for rest:
But, ah! no rest for me, as all alone I wander still—
With something gone forever from the old path up the hill.

DISAPPOINTMENT.

She came to me in such a way
I could but feel she must be Truth;
And this is what I heard her say,
With voice as sweet as honeyed youth:
"I've sought you out to bring you cheer to-day."

Oh, how she in my bosom set
My heart fast-beating! I forbore
To think I ever should regret
Her coming that day to my door
With words, each one sweet as a violet.

Yet where she said, "There waits love's rose!"
I found no flower, bud or leaf;
Still on the ground lay winter's snows,
And moaned the cold winds as in grief,
While in me grew a sorrow as God knows.

And going back, weeping sad tears,
Cold Disappointment I beheld;
The veil of Truth removed, her years,
Full of deceit and crowned with eld,
Deep written on the face that never cheers.

In very pain I sobbed, "Oh, why
Within me bud a bliss so fair,
And then so cruelly let it die?"
"Man needs no heaven to win his care
If this world have no ill!" was her reply.

And she, who in me lodged the dart
Of woe, re-donned, without delay,
The veil which did to her impart
Truth's likelihood, and turned away,
Seeking new scenes to try her mournful art.

GROUPINGS.

The stormy petrel skims the ocean foam,
The vessel sails along her lonely way;
The sailor thinks of wife, and child, and home;
The sun fades in the west and ends the day.

There is no moon to lend a friendly light,
The wild winds howl, the billows roll and roar;
The ship strains every nerve till late at night,
And then goes down, a thousand miles from shore.

At home a pale and sad wife sits, and by
Her side a little fellow from his play
Looks up, and, wondering, asks his mother why
His father stays so long, so long away!

QUATRAINS.

The saddest dream which doth obtain
In sleep's lone hour, too oft may be
The self-same one whose heavy pain
One day becomes reality.

While, O! the thought which comes to mar
The heart's fond peace, like bitter rue,
Is that the sweetest dream by far
Is the dream that never comes true.

MY FADELESS ROSE.

Ah, no! not dead! Thou only hast
Put by the vesture clay,
And, clad in richer garments, passed
Beyond earth's careworn day.

I must not weep—across the flood,
Which by God's garden flows,
The other morning my sweet bud
Became a fadeless rose.

CHILDHOOD.

Ah, me! to live them o'er again,
The years now gone forever,
And feel the same thoughts stir my breast
That are mine now, ah, never!

O years the heart can not forget,
'Mid manhood's cares and sorrows,
How gladly would I welcome back
Your sweet "to-days" and "morrows"!

ARTHUR JOHN LOCKHART.

ARTHUR JOHN LOCKHART was born May 5, 1850, in the village of Lockhartville, Kings county, Nova Scotia. It is a very picturesque country, overlooking the yellow waters of Avon river, and a little farther off Minas basin, with Cape Blomidon and Five Islands and the Cumberland shore in sight. About four miles away lies the valley of the Gaspereau river, and beyond that the Grand-pré, a beautiful stretch of level hay-land, dyked in from the tides of Minas basin. There is no more beautiful scenery in Nova Scotia than this. A good description of the charming pastoral landscape of Gaspereau may be found in Mr. Lockhart's poem by that name. How the love of nature grew in him and sought poetic expression is told in the same poem.

Mr. Lockhart is of Scotch descent on his father's side, and of Huguenot on his mother's. His father was a shipmaster, and his long voyages and absences gave a touch of pathos and romance to the boy's life. He inherited a deeply religious temperament, and after trying for some years the printer's trade in Cambridge, Mass., he found his congenial life-work in the Christian ministry. For sixteen years he has been an acceptable preacher in the Methodist Episcopal Church of Maine. While stationed at East Corinth, Penobscot county, he published a volume of poems entitled, "The Mask of Minstrels." This volume was received with favor. He has done some very acceptable essay-work in the *Portland Transcript*, under the *nom de plume* of "Pastor Felix." Stray poems of his find their way into various papers of the Dominion and of the United States. He has had his full share of labor and sorrow, which accounts for the minor strain in many of his poems. A brother was lost at sea in early manhood, and it is in his memory he writes the sweet elegy, "To Thee, the Love of Woman Hath Gone Down." Mr. Lockhart's best work has a singing quality, a lyrical spirit and a natural ease and charm which distinguish it from mere rhetoric, however cunningly devised. His poems have numerous quotable lines, which are full of the very fragrance and essence of beauty. It will be found that many of them will bear close acquaintance and will yield more fragrance the closer they are pressed. B. W. L.

SILENT SPEECH.

THE green leaves twinkled overhead,
And lightly on the turf beneath
She walked, but not a word we said;
She braided me a daisy wreath,
With clover and grasses blent,
While toward the sea we smiling went.

The glossy buttercups were there,
Sprinkling the waysides with their gold;
And in the west hung splendors rare
Of sunset that are never told;
And, on white waters glorified,
The quiet ships did brightly ride.

The charm of silence was not broken
With words that softly fill the ear—
Affection's sweet, responsive token—
Accents the spirit leaps to hear;
And as we walked I vainly sought
To plume with speech my fluttering tho't.

We sat to rest beside the way;
She raised her sweet eyes up to mine;
Her inmost soul had risen to say,
"And dost thou question I am thine?"
No need that she or I should speak;
For love is strong when words are weak.

ANGELS.

IN THE chill autumn night, when lone winds grieve,
I musing sat, where on my cottage wall
The flickering shadows of the fire-light fall,
Shuttles that Fancy's silver web doth weave;
Lonely and worn, I thought upon the dearth
Of heavenly influence; for our dull earth
No longer may her plumy guests receive
From regions where divinest things have birth.

Wandering in dream, I saw the new-risen Eve,
Prime of all human beauty, human worth,
Sitting upon a flower-besprinkled mound
Of Paradise; and felt the charm, the grace,
The pure content that harmonized her face.
She moved not, but a tranquil rapture found
In gazing upward, rapt with wondrous view
Of gold-winged angels softly breaking through,
Or melting in the deep of evening blue—
Fleet couriers, messaged from a world afar—
And on the brow of each a lucent star!
"Strange!" thought I, wondering at the things I saw,
Like him at Bethel, waking, filled with awe
Of this great vision: "Surely, I behold
The angels tarrying with us as of old!"

And though the fire-lit embers had not died,
They made not the sweet face my chair beside,
The form of light—and fair as Eden's bride—
Watching each sparkle with her quiet smile.

"Dear fireside angel, who dost go and come
Like light and music through the halls of home!
And are there angels with us yet?" I cried:
"And come they still who came to earth erewhile?"
"There are," she said; "Though oft the world seem cold,
And life seem disenchanted with dull cares,
The heavenly ministry cometh as of old—
We wake to find *our* angels unawares."

A ROUNDY CHEER FOR THE FARMER.

Ho! Ho! let us cheer him, the hale and the tanned!
With the brave of his heart and the brawn of his hand,
The merry brown farmer is king in the land.
The farmer forever! Hurrah!

Ho! Ho! he can smile at the pains of the great;
He maketh his fortune, and mendeth his fate,
And keeps a calm hand on the tiller of state.
The farmer forever! Hurrah!

He waves his wand over the mold o' the plain,
He calls on the sun, and he calls on the rain,
And they leap up to life in the beautiful grain.
The farmer forever! Hurrah!

Let him sit in life's evening and dream at his ease,
'Neath the lush leafy boughs of his blossomy trees,
Till children's grandchildren climb up on his knees.
The farmer forever! Hurrah!

Ho! Ho! for true heart, and for rough, ready hand,
The prompt to obey, and the firm to command,
The merry brown farmer is king in the land.
The farmer forever! Hurrah!

A FANTASY.

Prone on a mossy bank in languor lying,
'Mid the sun-beaten porch o' the afternoon,
List'ning a famish'd rillet's lessening tune,
And the dark, jaded fir-tree's faintest sighing;
To half-closed eyes some wandering beams came prying,
And peered through branches—streamed their gold across
Drowsed brain and stilly eyelids, with the floss
Of locks illuminate; when saw I flying
Swift wings, like quivering seraphim, quick plying
Under a triple arch of rainbow's-end
Of a long bridge of light; and finest hints
Of song, a tiny aerial music, dying,
And rising yet again, they seemed to send—
While close beside me rose the Fairy Prince!

SING ON, LITTLE BIRD.

Sing on, little bird, from the South-land suddenly come,
Sing on! Our woods wear green again to yield thee a home;
Sliding o'er slope and meadow, flitting from tree to tree,
Sing, for my heart leaps lightly, warmly to welcome thee!

Sing on, little bird, be thou blue-bird, bobolink, thrush!
Sing, with the woodland, streamlet, the torrent's musical rush!
People the nest-hung elms, ye bright-plumed oriole-crew,
And sport in your very dominion of softly-shimmering blue!

Sing on, little bird! for mine ear has grown thirsty for song!
Dumb the winter enchain'd me, but I to the summer belong;
And it seems that I, too, a-flutter, could with thee warble and fly,
When I hear the first faint cuckoo, or see Jack Robin a-nigh.

Sing on, little bird! for soon will a silence fall
Over the budding groves and the pine-hills tall,
When the woods will blaze and blacken, till all be bare;
Then where will be the twitter and carol, the sweet and sunny air?

Sing on, little bird! we'll remember, in some other land and spring,
When these moorlands lie in silence, that thou hast not ceased to sing;
For away in the evergreen South-land thou'lt mingle with the bloom
Of orange and magnolia, and thy sweet singing resume.

Sing on, little bird! So cheery forever thy caroling strain;
Thou changest for woe no rapture, thou hast not learned to complain;
Thou fliest away from the winter, speeding gleeful along,
And greetest the far-off forests with summer and song.

Sing on, little bird! O, sing! till thy music shall counsel my heart;
Sing! for in thy singing my spirit has jubilant part:
Singing is better than sighing, O, petulant heart of mine!
Thou, too, hast love with singing; then wherefore, O, wherefore repine?

—For *The Magazine of Poetry*.

MRS. JOHN CRAWFORD.

MRS. JOHN CRAWFORD was born near Syracuse, N. Y. She is of German descent, her maiden name being Quackenbush. At an early age her family moved to Canada, and for several years resided at Consecon, Ont., where the subject of this sketch attended grammar school. Quick to learn, at the age of twelve she stood at the head of her classes, but had never written a composition. Gifted with an active and retentive memory, each bit of poetry perused, the air and words of each song once heard, were remembered, and when but a child she recited at one time the whole of Goldsmith's "Deserted Village." She lived in Michigan for some time, and while there she was engaged in teaching. It was at this time that she commenced to contribute to the literary press. In 1868 she returned to Canada, locating at Newtonville, Ont. Writing for various Canadian and American newspapers was here a pleasant pastime. In 1870 she married John Crawford, of Clarke, Mich. For a few years her literary efforts were rather desultory, owing to domestic cares. She has two children, a boy and girl. Three years ago an entire summer's illness afforded leisure for literary work, and since that time more or less writing for the press has been indulged in, but always under the assumed title, "Maude Moore." A quantity of fiction has been written.

W. R. C.

BUT YESTERDAY.

'T WAS long ago!
No, no,
Love, 't was but yesterday!
And yet, so far away it seems,
So dimly comes to me in dreams,
That ages might have come and gone
Since last you left me here, alone!

You loved me, then?
Ah, when?
Love, 't was but yesterday!
Loved? Now you love no more!
Hark! Hear the lake's loud roar!
'T is the surf madly beating
The rocks, and then retreating.
Do the rocks yield? Ah, never!
Rocks are but rocks, forever!

Dost seek to wound?
No sound!
Love, 't was but yesterday,
But love has wings and flies,
And the heart wounded dies;
And though I beat and beat against the rocks,
My heart alone can feel the cruel shocks!

The dream was sweet,
Though fleet.
Love, 't was but yesterday
You held me in strong, loving arms,
And, smiling, kissed away alarms,
And soothed my fears, and dried my tears.
Oh, the joy of the long-vanished years!
Can I forget?
Not yet!

Love, 't was but yesterday,
So sweet the dreams yet hold,
More precious than fine gold,
You wooed me and you won me! Vain regret!
Had you not won me, you had wooed me yet!

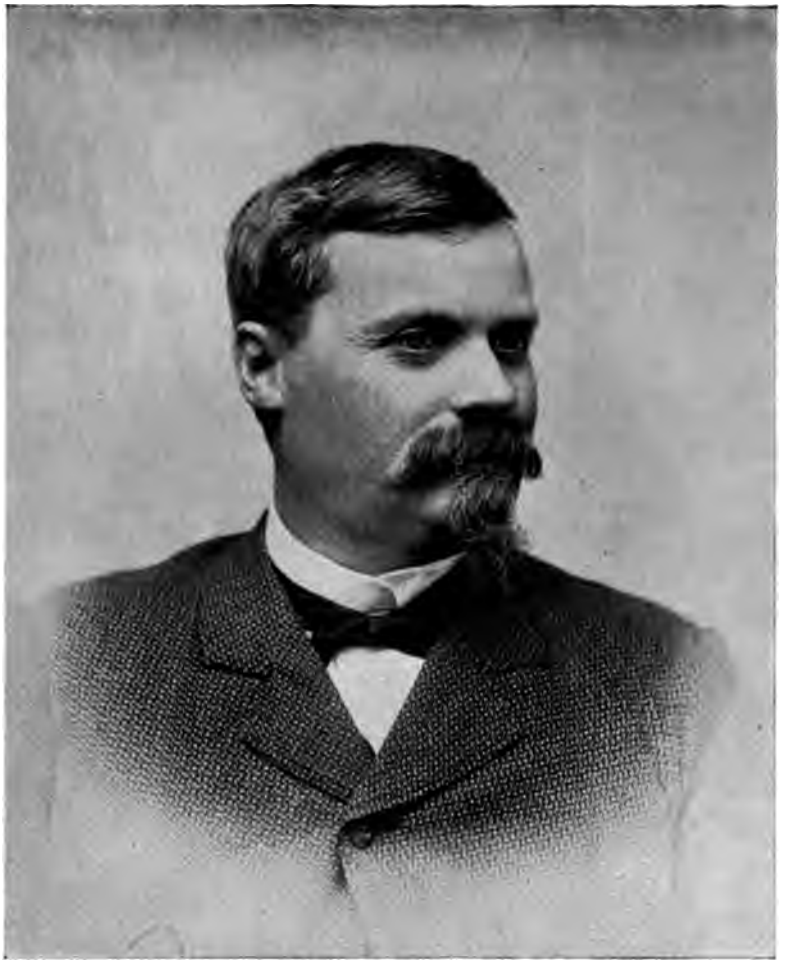
THE SAILOR'S WIFE.

BY-LOW, my baby, by-low-by!
Thy father's ship 's at anchor nigh.
How gaily it rides on the glassy waves
That covers so many poor sailors' graves!
His heart is at anchor, his hopes are stayed
On his home and thee, my little maid.
Sleep soft, my bird, within your nest,
Our hearts and hopes with the ship are at rest!

Be gay, my baby, brave and gay!
Your father's ship sails away to-day,
And he must not see a saddened face,
For that 's to a sailor's wife disgrace.
The sea he loves, and the ship so trim,
But, oh, my baby, we'll pray for him!
That he may come back to us some day,
And so we will both be brave and gay!

By-low, my baby! Hush, my child!
Why start with terror, sudden, wild?
Hear'st thou the wind's loud, angry roar?
The breaker thundering on the shore?
O, wifely heart, oppressed with care,
Seek refuge now in God, in prayer!
Sleep sweet, my bird, while clouds droop low,
And requiem winds wail sad and low.

Awake, my baby! Lift thy head
From off thy dainty, white-robed bed!
Thy father 's safe, my nestling dear!
It is but joy that brings this tear;
His clasp is holding mother, child!
What care I though the waves roll wild?
Now slumber softly, sigh no more,
Our heart's wild storm of anguish o'er!



Yours truly
John D. Kaye

IN A LILY'S CUP.

A LONG, green stem creeps out from the brown earth,
And broad leaves, coarsely veined, come with its birth:
But at its topmost end a sheath of white
Unfolding shows a bud of beauty bright.
Fair, pure and stainless, fed by warmth and glow
Within, though all without be draped with snow.
A hothouse flower, preserved from storm or cold,
It grows, lives, blossoms and then waxes old.
Its life is brief, but beautiful. Look deep
Within its calyx as it lies asleep;
I'll read you there a rhyme this dreary day,
But whether "song or sermon" you shall say.

Hear how the mad, weird March winds rave and roar!
See the surf beating on the rock-crowned shore!
You can not feel the cruel, biting blast;
It shakes your windows as it hurries past,
But you are housed and fed, and safe within
A lily's cup, stainless and free from sin.

Its white walls of pure influence close you round.
Within its sheltered heart you love have found;
And "passion's host that never brooked control,"
Ne'er storms the citadel of saintly soul.
You have felt pain, and who that lives has not?
Such pain as Nature renders common lot,
But sorrow for lost hopes, lost loves or sin,
Has ne'er your lily portals entered in.
Sorrow for others, for a world sin-cursed,
Such of all sorrows seems to you the worst.

Look from your window, where your lilies bloom,
And hyacinth and heliotrope scent the room,
And rags and wretchedness may smite the eye
That lights alone for beauty. You may sigh,
For purest pity pearls the lily's heart,
And prompts the tear that from its eyelids start;
But ne'er those eyes can weep such tears as flow
From those who know the depths of want and woe;
And ne'er the heart can comprehend the sin
That to the lily never entered in.
The world is sinful, you may say; and yet
O'er far-off heathen you may sigh and fret,
But do not know or can not understand,
That there are worse than heathen in the land.
"Unto the pure all things are pure"; and so
The lily's cup is pure as unsunned snow.
Its heart's sweet innocence, its home of love,
Its likeness here below to Heaven above,
Safe from rude winds, its sweetness folded up,
Best of all dwellings is a lily's cup.

JOHN BRAYSHAW KAYE.

JOHN BRAYSHAW KAYE was born in Yorkshire, England, June 10, 1841, the fourth son of a family of fourteen children, all yet living. He came to America with his parents in 1842, landing at Baltimore, Md. The family afterward moved to Pennsylvania, and went west in 1848, settling on a farm near Lake Geneva, Wis. There he passed the years of his youth. There his mind appeared to receive remarkable impressions from the witchery and beauty of the lake, and the splendid scenery which formed part of its associations. To him it was a rich source of physical and mental recreation. He received his education in the common and high schools of his native county. He went to Nevada in 1863, crossing the plains in a wagon, arriving at Virginia City, and for a time was employed in the famous Ophir mine on the Comstock Lode. After four years of varied experiences, when, as it might be said, every man carried his bed on his back, he returned to his home. In 1869 he again went to Nevada, the attraction being the White Pine silver mining excitement of that period. After two years, satisfied with six years of roughing it, he returned to Wisconsin and commenced reading law with the Hon. John A. Smith, of Lake Geneva. Prior to this he had studied law in his hours of leisure. In 1872 he married and removed to Decorah, Iowa, and was admitted to the bar. Shortly after this he moved to Calmar, Iowa, and engaged in the usual practice of his profession. He was mayor of Calmar one or two years, and recorder many years. In 1886 he was elected county attorney, and was re-elected in 1888. As a lawyer he is as remarkable for his honesty as for his ability. His position, once taken, is held; there is no retreat, no compromise. His first book was published in 1874, and was called "Facts and Fancies." His second collection was entitled "Songs of Lake Geneva," He has in preparation two volumes, which will be published at an early day. F. L. G.

THE HUMMING-BIRD.

RARE little bird of the bower!
Bird of the musical wing,
While hiding thy head in some flower,
Softly thy green pinions sing;

Sing like the harp of Æolus,
Hum out each murmuring note
With a charm having power to control us,
As we watch thee suspended afloat.

Sweet little cloud of vibration!
  Bright little feathery fay!
Wee rainbow-hued animation,
  Humming the long hours away!

Sipping the dew from the blue-bells,
  Culling the sweets from the rose,
Whose heart, pearly-pink, like the sea-shell's,
  Yields purest ambrosia that grows.

Hid from the dull sight of mortals,
  Out of the reach of the bee,
Down through the lily's white portals
  Nectar's distilling for thee.

Now at the thistle's red tassel,
  Probing with needle-like bill,
Drinking a sweet dreamy wassail,
  Humming thy melody still.

In the bright region of blossoms
  Where the gay butterfly flaunts,
Where Nature her beauty unbosoms,
  These are thy favorite haunts.

Where the wild honey-bee hovers
  In the perfume-laden air,
Whither stray light-hearted lovers,
  Often they meet with thee there.

Always thou dwellest 'mid beauty,
  Bird of melodious wing,
To seek it 's thy life's only duty,
  And bask in perpetual spring.

AFTER THE SLEET.

After the sleet, and the sun is beaming,
  And winter is wearing a brilliant smile;
While the trees, in their icy armor gleaming,
Are steel-clad knights in their martial seeming;
And like silvery plumes from their helmets streaming
  Are the drooping boughs meanwhile.
While the graceful shrubs in fringe arrayed,
And bugles and lace of the finest grade,
Stand motionless, their charms displayed,
  Like youthful maidens dreaming.

Icicles now from the eaves are pending,
  And the fences are grated with crystal bars,
While the flashing grove in the maze seems blending
Of silver, and gold, and light contending
With glittering shafts, their rays outsending
  Like a myriad fallen stars;
And the loud, harsh note of the saucy jay,
In his shrill, discordant roundelay,
Is the only sound that comes to-day
  From the grove's still bowers wending.

Out in the barn-yard, kine are lowing
  And locking horns in half-playful mood,
And the champion barn-fowl loudly crowing,
With pompous vanity o'erflowing,
Struts back and forth, advice bestowing
  On all the barn-yard brood;
And in the door-yard now there sing
Meek little snow-birds, twittering
In whispers soft of the far-off spring,
  And the seeds in the wild flowers growing.

From a great-trunked oak, all branchless standing,
  Standing dead where it sprung and grew,
Like a wooden Memnon, a knoll commanding,
Or a watch-tower, reared near an unsafe landing,
To warn of shoals or the chance of stranding,
  Comes the idol's voice in a long tattoo;
'Tis a woodpecker tapping the sounding wood!
In his cutaway coat and crimson hood,
Drumming for meat, and a home so good
  In the old oak's heart demanding.

IN THE DEEP, TANGLED FOREST.

In the deep, tangled forest I roamed when a boy,
  Absorbed and enchanted by solitude's spell,
Till I grew a young hermit and found sweetest joy
  Where Nature, untrammeled, primeval, did dwell.

The shy, woodland denizens all seemed my friends,
  And with cautious timidity oft would draw near,
Urged on by the power curiosity lends,
  In confidence partly, and partly in fear.

The coo of the pigeon, the morning dove's note
  Were sounds that delighted my too pensive ear;
And the pheasant's wild tattoo, loud beaten by rote
  To the song of the thrush, full of music and cheer.

The whispering branches, when stirred by the breeze,
  Related a story addressed to my soul;
And the autumn's sere leaves, as they fell from the trees,
  Awakened strange feelings I scarce could control.

'T was a pleasure to climb up the steep, jutting cliff,
  And stray 'long the smooth, pebbly beach of the lake;
To launch on the waters the miniature skiff,
  Or thread the wild maze of the vine-tangled brake.

To gaze from the bluff on the clear, placid bay,
  Where wild water-fowls swam, in such proud grace, along,
For naught seemed so free and so happy as they,
  Whose flight was a poem, whose floating a song.

'Twas a pastime to watch, solemn, perched on some limb,
The kingfisher scanning the waters below,
Till close to the surface some "shiner" should swim,
Then see him shoot down like a shaft from a bow.

The splash of his falling and lifting his prey
Was followed by plunges of terrified frogs,
When lake turtles drew in their heads in dismay,
And dropped in the water from shore-clinging logs.

'T was a study to note how the catfish would take
Her great family with her, as if for a stroll,
A black cloud of young bull-heads, they followed her wake,
Gliding close to the strand o'er the pebble-floored shoal.

With what care would she guide them! how oft turn about
To see if her ebony darlings were there!
How playfully toss them upon her blunt snout!
How hurry them off when of danger aware!

'T was a joy to behold, on their wide-arching wings,
The white gulls careering about through the air;
But the wheeling black eagles, the fierce forest kings,
When afloat o'er the woods, brought both joy and despair.

Once I watched one of these, up away, proudly soar
In the blue, cloudless heavens, a speck as black as night;
While a craving came o'er me I n'er felt before,
And I envied the monarch his powers of flight.

MAIDENHOOD.

Within that mystic realm she stood,
Where girlhood all was just behind;
On either side young womanhood
And, just ahead, that undefined
Life which doth picture all things good,
And builds large faith on humankind.

The sweets from childhood's days
Were garnered in her happy heart;
Youth's sunshine like a song of praise
Unto her being did impart
The gladness of its warm caress,
While womanhood's young loveliness
Crowned all with her maturer ways.

—*Eva.*

SUSAN COOLIDGE.

MISS SARAH CHAUNCEY WOOLSEY, known in the literary world as Susan Coolidge, stands in the front rank of American female poets. She was born in Cleveland, Ohio, about 1845, and now resides in Newport, R. I. She is a niece of Theodore Dwight Woolsey, the celebrated educator. Facts concerning her daily life she reserves to herself, believing a writer's personality can best be found in his works. She has published two volumes of poems: "Verses," in 1880, and "A Few More Verses," in 1889. She is a prolific writer for the press in prose and verse. Her prose publications include: "A Guernsey Lily," "A Little Country Girl," "A Short History of the City of Philadelphia," besides a number of books for children.

H. A. T.

INFLUENCE.

COUCHED in the rocky lap of hills,
The lake's blue waters gleam,
And thence in linked and measured rills
Down to the valley stream,
To rise again, led higher and higher,
And slake the city's hot desire.

High as the lake's bright ripples shine,
So high the water goes,
But not a drop that air-drawn line
Passes or overflows;
Though man may strive and man may woo,
The stream to its own law is true.

Vainly the lonely tarn its cup
Holds to the feeding skies;
Unless the source be lifted up,
The streamlet can not rise:
By law inexorably blent,
Each is the other's measurement.

Ah, lonely tarn! ah, striving rill!
So yearn these souls of ours,
And beat with sad and urgent will
Against the unheeding powers.
In vain is longing, vain is force;
No stream goes higher than its source.

WHEN?

IF I were told that I must die to-morrow,
That the next sun
Which sinks should bear me past all fear and sorrow
For any one,
All the fight fought, all the short journey through:
What should I do?

I do not think that I should shrink or falter,
But just go on,
Doing my work, nor change, nor seek to alter
Aught that is gone;
But rise and move, and love, and smile and pray
For one more day.

And, lying down at night for a last sleeping,
Say in that ear
Which hearkens ever: "Lord, within Thy keeping
How should I fear?
And when to-morrow brings Thee nearer still,
Do Thou Thy will."

I might not sleep for awe; but peaceful, tender,
My soul would lie
All the night long; and when the morning splendor
Flushed o'er the sky,
I think that I could smile, could calmly say,
"It is His day."

But, if instead a hand from the blue yonder
Held out a scroll,
On which my life was writ, and with wonder
Beheld unroll
To a long century's end its mystic clew,
What should I do?

What *could* I do, O, blessed Guide and Master,
Other than this:
Still go on as now, now slower, now faster,
Nor fear to miss
The road, although so very long it be,
While led by Thee?

Step after step, feeling Thee close beside me,
Although unseen,
Through thorns, through flowers, whether the tempest hide Thee,
Or heavens serene,
Assured Thy faithfulness can not betray,
Thy love decay.

I may not know, my God; no hand revealeth
Thy counsels wise;
Along the path a deepening shadow stealeth,
No voice replies
To all my questioning thought, the time to tell,
And it is well.

Let me keep on, abiding and unfearing
Thy will always,
Through a long century's ripening fruition,
Or a short day's.
Thou canst not come too soon; and I can wait
If thou come late.

IN THE MIST.

Sitting all day in a silver mist,
In silver silence all the day,
Save for the low, soft kiss of spray,
And the lisp of sands by waters kissed,
As the tide draws up the bay,

Little I hear and nothing I see,
Wrapped in that veil by fairies spun;
The solid earth is vanished for me,
And the shining hours speed noiselessly,
A web of shadow and sun.

Suddenly out of the shifting veil
A magical bark, by the sunbeams lit,
Flits like a dream, or seems to flit,
With a golden prow and a gossamer sail,
And the waves make room for it.

A fair, swift bark from some radiant realm,
Its diamond cordage cuts the sky
In glittering lines; all silently
A seeming spirit holds the helm
And steers; will he pass me by?

Ah, not for me is the vessel here!
Noiseless and fast as a sea-bird's flight,
She swerves and vanishes from my sight;
No flap of sail, no parting cheer,
She has passed into the light.

Sitting some day in a deeper mist,
Silent, alone, some other day,
An unknown bark from an unknown bay,
By unknown waters lapped and kissed,
Shall near me through the spray.

No flap of sail, no scraping of keel;
Shadowy, dim, with a banner dark,
It will hover, will pause, and I shall feel
A hand which beckons, and, shivering, steal
To the cold strand and embark.

Embark for that far mysterious realm,
Whence the fathomless, trackless waters flow.
Shall I see a Presence dim, and know
A Gracious Hand upon the helm,
Nor be afraid to go?

And through black wave and stormy blast,
And out of the fog-wreath dense and dun,
Guided and held, shall the vessel run,
Gain the fair haven, night being past,
And anchor in the sun?

NEW EVERY MORNING.

EVERY day is a fresh beginning,
  Every morn is the world made new.
You are weary of sorrow and sinning,
  Here is a beautiful hope for you,
  A hope for me and a hope for you.

All the past things are past and over;
  The tasks are done and the tears are shed.
Yesterday's errors let yesterday cover;
  Yesterday's wounds, which smarted and bled,
  And healed with the healing which night has shed.

Yesterday now is a part of forever,
  Bound up in a sheaf, which God holds tight,
With glad days, and sad days, and bad days, which never
  Shall visit us more with their bloom and their blight,
  Their fullness of sunshine or sorrowful night.

Let them go, since we can not re-live them,
  Can not undo and can not atone;
God in His mercy receive, forgive them!
  Only the new days are our own;
  To-day is ours, and to-day alone.

Here are the skies all burnished brightly,
  Here is the spent earth all re-born,
Here are the tired limbs springing lightly
  To face the sun and share with the morn
  In the chrism of dew and the cool of dawn.

Every day is a fresh beginning;
  Listen, my soul, to the glad refrain,
And spite old sorrow and older sinning,
  And puzzles forecasted and possible pain,
  Take heart with the day, and begin again.

BENEDICAM DOMINO.

THANK God for life! Life is not sweet always.
  Hands may be heavy-laden, hearts care full,
Unwelcome nights follow unwelcome days,
  And dreams divine end in awakening dull;
Still it is life, and life is cause for praise.
This ache, this restlessness, this quickening sting,
Prove me no torpid and inanimate thing,
Prove me of Him who is of life the spring.
  I am alive, and that is beautiful.

Thank God for love! Though love may hurt and wound,
Though set with sharpest thorns its rose may be,
Roses are not of winter; all attuned
  Must be the earth, full of soft stir, and free
  And warm ere dawns the rose upon its tree.
Fresh currents through my frozen pulses run;
My heart has tasted summer, tasted sun,
And I thank Thee, Lord, although not one
  Of all the many roses blooms for me.

Thank God for death! Bright thing with dreamy name,
  We wrong with mournful flowers her pure, still brow,
We heap her with reproaches and with blame,
  Her goodness and her fitness disallow,
  Questioning bitterly on her why and how.
But calmly mid her clamor and surmise
She touches each in turn, and each grows wise.
Taught by the light in her mysterious eyes,
  I *shall* be glad, and I am thankful now.

SORROW.

Men die, but sorrow never dies.
  The crowding years divide in vain,
And the wide world is knit with ties
  Of common brotherhood in pain,
Of common share in grief and loss,
  And heritage in the immortal bloom
Of Love, which, flowering round its cross,
  Made beautiful a baby's tomb.

—*The Cradle Tomb.*

MORNING.

To each, one dawning and one dew,
  One fresh young hour is given by fate,
One rose flush on the early blue.
  Be not impatient, then, but wait!
Clasp the sweet peace on earth and sky
  By midnight angels woven and spun;
Better than day its prophecy,
  The morning comes before the sun.

—*Before the Sun.*

LABOR.

Lo! amid the press,
  The whirl, and hum, and pressure of my day,
I hear Thy garment's sweep, Thy seamless dress,
And close beside my work and weariness
  Discern Thy gracious form, not far away,
But very near, O, Lord! to help and bless.
The busy fingers fly, the eyes may see
  Only the glancing needle which they hold,
But all my life is blossoming inwardly,
And every breath is like a litany;
  While through each labor, like a thread of gold,
Is woven the sweet consciousness of Thee!

—*Laborare Est Orare.*

LIFE.

PRIZE SONNETS.

FIRST PRIZE.

1.

This way he passed; I saw his shadow fall,
  If shadow it might be that brightness shed
  Adown the tangled path, where lightly sped
His glancing feet; I heard his mellow call,
Then caught a glimpse of nymph and bacchanal
  (Or so they seemed), from Arcady long fled;
  A glory lingered from his haloed head.
Through thymy dell and thorny-thicket wall,
  Lo! I have followed all the mazy way,
And overtake him, hid in covert deep;
The nymphs are gone, and see! he lies asleep;
  But oh, the pity! he is old and gray,
His cheeks are furrowed with tears he learned to weep,
His garments stained with travel of the day.

SECOND PRIZE.

2.

That life is brief hath seemed a piteous thing
  Since the first mortal watched it glide away.
  And sad it is that flowers have but one day,
And sad that birds have little time to sing,
And that a hint, a breath, is all of Spring,
  That youth so soon is startled from its play,
  And love from its devotion, to essay
The old vain struggle with the shadowy King.
But sadder far it is that life is long;
  Ay, long enough for bliss to turn to bale,
For innocence to lose the dread of wrong,
  For hearts to harden, love itself to fail,
And faith be wearied out (O, sad and strange!)
Unless Death save us from the deathly change.

THIRD PRIZE.

3.

The seed of Eden grows, there's no decay;
  Though bards may twang disconsolate, and men
  Of pessimistic outlook wield the pen,
Fear not; the age is not so far astray,
God's mighty wonders are upon their way!
Old-time sincerity will call again;
  And some high souls have even now in ken
The dawning of the bright supernal day.
Faith is alive and still performs the deed,
  While scorners dally in an aimless quest.
The waves of unbelief mount and recede,
  And jar the century with strong unrest;
They carry back the sands of many a creed,
  But only leave the Rock more manifest.

SPECIAL MENTION.

4.

Silent upon the sands of Egypt stand
  The pyramids that centuries have crowned;
And, clothed with mystery, the sphinx has frowned
  Upon the storied ruins of the land,
Strange monuments, that finite minds have planned
  And reared above the honored of their dead,
Forgetting *life* is *deathless*, that, instead
  Of crumbling ashes in a mummy's hand,
The flower-germ still survives to bloom anew
  In other lands across the surging sea.
So death must finish what he has to do
  Ere life, divinely given, is set free.
His hand but holds the *dust*, the *soul* passed through.
  While life is widened through eternity.

5.

Life seems almost a circle, its two ends
  A little parted. In the space between
  Lie flow'ry cradle, narrow marge of green.
Soon both are left behind. The road ascends.
From arc to arc the rugged pathway trends,
  On-leading to some fair and tranquil scene,
  With golden fields to harvest, or to glean,
As toward the central arch man eager wends.
  Then from that center down the thither slope
  With lessened strength he gropes, e'en as the blind,
Till, taught by faith, and in her courage brave,
  Chastened by fear, yet triumphing in hope,
  He stumbles to life's starting-point to find
The cradle ashes, the green marge a grave.

6.

We hold thee up against the infinite,
  The mirror that reflects the great unseen
  In parted fragments, from thy shadows glean
The little that we know of love and light.
As in a chasmed lake are limned the height
  Of mountains and the valley-rifts between,
  O'er thee the mysteries of being lean;
Across thy face like clouds the years take flight.
The broken images of thought divine,
  The prism colors of the eternal flame,
  The mysteries we feel, but may not name,
Upon thy dark and wind-stirred waters shine.
  And over thee, illimitably great,
  Bend the unfathomed deeps of Death and Fate.

7.

Life, we, thy children, cling about thy knees
  And pray for largess; some are babes that turn
  Sweet faces, sure of answer, yet to learn
What suns may shine and they be left to freeze;
  And some cast fiercely at the words that burn,

Or all thy steps with bitter plainings tease
And some, grown mute from many unheard pleas,
  Go from thee, looking back with eyes that yearn;
What charm is in unmotherly caprice,
That, rather than be led to endless peace,
  We court on bended knee thy constant frown,
Yea, even invite the smiting of thy hand,
So we stay with thee? Shall we understand,
  When thou hast loosed our fingers from thy gown?

8.

All souls are poets, writing for a prize,
  And "Life," the theme that heads the work of all;
  The works of some are ponderous, others, small,
But they'll be judged by merit, not by size;
And every gem of truth that snugly lies
  Half-hid by rubbish, soon or late, shall fall
  Into the scale of Justice, when the eyes
Of one Great Judge must rightly weigh them all,
  And give each soul a just and due reward
But once, and that for aye! Ne'er can there be
  A second trial! Then, ye authors! guard
And guide aright Life's poetry
  In paths of truth, for in Life's book a bard
Writes not for Time, but for Eternity!

9.

"Worth living?" Not to listless souls who deem
  That Life should be a bed of Persian roses,
  Where Pleasure vigil keeps, and Duty dozes,
While the strong hours go by us like a dream.
"Worth living?" Not to him who hunts a gleam
  Across Ambition's desert, and supposes
  His name shall flourish when his life-time closes,
A fool's name writ but in a fleeting stream.
  "Is Life worth living?" Not to men who creep
From sunny vale to cliff cloud-rain-scented,
  Only to hear, far down, the moaning deep,
And see sand-wastes with bones of dead men spread,
  Then fling the Agnostic's question on the air,
  And with the name of Progress gild Despair.

10.

When she, the mother-mystery of old days,
  Isis, Demeter, famed by many a name,
  To seek her ravished love a wanderer came,
Teaching the winds her lone lamenting lays,
  And loading echo with the loved one's praise,
'Tis told how, to her hidden heart of flame
  She pressed a mortal, yet a princely child,
  And with a nurse's cares her grief beguiled.
O, Life, of whom all parables are told!
  Thou art the Goddess-Pilgrim, who hast taught
    All things to mourn with thee thy lost desire.
Man is the nursling whom thine arms enfold,
  Whom secretly thy God-like spells have wrought,
    To make immortal with a bath of fire!

11.

The vex'd sea murmurs in the tinted shell;
  Grief treads upon the robes of happiness;
  Content is only wistfulness grown less;
Beneath the anthem tolls the muffled knell.
We train our lips to utter, "All is well,"
  But yet, oh, weary, honest heart, confess
  The cries of Hagar from the wilderness
Outsound the vibrant lute of Israfel.
Yea, as a child, through troubled slumber, still
  Knows that the daylight will his fears confine,
    So in this life, our anchored hope supreme
Is the blest knowledge that, in time, we will
  Wake in the glory of a Dawn Divine
    With raptured song, to find the past a dream.

12.

Deep in the shade, where drowsing insects drum,
  And the light zephyrs sport among the boughs,
  While, far away, I hear the lowing cows,
I yield to rest, and bid contentment come.
Such life to me is joy, but not to some;
  Bewildering Trade alone their blood can rouse;
  Or War, to bind the laurel round their brows!
Give me but Peace, with all the charms of Home.
  O, Life! thou art, to me, yon raptured bird,
Thou art the blue of yonder sun-warmed skies,
    The ringing laugh of children at their play.
  I can forego the deeds that Earth have stirred;
Grant me but loyal hearts, and loving eyes,
    And tender hands to cherish, while I stay.

13.

O, happy heads of yellow, waving wheat!
  Enough for you, when life and skies are fair,
  To toss your tawny tassels in the air,
Or drink with parchèd lips the night dews sweet.
All summer you have borne the burning heat,
  Have stood in wind and storm, with bosom bare,
  And green beard streaming like a mermaid's hair,
That for another summer, fair and fleet,
  Your life may waken at her fervid kiss.
O, Life, have you not something yet more dear
For them that through your storms of joy and pain
  Shall patient be, for what comes after this,
The Life that is the flower of living here,
  Divinely wrapt in that immortal grain?

14.

Had I been master of that fateful bark
  Which bore Ulysses o'er the foaming sea,
  I had not been so resolute as he,
What time the sirens tempted him to mark
How they could sing more sweetly than the lark,
  As she mounts upward from the morning lea,
  While their white limbs, from spot or blemish free,
Were pictured on the rocks' relentless dark.

Since life is but a dream and ends in night,
  Perhaps endless night, what know we more?
Ere feebling age shall waste our youthful might,
  Why may our toil-worn spirits not explore
  The secrets of some fair, enchanted shore,
And live one moment of supreme delight?

15.

When, with slow, stealthy step, old age creeps on,
  And shrouds the autumn's lingering flowers in snow;
  When life's rich verdure is laid waste and low,
And summer's glories are forever gone,
  What counterpoise for youth can then be won?
When through bare boughs no sap of spring can flow,
And winter winds shall toss them to and fro,
  Then for such costly loss, what benison?
Spirit of truth and beauty, let our feet
  Press ever upward, though the skies may frown,
Groping our way through paths untried, yet sure,
Thy worshipers; to fame's allurements, sweet,
  Careless and of her chance-awarded crown,
So may we reach thy clime, serene and pure.

16.

Life is the miracle of every day,
  Wonder of morning, mystery of night,
  A beam reflected from an unseen light,
A tide that bears us on an unknown way;
A dream of beauty, when the early ray
  Opens a new world to our wondering sight,
  A toil and warfare as the hours take flight,
A lonely watch in evening's solemn gray.
"And every living thing shall perish," saith
  The voice of Sorrow; "Therefore, are we blind,
  And only know that we are born to die."
"This can not be," replies exultant Faith,
  "Life is divine! In death we leave behind
  The mortal part of immortality."

17.

I dreamed a ladder, built of bars of gold,
  Reached upward from the earth into the skies,
  Lit by the midnight vaults' eternal eyes;
And it was strewn with climbers, timid, bold—
Some flushed with youth's success, some hopeless, old.
  And ever, as they climbed, to my surprise,
  I saw, whenever one fell, quick arise
Another to his place and shout, "Behold!"
  Thus, striving, scheming for a brother's place,
Some mounted to Life's very topmost round,
  And stood a moment with exulant face,
Heart throbbing full and strong, triumphant breath,
Then, Dead Sea fruit! searching for new worlds, found
  Only the dim, pale valley known as Death.

18.

In youth we think we hold the magic key,
  The sesame to Eden's golden gate;
  What lies beyond, gratuity of Fate,
We can not name, nor can we clearly see,—
Is it illusion or reality?
  Secure of it we are, and so we wait,
  Deferring still our claim to the estate
Till steals upon us deadly apathy.
We once saw visions, now we but dream dreams;
  Once in the future lived, now in the past;
Contented once, but now are done with strife;
Darkness is closing round, but faintly gleams
  A lambent light in the great void and vast,
Trembling out on the farthest verge of life.

PRIZE AWARD.

For the best Sonnet (subject: Life) received by the editor on or before September 1, 1889, one hundred dollars. First prize, $50; second prize, $30; third prize, $20.

First prize won by Miss Virna Woods, Sacramento, Cal. Second prize won by Miss Caroline Spencer, Catskill, N. Y. Third prize won by Jasper Barnett Cowdin, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Judges: Charles A. Dana, James Jeffrey Roche, Louise Chandler Moulton, Rowland B. Mahany, Will Carleton, Kate Upson Clark, Allen G. Bigelow and Robert Cameron Rogers.

Number of poems sent in competition 370.

AUTHORS.

1. Miss Virna Woods. 2. Miss Caroline Spencer. 3. Jasper Barnett Cowdin. 4. Ralph G. Utter. 5. Mrs. S. R. Allen. 6. Miss Virna Woods. 7. Mary W. Plummer. 8. J. Waller Henry. 9. Aubrey De Vere. 10. Miss Caroline Spencer. 11. Marion Hill. 12. John R. Benson. 13. Maria Louise Eve. 14. H. S. Webster. 15. Christopher Pearse Cranch. 16. Frances L. Mace. 17. Ella Higginson. 18. Harriet S. Morgridge.

Yours very truly
Mrs J. Crawford

HELEN OF TROY.

SELECTIONS.

HELEN; AFTER TROY.

She sat on a low throne of burnished gold—
Still of all women the most beautiful—
Though now 't was twenty summers since the day
She fled with Paris o'er the foaming seas.
The morning radiance of her brilliant youth
Had deepened to the fuller flush of noon.
Nor had she lost the will and power to charm;
But these had strengthened with her flowing years.
She gazed into a mirror, and the smile
Which lighted all her face said more than words.
Her power had not departed; she was still
Helen, the only one, the favored child
Of Jupiter and Leda, Sparta's queen.
Then on her hand she leaned her sunny brow,
And lived anew her life. At last she spake:

"Again at home in Sparta," and she smiled.
"How men have fought to win this hand of mine.
First Theseus, when I was a child of ten,
Carried me off to Athens. Much I loved
Great Theseus—as a child may love her sire.
It was a shame to make a wife of one
So tender in her years; but he was crazed
And maddened by my beauty, and I blame
Nor Theseus nor his mother. She, alas!
Paid dearly for it, when my brothers bold,
Castor and Pollux, like two lions rude—
For Theseus to dark Hades had gone down,
Persephone to rescue for his friend—
Ravaged his Athens, bore her shrieking off,
And from a queen made her a Spartan slave.

"Then came my suitors from all parts of Greece,
Contending for my hand, king after king.
And Menelaus was my choice of all;
He was so brave, so handsome and so good.
I never knew a man I liked so well—
That is, to pass long years with. But my life
Grew dull at last, as ev'n the happiest will.

"Then came the Trojan, Paris. Young and gay,
Lithe as a leopard, handsomest of men.
Venus made blind my eyes, or opened them,
For she had promised Paris, when he gave
To her the golden apple and adjudged
Her the most beautiful—affronting thus
Majestic Juno and Minerva grand—
That he should have the fairest wife in all
The land of Greece, or Troy, or the whole world.
And so I fled with Paris. Who wonld not?

"Then glowed the years in Troy, the happy years;
For they were happy, spite the leaguering foe.
I was the prize of all the world in arms.
Men gazed upon my beauty as a thing
Heroes did well to die for. As for me,
I cared little how the contest closed;
For I grew tired at length—as we grow tired
Of every thing, I think, in this dull world.

"What did I care when our stern Greeks at last,
Caged in their wooden horse like beasts of prey,
Broke out at night on Troy? I had no fear
When Menelaus with his bloody sword,
Frowning as fierce as if I were his foe,
Entered my door. He was no more than man
And, being man, born to be woman ruled.
I started up and flung my snow-white arms
Around his neck, and kissed him in my joy,
As one who came to set a prisoner free.

"Ask Menelaus, for he knows full well
How I was lured away, all innocent,
By Venus and by Paris. Venus threw
Enchantment round the Trojan, till he seemed
The same as Menelaus. Thus the gods
Work their will on men; the subtle gods!
Besides, my Menelaus knows full well,
For he was told in Egypt by the priests,
I never was in Troy. What there he saw
Was a mere phantom Venus conjured up
To keep her word to Paris, when she found
I could no longer be deceived by her,
And safety sought in Egypt. It was there,
And not in Troy, that I was found at last.
Ask Menelaus, he will tell you so.
He has that faith in me, his own true queen,
Which every husband should have in his wife.

"Cassandra, the wild-eyed, flung at me once
Her scoff that I more warriors had slain
Than famine or the plague. A foolish girl!
At least I ne'er was made a concubine,
As she was Agamemnon's when fell Troy.
What are men born for, if 'tis not to die
In grand heroic war for some great cause,
Some town, or land, or woman? Better thus
Than fill dishonored graves from peaceful beds.
Men live to rule the world; we to rule them.
I think those honored who have died for me.
Troy never had been known, except for me.
Now she shall live forever, with my name
Worn by her as a scepter and a crown.
Paris, Achilles, Agamemnon great,
Ulysses wise, and noble Hector, too,
Immortal are by me. Had I not lived
The woman that I am, then they were dead.

"I might have droned on, Meneleaus' wife,
Scolded my maids, had many children, too,
And that been all. But now I am a name!

"I wonder shall I more adventures prove?
I fear not; for the prophet Proteus says,
Nor I nor Menelaus e'er shall die,
But shall by the wise gods be led ere long
Together to Elysium. Well, the gods
Have a sure eye for beauty; so who knows
What then may be? For one, I'll live my life,
And fill its cup with nectar to the brim,
Be it in Greece or in Elysium fair.

"But here comes Menelaus; dull, good man.
He lacks the grace of Paris, and his love
A trifle wearies me. But he is rich
And is alive. Poor Paris! he is dead!
Sweet Menelaus, have you just returned?
You know how I have missed you. Kiss me, dear!"

HENRY PETERSON.

RONDEAU TO HELEN.

HELEN of Troy was passing fair
With the light of love in her golden hair;
But the light of love was turned to flame,
The voice of praise to a sound of shame,
And the Grecian curse to Troy's despair.

This was she whose name you bear,
But something in your portrait there
Makes me think of another name,
Helen of Troy:

Andromache, whose heart could share
Great Hector's valiance, yet could care
For all sweet things that make the fame
Of woman sweetest, and proclaim
The Trojan wife more loved than e'er
Helen of Troy.

LOUIS BELROSE, JR.

HELEN OF TROY.

LONG years ago he bore me to a land beyond the sea,
To a city fair and stately, that renowned must ever be
Through all ages yet to follow, for the light shed there by me.
I am Helen; where is Troy?

They have told me not a roof-tree nor a wall is standing now,
That o'erthrown is the great altar, where ten thousand once did bow,
While on high to Aphrodite rose the solemn hymn and vow.
I am Helen; where is Troy?

Do they deem thus the story of my life will pass away?
Troy betrayed, and all who loved me slain upon that fatal day,
Shall but make the memory of me evermore with men to stay.
I am Helen; where is Troy?

Fools! to dream that time can ever make the tale of Troy grow old;
Buried now is every hero, and the grass green o'er the mold,
But of her they fought and died for, every age shall yet be told.
I am Helen; where is Troy?

FLORENCE PEACOCK.

AFTER THE FALL OF TROY.

TROY has fallen; and never will be
War like the war that was waged for me.
Could I but have those ten years back again
With the love, and the glory, the pleasure like pain,
The clash of arms and the din of the fight,
The feasting and music, the color and light!
Yet, mixed with it all, there sounded to me
Ever a moan from the far-off sea.

There still remains this for all time to be:
The war of the world was fought for me.
Give them no pity who died for me there,
Men can never more die for a face so fair.
And what does it matter that now they lie,
Quiet and silent beneath the sky?
Remember that none evermore can be
Back for those years in Troy with me.

FLORENCE PEACOCK.

HELEN ON THE RAMPART.

THEY reach'd the Scaean towers,
Where Priam sat, to see the fight, with all his counselors:
Panthous, Lampus, Clytius and stout Hicetaon,
Thymoetes, wise Antenor and profound Ucalegon;
All grave old men; and soldiers they had been, but for age
Now left the wars; yet counselors they were exceedingly sage.
And as in well-grown woods, on trees, cold spiny grasshoppers
Sit chirping, and send voices out that scarce can pierce our ears

For softness, and their weak faint sounds, so, talking on the tower,
These seniors of the people sat; who, when they saw the power
Of beauty, in the queen, ascend, even those cold-spirited peers,
Those wise and almost wither'd men, found this heat in their years,
That they were forced (through whispering) to say: "What man can blame
The Greeks and Trojans to endure, for so admired a dame,
So many miseries and so long? In her sweet countenance shine
Looks like the Godesses. And yet (though never so divine)
Before we boast, unjustly still, of her enforced prize,
And justly suffer for her sake, with all our progenies,
Labor and ruin, let her go; the profit of our land
Must pass the beauty." Thus, though these could bear so fit a hand
On their affections, yet, when all their gravest powers were used,
They could not choose but welcome her, and rather they accused
The gods than beauty.

GEORGE CHAPMAN.

—*From "Iliad III."*

HELEN'S EPITHALAMION.

LIKE as the rising morning shows a grateful lightening,
When sacred night is past and winter now lets loose the spring,
So glittering Helen shined among the maids, lusty and tall.
As is the furrow in a field that far outstretcheth all,
Or in a garden is a Cypress tree, or in a trace
A steed of Thessaly, so she to Sparta was a grace.
No damsel with such works as she her baskets used to fill,
Nor in a diverse colored web a woof of greater skill
Doth cut from off the loom; nor any hath such songs and lays
Unto her dainty harp, in Dian's and Minerva's praise,
As Helen hath, in whose bright eyes all loves and graces be.
O, fair, O, lovely maid! A matron now is made of thee;
But we will every spring unto the leaves in meadows go
To gather garlands sweet, and there, not with a little woe,
Will often think of thee, O, Helen, as the sucking lambs
Desire the strouting bags and presence of their tender dams.
We all betimes for thee a wreath of Melitoe will knit,
And on a shady plane for thee will safely fasten it,
And all betimes for thee, under a shady plane below,
Out of a silver box the sweetest ointment will bestow;
And letters shall be written in the bark that men may see
And read, Do humble reverence, for I am Helen's tree.

SIR EDWARD DYER.

—*From the "Sixe Idillia."*

HELEN OF TROY.

HELEN, Helen, white-armed Helen,
From the shadows come again.
Leap from death and dust to being,
Tread again the paths of men!
Let me see thee, sweet enchanter,
From that life come back to this.
Clasp me closely to thy bosom,
Which a god would gladly kiss.

Trojan Helen, if thy spirit
Still for love can yearn and burn,
If beyond thy peaceful ashes,
Fondly treasured in the urn,
Still thy sacred shade can cherish,
Aught of thought if thou canst give,
Grant that hate at last may perish
And that love alone may live.

Star-eyed Helen, thou whose beauty
Could charm even gods and Greeks;
Thou whose passion was perfection;
Thou whose spirit even speaks!
Grant that, when beyond the shadow
Of each earthly grief and joy,
I may see thee, bright and beauteous,
As thou wast of old in Troy.

Trojan Helen, at thy story,
All my love burns bright and free;
If a god enthroned in glory,
I would leave a heaven for thee!
Won by Greece's fairest woman,
Dare we deem such love defiled?
He whose eyes had gazed on Venus
Looked into thine own and smiled.

Trojan Helen, queenly Helen!
  Fools have called thee "fond and frail,"
But thy beauty, soft and silent,
  Could bid mightiest monarchs quail.
Stern Achilles from his anger
  Would have rested, and his arms
From his hands had fallen idle,
  Had he gazed upon thy charms.

Stately Helen, fairer, fonder
  Than all Greek and Trojan dames,
Though for thee long years were wasted
  Ere proud Ilium fell in flames;
Though thy "fatal gift of beauty"
  Caused brave blood to flow like wine,
Thou art still the first and fairest
  In the "tale of Troy divine."

Ever turning and returning,
  Like Ixion on the wheel;
Ever burning, ever yearning,
  Some still sweeter thrill to feel.
So I seem to see thee soaring
  To and fro in Stygian shade,
Ever seeking for a passion
  In which thine may be allayed.

Trojan Helen, through the ages
  Come thy stately form and brow,
In the dawn of history's morning
  Thou wast not more fair than now.
I seem with thee in the spirit,
  Seem to feel thy burning breath.
All the ages are as nothing—
  Love can conquer Time and Death.

Side by side with golden Venus
  On a dazzling diamond throne,
Thou dost rule the realms of beauty
  As if death were all unknown.
Of thee still, oh, stately Helen!
  Life must claim the greater part,
For thy soul was all affection,
  All thy thoughts were of the heart.

Thou dost greet the growing passion
  Which the happy heart conceals,
And the joy of glowing genius,
  When creating what it feels.
Thus thy subtle spirit enters
  Every gift that love would give,
And thy life is thus united
  Unto all that love and live.

FRED SHELLEY RYMAN.

SINGLE POEMS.

BALLADE OF QUEEN CLYTIE.

THE ladye leans on the dial's rim
  (Clytie's flowers are gold and brown),
Faint winds sigh, and the skies are dim
  (Ways grow dark as the sun goes down).

"Yesternight as I slept," she said
  (Sound the sweet, shut daisies sleep),
"Gold wings rustled around my bed
  (Golden dreams for a slumber deep).

"Strange and sweet was my dream," saith she
  (Red-gold rays for a bridal crown);
"Soon (be sure) he will come for me,"
  (Shining towers to my true-love's town).

Knights and nobles from every land
  (Ways are wide, and the sea spreads far)
Seek her service and crave her hand
  (Cold and fair is the morning-star).

Comes a king from the far North-lands,
  Steed and surcoat as white as snow;
White stones flash on his charger's bands
  (Skies are white when the north winds blow).

Next, a suitor of scanty speed,
  The king of South-lands, ambles slow,
Half asleep on a yellow steed,
  Crowned with hyacinths all ablow.

Speeds a king from the fierce East-land,
  Riding fast on a coal-black horse,
Red robes whirling like desert sand:
  "Now the maiden shall yield perforce!"

Rides a king from the purple West,
  Lord of many a goodly deed;
Plates of amethyst clasp his breast,
  Rich stufis cover her red-roan steed.

Each one seeks her for Queen and bride;
  Swift she lifteth her eyes to them,
Slow and silent she turns aside,
  Veils her face with her mantle's hem.

"Where is he that should come," saith she,
  "Where is the youth of my goodly dream?
None but him may I wed, pardie
  (Gold that dazzles and locks that gleam).

"Gold rays stole through his shining hair
  (Clytie's flowers are gold and brown);
O for the light of his face most fair!
  (Ways grow dark as the sun goes down).

"Fair and sweet is my garden-space
(Tall, white poppies and gold-buds blown):
Still I watch for my true-love's face."
(Wan, gray moss on the dial-stone).

Each one sighs as he bends him low
(Every king for his own countrié!).
"Fortune favor the ways ye go"
(Pleasant and fair is courtesié!).

Rose-leaves fall to the bare, brown ground—
Faint and fall as the long days die,
Still she watches the hours creep round
(Dear the gleam of a golden sky!).

Winds moan shrill in the garden-space
(Sodden flowers in the slow gray rain),
White and still is the Ladye's face
(Wet, dead leaves on a leaded pane).

Make her grave so it face the west
(Clytie's flowers are gold and brown),
Close her eyes for the sweet night's rest
(Ways grow dark as the sun goes down).

GRAHAM R. TOMSON.

TO HIM WHO WAITS.

MANY a castle I've built in Spain,
With turrets and domes that were passing fair,
But the first wild storm of wind and rain
Has proved me my castles were made of air.

Many a fleet I've sent to sea,
Freighted with hopes and ambitions bright;
Never a ship has come back to me,
Though I have watched for them long by day and night.

But I sometimes think there will come a day
When my heart's fond wishes I shall attain—
When, walled and towered in grand array,
Shall stand secure my castles in Spain.

And I look to see the sunset's glow,
As it reddens the ocean miles on miles,
Shine on the ships that sailed long ago—
My ships coming back from the Fortunate Isles.

EDITH SESSIONS TUPPER.

SONGS UNSUNG.

SWEET the song of the thrush at dawning,
When the grass lies wet with the spangled dew,
Sweet the sound of the brook's low whisper,
'Mid reeds and rushes wandering through;
Clear and pure as the west wind's murmur
That croons in the branches all day long;
But the songs unsung are the sweetest music,
And the dreams that die are the soul of song.

The fairest hope is the one which faded,
The brightest leaf is the leaf that fell;
The song that leaped from the lips of sirens
Dies away in an old sea shell.
Far to the heights of viewless fancy
The soul's swift flight like a swallow goes,
For the note unheard is the bird's best carol,
And the bud unblown is the reddest rose.

Deepest thoughts are the ones unspoken,
That only the heart-sense, listening, hears;
Most great joys bring a touch of silence,
Greatest grief is in unshed tears.
What we hear is the fleetest echo;
A song dies out, but a dream lives on;
The rose-red tints of the rarest morning
Are lingering yet in a distant dawn.

Somewhere, dim in the days to follow,
And far away in the life to be,
Passing sweet, is a song of gladness,
The spirit chant of the soul set free.
Chords untouched are the ones that we wait for,
That never rise from the harp unstrung:
We turn our steps to the years beyond us,
And listen still for the songs unsung;

ERNEST MCGAFFEY.

THE FATED BRIDE.

DOWN by the river bank, green and shady,
Through the valley ride court and king,
Serf and sycophant, lord and lady,
Quaffing the breath of the scented spring.
Coy birds lurk in the tangled bushes,
Daisies peep from the verdant mold,
Delicate May blossoms hide their blushes
Under the leaves that the sun turns gold.

And gayly the glittering pageant passes,
Flashing with crimson and purple dyes,
Over the wealth of the bending grasses,
Under the blue of the cloudless skies.
Merry the canter, and light the laughter
That rings from the lips of the courtier throng,
Sudden and silvery following after
The bluebird's call and the finch's song.

Only the king, with sad eyes drooping,
Warily, wearily rides apart,
Over the mane of his palfrey stooping,
Musing thus in his inmost heart:
"Love, my love, shall I find you ever,
Bride, my bride, whom I seek in vain,
Through lands that sunder and years that sever,
Through nights of vigil and days of pain?

"I shall know you, dear, by your golden tresses,
And gentle voice that is sweet and low,
And soft eyes shining with tendernesses;
Oh, love, my love, have I far to go?
Wind, have you met with my soul's ideal,
In the glad sweet south you have wandered o'er?
Shall I clasp her, cling to her, find her real?"
But the wind just rustles the leaves—no more.

Yet who is this by the wayside sitting,
Where waters murmur and green boughs meet,
Where bees are humming and birds are flitting,
And the scent of a hundred flowers is sweet!
A girl's lithe form that the leaves half cover,
A wavy shimmer of shining hair
That rolls, and ripples, and mantles over
The slender arms that are brown and bare.

A scant gown, tattered and torn, and frayed in
Long leagues of travel by mount and plain;
And the courtiers smile at the beggar maiden,
Who shrinks abashed from the dazzling train;
But the king leaps down from his charger lightly,
With glad cheeks glowing and eyes on fire;
Though her lot be lowly, her garb unsightly,
He knows the face of his soul's desire.

"My love!" he whispers. O, blest the wooing
That's brief a-doing when hearts are kin.
The maiden lists to the monarch's suing,
For a king is a goodly mate to win.
The sweet face flushes, the faint lips murmur,
But fall and quiver and speak no word;
"My wife!" he cries, when her voice grows firmer,
And straight she answers, "My king, my lord!"

WALTER CRANE.

BETTINA MAZZI.

"OH! who will scale the belfry tower
And cut that banner down?
All broken is the Austrian power;
They gallop from the town;
And surely 'tis an idle taunt,
With this day's victory gained,
To let your painted falsehood flaunt—
The very sky seems stained!"

So spoke the Duke. Around he glanced
To see that each rank heard;
But every eye was on the ground,
No single soldier stirred;
The shattered belfry timbers shake;
The highest spire of all,
Beneath a dove's weight might it break,
And seven-score feet down-fall.

Each thought: "Cut down *by hand* that flag
Foolhardy were the deed,
When one three-pounder snaps its staff
As breaks a withered reed!"
But just as silence grew to shame,
And none would lift his face,
A sunburned child, her face aflame,
Stood forth before his Grace.

She courtesied, gave a hasty glance
To where the flag flew high,
Then, stammering, she said, "My Lord,
May I—have leave—to try?"
"You, child?" he mocked. "By Mars, you co
To school the veterans grim!
And your reward?" "Those two fair plume
That shade your beaver's brim."

Loud rang his laugh: "So be it! Climb!
The plumes are yours—if won."
She darts across the street as fleet
As swallow in the sun;
The church-door clashes at her back;
She rushes up the stair,
Against the sky, in the belfry high,
See, see her standing there!

And now she slips up to the leads;
The crowd all hold their breath;
Higher and higher slow she mounts,
One step 'twixt her and death.
Along that narrow dormer's edge,
Up to the broken ball;
Oh, shattered joist and splintered beam,
Let not the brave child fall!

And now she grasps the slender staff;
Then slowly, gently, see!
The flag begins to sink. Good cord,
Do thy work faithfully!
The pulley turns—the rope runs smooth—
Down, down, the gay folds glide
Along the quivering pole, until
They hang her hand beside.

Close gathered, look! she cuts their bond,
Her scissors flashing fair;
Then lightly pushed from where she clings,
They drop, plump, to the square;
But no man thought to raise his cheer
Until, oh, blessed chance!
They see her clamber down and safe
From the church steps advance.

Oh, then, what shoutings came from all,
To honor such a deed!
Up the old street at the Duke's side
She rides his pacing steed,

Her homespun apron filled with crowns,
The Duke's plumes in her hair;
What man shall say a little maid
Can never do and dare?

EDWARD IRENÆUS STEVENSON.

HEREDITY.

I MEET upon the woodland ways
At morn a lady fair;
Adown her slender shoulders strays
Her raven hair;

And none who looks into her eyes
Can fail to feel and know
That in this conscious clay there lies
Some soul aglow.

But I, who meet her oft about
The woods in morning song,
I see behind her far stretch out
A ghostly throng:

A priest, a prince, a lord, a maid,
Faces of grief and sin,
A high-born lady and a jade,
A harlequin;

Two lines of ghosts in masquerade,
Who push her where they will,
As if it were the wind that swayed
A daffodil.

She sings, she weeps, she smiles, she sighs,
Looks cruel, sweet, or base;
The features of her fathers rise
And haunt her face.

As if it were the wind that swayed
Some stately daffodil,
Upon her face they masquerade
And work their will.

FREDERICK K. PETERSON.

RECONTRE.

TOILING across the Mer de Glace,
I thought of, longed for thee;
What miles between stretched, alas!
What miles of land and sea!

My foe, undreamed of, at my side
Stood suddenly, like Fate.
For those who love, the world is wide,
But not for those who hate.

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

CURRENT POEMS.

THE SONNET.

FOURTEEN small, baleful berries on the hem
Of Circe's mantle, all of greenest gold;
Fourteen of lone Calypso's tears that roll'd
Into the sea, for pearls to come of them;
Fourteen small signs of omen in the gem
With which Medea human fate foretold;
Fourteen small drops, which Faustus, growing old,
Craved of the Fiend to water Life's dry stem.
It is the pure-white diamond Dante brought
To Beatrice; the sapphire Laura wore
When Petrarch cut it sparkling out of thought;
The ruby Shakespeare hewed from his heart's core;
The dark, deep emerald that Rossetti wrought
For his own soul, to wear for evermore.

EUGENE LEE HAMILTON.

—*London Academy.*

TIME AND ETERNITY.

"O, MIGHTY weariness of yellow sands!
O, surging ocean of Eternity!
I bow abjectly at the thought of thee.
My tiny span is naught. My aged hands
Quiver, impatient of divine commands
And of this petty hour-glass misery.
Unwearied one! Thine æons yet to be!
O, scythe of pain! Alas! the low marsh lands!"
So spake poor Father Time, and bowed his head,
Spurning in bitterness the race of men;
A solemn figure on that solemn shore,
Gathering sand, scorning Earth's quick and dead;
A bad mistake! For these beyond his ken
Shall wed him to the æons evermore.

CAROLINE D. SWAN.

—*The Traveler's Record, January, 1890.*

THE SUN CUP.

THE earth is the cup of the sun,
That he filleth at morning with wine,
With the strong warm wine of his might,
From the vintage of gold and of light,
Fills it and makes it divine.

And at night, when his journey is done,
At the gate of his radiant hall
He setteth his lips to the brim,
With a long last look of his eye,
And tilts it, and draineth it dry,
Drains till he leaveth it all
Hollow, and empty, and dim.

And then, as he passes to sleep,
Still full of the feats that he did
Long ago in Olympian wars,
He closes it down with the sweep
Of its slow-turning luminous lid,
Its cover of darkness and stars,
Wrought once by Hephæstus of old
With violet, and vastness, and gold.

ARCHIBALD LAMPMAN.

—*Harper's Magazine, February, 1890.*

THE FUNERAL IN VENICE.

(*Sestina.*)

GONE forth to join the mighty silent throng!
His spirit fleeting from that sunny land
Whence took long since from earth her heavenward flight
His "Lyric-love, half angel and half bird,"
When the mere mortal sheath struck down by Death
Silenced the song on lips held half divine.

And they of Italy, to them of truth, divine
The songs of both! And loving is the throng
Who gaze in sorrow on the Barge of Death,
Which glides to lay him in the well-loved land
From whence his spirit, as a soaring bird,
Has taken to the Glory-land its flight.

But Time, who fells the mortal in his flight,
Is burnt to ashes by the spark divine.
The Poet-soul, it soareth as a bird,
And, rising deathless o'er the dying throng,
Floats upward to the sunny song-filled Land
Which lies above the gloomy clouds of Death.

The Poet sleeps in the cool shade of Death,
Beneath Italian skies, which saw the flight
Of happy years spent in that happy land,
A life whose perfectness was half divine!
And all about his bier bright mem'ries throng,
Sweet as the sunset song of some blithe bird.

The song is broken of our English bird!
And from the palace where he met with Death
His flowery barge is followed by a throng
Of sable gondolas, whose silent flight
Is swift, though sad, to lay him in their land,
The British Poet, whom they name "divine"!

Name well and wisely. Is not Truth divine?
Not every bard, who warbles as a bird
And wanders dreaming through a gracious land,
When in the Valley he shall face grim Death,
Shall speed his soul on such a peaceful night
From purest teaching of the heedful throng!
Soon o'er the sea they bring the Bard divine,
Far from the scent of rose, or song of bird,
To rest amid the great of his own land.

CONSTANCE E. DIXON.

—For *The Magazine of Poetry.*

TO VIOLA V. PRICE.

A RONDELET,
The glory of her heaven-deep eyes.
A rondelet,
Her hair with burning jewels set,
Rich gems like stars of northern skies
Dimmed by the beauty of her eyes,
A rondelet.

CHARLES SOUTHERN MOREHEAD.

—For *The Magazine of Poetry.*

TO —— ———.

A RONDELET
Is just the glory of the sky.
A rondelet,
Treasured memory of a kiss
Borrowed from a winsome miss,
"A coming thro' the rye."
A rondelet.

I. W. SANBORN.

—For *The Magazine of Poetry.*

SELF-REVELATION.

OH! that in thy career would come an hour
That would thyself to thine own self reveal!
Along the languid pulse of life would steal
The consciousness of thy exceeding dower;
Thus did Napoleon divine his power,
When he beheld the Austrian columns reel;
For him in Lodi's battle smoke and peal
There burst in bloom ambition's ruddy flower.
Oh! for such moment, masterful, supreme,
That would the possible to thee betray,
And thou would'st henceforth be and cease to seem!
Thy spirit, waking, would salute the day,
Accept its challenge, not to be undone,
Since having lived is ever to have won.

IDA A. AHLBORN.

—*The Cottage Hearth, February, 1890.*

TIME AND THEE.

TIME heals all wounds—but far more greater thou
Canst bid all anguish vanish at a breath.
Speak, and the pains will fade which bind me now;
Be silent; Time will only be as Death.

FLAVEL SCOTT MINES.

—*The American, January 25, 1890.*

Your Friend,
Arthur J. Lockhart,
— " —

THE SHADOW-BIRD AND HIS SHADOW.

THROUGH The Dark Land's reeds and rushes,
Down the palm-glooms, I have heard,
Rose-lit with the sun's last blushes,
Comes the Shadow-bird.

And he leads his Shadow! Dimly
Through the sands they two advance.
Then he bows and, somewhat grimly,
They begin to dance.

Fair his Shadow is. Each feather
Of her wild wings looks like lace,
And they whirl and float together
With unearthly grace.

One night when the Sphinx was staring
At them with an evil eye,
And the black man's stars were flaring
In the desert sky,

Then the Shadow-bird grew merry!
"My sweet Shadow," whispered he,
"You are looking lovely, very,
Will you dance with me?"

"No," she said, "you hear me, do you?
You can go and dance awhile
With those lilies, nodding to you,
There across the Nile!

"No," she said and off she started,
There was not another word,
So it was his Shadow parted
With the Shadow-bird.

(She prefers another fellow,
If the truth must be confessed,
Picturesque in green and yellow,
With a splendid crest!)

And the Shadow-bird now muses,
Like a priest in temples dim,
Just because his Shadow chooses
Not to dance with him.

MRS. S. M. B. PIATT.

—*St. Nicholas, February, 1890.*

NON SINE LACRYMIS.

IT was that hour when vernal earth
And stormy March prepare
To greet the day of April's tearful birth,
That I, o'ercome with care,
Rose with the twilight from a fireless hearth
To take the fresh first air
And smile of morning's mirth.

Tired with old grief's self-pitying moan,
A mile I had not strayed
Ere my dim path grew dark with double zone
Of men full fair arrayed,
While, blent with sound of battle-trumpets blown,
Came, as through light comes shade,
Cries like an undertone.

Plumed with torn cloud, March led the way,
With spear point keen for thrust,
And eager eyes and harnessed form swathed gray
With drifts of wind-blown dust.
Round his bruised buckler in bright letters lay
This scroll which toilers trust:
Non sine pulvere.

Wet as from weltering showers and seas,
April came after him.
He held a cup with saddest imageries
Engraven, and round the rim,
Worn with woe's lip, I spelt out words like these,
Though sorrow-stained and dim:
Non sine lacrymis.

These passed like regal spirits crowned,
Strong March and April fair;
And then a sphere-made music slow unwound
Its soul upon the air,
And soft as exhalations from the ground,
Or spring flowers here and there,
These words rose through the sound:

"Man needs these two in this world's moil,
Earth's drought and dew of spheres,
Grief's freshening rain to lay the dust of toil,
Toil's dust to dry the tears.
To all who rise as wrestlers in life's coil
Time gives, with days and years,
The wrestler's sand and oil."

O, Toil in vain without surcease!
O, Grief no hand can stay!
Think on these words when work or woes increase:
Man, made of tears and clay,
Grows to full stature and God's perfect peace,
Non sine pulvere,
Non sine lacrymis.

HENRY BERNARD CARPENTER.

—*Harper's Magazine, January, 1890.*

LIFE'S GALLEY SLAVE.

If thou couldst die to-night,
And put the world and all its griefs away,
As some lone child grown weary with the day,
I question much if death were hard to bear.
For, tempest-tossed and haunted by despair,
The soul rebels at this long lease of pain,
And plumes itself for flight to other spheres.
Beyond the dim, what mysteries remain?
Or joy or woe, or solace for our fears?
These vex thee not—nor, coward-like, thine eyes
Are veiled, lest some dread shape from out the darkness rise.

If thou couldst die to-night,
Ere at thy door some grevious sin is laid,
'Twere better thus that nature's debt be paid,
Though like a singer of an earlier lay
I plead for thee, O, dumb, unconscious clay.
No worn-out dogmas of a darkened age
Need then attend the spirit's parting sigh;
But truth might write upon her glowing page,
"Sustained by faith, 'tis glorious to die."
And thus the cynic, dead to mortal view,
Would wake to grander life far out beyond the blue.

If thou couldst die to-night,
And no heart ache because thine own was stilled,
How measureless the joy that would have thrilled!
But, ah! the morrow with its glad surprise,
The wine cup's cheer, the light in Beauty's eyes—
Their charm will lure thee from the shadowland
Back to the garish splendor of the shore,
And though wilt cringe beneath the scourging hand,
Poor galley-slave at Pleasure's gilded oar;
But one day, weary of her siren's wiles,
The soul will wing its way where lift the restful isles.

ROBERT REXDALE.

—*The Boston Traveler, Feb. 21, 1890.*

AT THIRTY-FOUR.

HERE I am at thirty-four,
Just as hopeful and as poor
As I was at twenty-one,
When life fairly had begun.
Looking back along the way,
This is what I note to-day:
Life has not been all success,
Very often something less;
Seldom have I lacked for health.
Little have I cared for wealth.
Thought more of the glen and glade
Than of busy marts of trade;
Thought more of the wood and brook
Than of bank or pocket-book.
Have I wiser been than they
Who have hoarded every day?
Wiser I have not been, 'tis true,
But, my friends, I say to you,
Happiness is ofttimes sold,
But is never bought with gold.
Wealth too often brings the curse,
Smaller heart with larger purse.
He is poor whose heart and mind
Bar out love of human kind.
He is rich whose days are spent
In the heaven of content.

Looking back to-day, I find
Many a dream I've left behind;
Many a bud of promise lies
Withered 'neath the summer skies;
Many a friendship's tie and trust
Lie there broken in the dust;
Many a foot-print there to-day
Shows where folly led the way.

Half, at least, of life is done,
Half! and nothing have I won.
But hope takes my hand and still
Keeps on pointing up the hill.
Soon I' ll reach the high divide
And start down the other side,
Down the sloping hillside path
Into childhood's aftermath,
And I' ll be content to say
In the ev'ning of that day,
Just as happy, just as poor,
As I was at thirty-four.

W. W. PFRIMMER.

—*January 27, 1890.*

A WINTER SUNSET.

A COLD mist, motionless and gray,
Sleeps on the dark moors where the glow
Of the last sunlight of the day
Scarce strikes a sparkle from the snow;
The red sun in the murky west
Sinks to his rest.

The red sun sinks; his ways grow dim.
From earth and heaven, east, south and nort
And from the west that welcomed him,
No voice or murmur stealeth forth
To break the somber calm and tell
His last farewell.

Nowhere is any life or sound;
Only, at times, far off you hear,
Across the dry and barren ground,
Strange crackings from the ice-blue mere.
The moorland like a dead thing lies
Beneath dead skies.

Yet even here quick fancy sees
The hidden germs of patient Spring,
Watches amid the flowerless trees
The flashings out of April's wing,
And hears, in cadence low and long,
An Easter song!

SIDNEY A. ALEXANDER.

—*Cassell's Family Magazine.*

PERHAPS.

The truth of this I debate, and doubt
  The time is coming when I shall know,
  The time when my current shall cease to flow.
My candle of life go out.

Some myth blown over the Aryan sea,
  Some tale recast from the Vedas hoar,
  Is all that is left of the holy lore
My mother taught me at her knee!

Perhaps! And yet, perhaps, not so!
  Perhaps, as my eyes the mists shall fill
  And to the land where the storms are still
My tired feet shall turn to go,

In spite of learning on learning piled,
  In spite of cosmogonies vague and vast,
  The beautiful arms of my mother's Christ
Shall spread, perhaps, to her halting child!

JOHN W. BELL.

—For *The Magazine of Poetry*.

NOTES.

PETERSON. Mr. Peterson contends that "*ha Elohim*" should not be translated the God, but the Gods: "In the beginning the *Gods* created the heaven and the earth." "And *the Gods* said: Let *us* make man in *our* image, after *our* likeness." "And the Lord God (*Yahveh Elohim*, the Lord of the Gods,) said: Behold, the man is become as one of *us*, to know good and evil." The received translation mixes singular and plural in the most curious fashion.

IBID. "The Clover Leaf." The light markings on the leaf of the red clover often take the shape of a heart. The author wonders whether he is the first to put this fact into literature, and would like to hear if he is not.

IBID. "Lyon." Gen. Nathaniel Lyon was killed at the battle of Wilson's Creek, Missouri, August 10, 1861. He had been educated at West Point, had served in the Mexican war, and was enthusiastically devoted to the cause of the Union. He was not married, and bequeathed $30,000, nearly all his property, to aid the government in the prosecution of the war. His character was essentially heroic.

IBID. "Helen; After Troy." Very contradictory are the ancient stories told of Helen, but they all agree as to her being taken back by Menelaus. Perhaps her banishment, or death, might have endangered his title to the kingdom she brought him. Besides, as a daughter of Jupiter, she could not be held to a strict account for her behavior.

MACKAY. For that excellent poem by Mr. Mackay, entitled "Clear the Way," see THE MAGAZINE OF POETRY for January, 1890, vol. ii, pp. 116.

IBID. "Æolian Music" was written for this magazine.

IBID. "Cheer, Boys, Cheer!" has been set to music by Henry Russell.

IBID. "The Good Time Coming" has been set to music by Henry Russell. The late George Dawson, of Birmingham, Eng., the eloquent preacher and lecturer, adopted this poem as a hymn to be sung at the religious services of his church, substituting the word "yet" for "boys."

FAULKNER. "The Ballet Girl" was published in *Lippincott's Magazine* for January, 1883. It has been copied by nearly every American newspaper, and has been widely copied in England. It is now going the rounds of the press for the third or fourth time, but without the author's name, being credited to the *London Era*.

STEVENSON. "Bettina Mazzi." Immediately after the battle of Solferino, a detachment of the Italian force passed through a town near the field of the day's victory, and discovered that the enemy's colors, abandoned or forgotten in their panic, were still flying from the old church. The spire had been nearly demolished by the cannonade. In reply to the thoughtless challenge of the leader to "climb up and cut down the flag," after the soldiers had shown their general unwillingness to risk their lives on the tottering structure, a little peasant girl, Bettina Mazzi by name, undertook it successfully. She received a rich reward from the spectators, as well as the only thing she had asked for on attempting her feat, the long ostrich plumes which the leader wore in his military chapeau, and by which her rustic fancy had been greatly struck.

BIBLIOGRAPHY.

WORKS CONSULTED IN THE PREPARATION OF THIS NUMBER OF "THE MAGAZINE OF POETRY."

AUSTIN, ALFRED. The Season: A Satire. New and revised edition (being the third). London: John Camden Hotten, 1869. 16mo, pp. xxv and 80.

IBID. The Golden Age: A Satire. London: Chapman and Hall, 1871. 16mo, pp. xi and 126.

IBID. Interludes. Edinburgh and London: William Blackwood and Sons, 1872. 16mo, pp. viii and 108.

IBID. The Human Tragedy. Edinburgh and London: William Blackwood and Sons, 1876. 12mo, pp. 439.

IBID. Madonna's Child. Second edition. Edinburgh and London: William Blackwood and Sons, 1873. 8vo, pp. 80.

IBID. Rome or Death! Edinburgh and London: William Blackwood and Sons, 1873. 8vo, pp. xi and 184.

IBID. The Tower of Babel. A Poetical Drama. Edinburgh and London: William Blackwood and Sons, 1874. 8vo, pp. 256.

IBID. Savonarola. A Tragedy. London: Macmillan and Co., 1881. 12mo, pp xxix and 306.

IBID. Soliloquies in Song. London: Macmillan and Co., 1882. 12mo, pp. xii and 158.

IBID. At the Gate of the Convent and Other Poems. London: Macmillan and Co., 1885. 12mo, pp. xi and 142.

IBID. Prince Lucifer. Second edition. London: Macmillan and Co., 1887. pp. xxi and 193.

IBID. Love's Widowhood and Other Poems. London and New York: Macmillan and Co., 1889. 12mo, pp. vi and 142.

IBID. Look Seaward, Sentinel. London: W. H. Allen and Co., 8vo, pp. 15.

PETERSON, HENRY. Poems. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott and Co., 1863. 12mo, pp. 203.

IBID. Poems. Including "The Modern Job." Second series. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co., 1883. 12mo, pp. 227.

SMITH, HARRY B. Miscellaneous poems.

LATHROP, ROSE HAWTHORNE. Along the Shore. Boston: Ticknor & Co., 1888. 16mo, pp. 104.

ROLLSTON, ADELAIDE DAY. Miscellaneous poems.

LIPPMANN, JULIE M. Miscellaneous poems.

SAVAGE, MINOT J. Poems. Boston: George H. Ellis, 1882. 16mo, pp. 247.

IBID. Miscellaneous poems.

MACKAY, CHARLES. Selected Poems and Songs. London: Whittaker and Co., 1888. 16mo, pp. xxx and 272.

IBID. "Voices from the Crowd," "Legends from the Isles," "Egeria," etc., and miscellaneous poems.

KINGSLEY, CHARLES. Poems. Complete collected edition. London and New York: Macmillan & Co., 8vo.

BELL, H. T. MACKENZIE. The Keeping of the Vow and Other Verses. London: Elliot Stock, 1879. 12mo.

IBID. Verses of Varied Life. London: Elliot Stock, 1882. 12mo.

IBID. Old Year Leaves. London: Elliott Stock, 1883. 12mo.

IBID. Old Year Leaves. Being Old Verses Revised. New edition. London: J. Fisher Unwin, 1885. 8vo, pp. xxiv and 308.

PHELPS, CHARLES HENRY. Miscellaneous poems.

JONES, I. EDGAR. Miscellaneous poems.

BRISTOL, AUGUSTA COOPER. Poems. Boston: Adams & Co., 1868. 12mo, pp. 190.

IBID. Miscellaneous poems.

NASON, EMMA HUNTINGTON. White Sails. Boston: D. Lothrop Company, 1888. 8vo, pp. 162.

IBID. Miscellaneous poems.

MAXWELL, HU. Idyls of the Golden Shore. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Son, 1889. pp. viii and 233.

COMMELIN, ANNA OLCOTT. Poems. New York: Anson D. F. Randolph & Co., 1888. 16mo, pp. 60.

SMITH, MARY BARRY. Miscellaneous poems.

CRANDALL, CHARLES H. Miscellaneous poems.

THOMPSON, CHARLES L. Miscellaneous poems.

RENFREW CARRIE. Miscellaneous poems.

FAULKNER, HARRY C. Miscellaneous poems.

BROWNING, ROBERT. Poems. Complete collected edition. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

ALDRICH, ANNA REEVE. The Rose of Flame and Other Poems of Love. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1889. 16mo, pp. iv and 92.

SPAULDING, HARRIET MABEL. Miscellaneous poems.

BUMSTEAD, EUDORA. Miscellaneous poems.

LOVEJOY, GEORGE NEWELL. Miscellaneous poems.

LOCKHART, ARTHUR J. The Masque of Minstrels and Other Poems, Chiefly in Verse. By Two Brothers. Bangor: Benjamin A. Burr, Printer, 1887. 12mo, pp. iv and 361.

CRAWFORD, MRS. JOHN. Miscellaneous poems.

KAYE, JOHN BRAYSHAW. Songs of Lake Geneva and Other Poems. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1882. 12mo, pp. v and 200.

COOLIDGE, SUSAN, Verses. Boston: Roberts Bros., 1880. 16mo, pp. 181.

IBID. A Few More Verses. Boston: Roberts Bros., 1889, 16mo, pp. 257.

JOHN STUART BLACKIE.

GEORGE PARSONS LATHROP.

THE MAGAZINE OF POETRY.

VOL. II. No. 3.

SIDNEY LANIER.

THIS man and poet, who would have wished "that life and song might each express the other's all," was born at Macon, Ga., February 3, 1842, in a house yet standing upon the brow of a hill composing a part of this southern inland town. A Huguenot refugee to England in Queen Elizabeth's time, Jerome Lanier was his earliest known ancestor, whose son Nicholas was in favor with James I and Charles I as musician, painter, and in political service. Another forefather was Sir John Lanier, who commanded a troop of horse at the battle of the Boyne, and fell at Stein Kirk with Douglas. The earliest American ancestor was Thomas Lanier, of Richmond, Va., of about date 1716. Robert S. Lanier, a lawyer, still living in Macon, Ga., was the father of the poet, and his mother was Mary Jane Anderson, of Nottaway County, Va., whose brother, Clifford Anderson, is at present Attorney-General and a distinguished lawyer of Georgia.

As a child the poet exhibited a wonderful passion for music, using first the simplest instruments of percussion, such as the negro minstrel's bones, the drum and plantation banjo. Afterwards, when presented by Santa Claus with a one-keyed German flute, he acquired proficiency upon it in a short time, and spent hours of voluntary withdrawal in devotion to persistent practice. He could perform slightly upon every instrument that then became accessible to his boyish ardor, such as the guitar, the piano, the violin and the organ, but the flute had first won his affection, and for many reasons or circumstances it retained his undiminished love. He was well-nigh perfect master of its wonderful effects.

As a youth his mind was both brilliant and very thoughtful. The boy attended private schools in Macon, and proceeded to Oglethorpe College, a Presbyterian school near Milledgeville, at the age of fourteen. The president of this institution was the scholarly Talmage, uncle of the now famous pulpit orator. Discontinuing at college, he spent a year as delivery clerk in the Macon post-office, where he delivered letters and studied humorous phases of life as shown more than thirty years ago in middle Georgia "Crackers," whose dialect amused him and fed that vein of exquisite appreciation of humor which was to his philosophical bent as quartz to gold.

He graduated in 1860 at the age of eighteen, sharing with a fellow student the first honors of their class. When he was nineteen he engaged at his *alma mater* as subordinate professor or tutor. At the outbreak of the Civil War he volunteered as a private in the old militia company, the Macon Volunteers, of the Second Georgia Battalion of infantry, the first troops, perhaps, reaching Norfolk, Va., from the South. He refused promotion several times during the war, declining to be separated from his younger brother, whose devotion to him was thus tenderly reciprocated. He was in skirmishes in the campaign beginning with Seven Pines and ending with Malvern Hill. Afterward he and his brother and two chosen comrades were transferred to Milligan's Signal Corps. In this adventurous and romantic service he yet found time for study of language, for music, and for storing impressions of poetic sensibility. His flute accompanied him everywhere, carried in his haversack even if "hard-tack" and soldier forage were displaced. This and a small volume of German poems were privileged, second only to gun and ammunition. In the autumn of 1864 he was sent to the Marine Signal Department at Wilmington, shortly afterward assigned as signal officer to the blockade-runner Annie, and was taken prisoner of war with that vessel about December of the same year. Several months of hardship at the bleak prison of Point Lookout and the long weary tramp at the close of hostilities from Virginia to Georgia developed to poisonous growth the germs of consumption. Peace to him was the beginning of a battle with this relentless disease, a war of about fifteen years of varying fortune, but in which one combatant was always patient and ever heroic.

In December, 1867, he married Miss Mary Day, of Macon, Ga., and the young couple went to live

in Prattville, Ala., where Sidney was principal of a flourishing academy. Hemorrhage from the lungs came to advance the red flag of warning, and he returned to Macon to undertake the practice of the law. In December, 1872, he went to San Antonio, Texas, searching for a climate where he might live and work. He returned to Georgia in April, 1873. He determined to give the few years that remained to him to music and literature. In December, 1873, he is in Baltimore, his chief financial reliance upon an engagement as first flute for the Peabody symphony concerts and his pen. Doctor Ward's touching memorial, prefacing Scribner's edition of his poems, describes sympathetically the struggle that now ensued for life and literary accomplishment.

In 1875 he visited Florida and wrote the readable book descriptive of that state. About this period of two or three years he produced a number of his poems. Some lectures in series are delivered at intervals. He is again in Florida in 1877, and returns with hope to his Baltimore work. Some studies in old English take shape as "The Science of English Verse,"—an epochal book concerning English prosody. Lectures on Shakespeare are delivered in the hall of the Peabody Institute. These years of consecrated work pave the way for his appointment as lecturer on English Literature for the ensuing year at Johns Hopkins University. Now appear a number of his longer and best poems. In 1879 he flies for a breath of cool air to Virginia mountains, but spends the summer in hard literary work. In December, 1880, feeble and fevered, he sings at sundown of his own life the noble hymn, "Sunrise." His heart and mind and spiritual nature grow tenderer and clearer and more potent as the physical strength wanes. Camp-life near Ashville, N. C., fails to heal the wounded lungs, and on September 7, 1881, his "unfaltering will renders its supreme submission to the adored will of God."

His published works are: "Tiger Lilies: A Novel," 1867; "Florida: Scenery, Climate, History," 1876; "Poems" (Corn and other), 1877; "The Boy's Froissart," 1878; "The Science of English Verse," 1880; "The Boy's King Arthur," 1880; "The Boy's Mabinogion," 1881; "The Boy's Percy," 1882; "The English Novel," 1883; "Poems of Sidney Lanier" (edited by his wife), 1884.

C. L.

THE MARSHES OF GLYNN.

Glooms of the live-oaks, beautiful-braided and woven
With intricate shades of the vines that myriad-cloven
Clamber the forks of the multiform boughs,—
Emerald twilights,—
Virginal shy lights,
Wrought of the leaves to allure to the whisper of vows,
When lovers pace timidly down through the green colonnades
Of the dim sweet woods, of the dear dark woods,
Of the heavenly woods and glades,
That run to the radiant marginal sand-beach within
The wide sea-marshes of Glynn;—

Beautiful glooms, soft dusks in the noon-day fire,—
Wildwood privacies, closets of lone desire,
Chamber from chamber parted with wavering arras of leaves,—
Calls for the passionate pleasure of prayer to the soul that grieves,
Pure with a sense of the passing of saints through the wood,
Cool for the dutiful weighing of ill with good;—

O, braided dusks of the oak and woven shades of the vine,
While the riotous noon-day sun of the June-day long did shine
Ye held me fast in your heart and I held you fast in mine;
But now when the noon is no more, and riot is rest,
And the sun is a-wait at the ponderous gate of the West,
And the slant yellow beam down the wood-aisle doth seem
Like a lane into heaven that leads from a dream,—
Ay, now, when my soul all day hath drunken the soul of the oak,
And my heart is at ease from men, and the wearisome sound of the stroke
Of the scythe of time and the trowel of trade is low,
And belief overmasters doubt, and I know that I know,
And my spirit is grown to a lordly great compass within,
That the length and the breadth and the sweep of the marshes of Glynn
Will work me no fear like the fear they have wrought me of yore
When length was fatigue, and when breadth was but bitterness sore,
And when terror and shrinking and dreary unnamable pain
Drew over me out of the merciless miles of the plain,—

Oh, now, unafraid, I am fain to face
The vast sweet visage of space.
To the edge of the wood I am drawn, I am drawn,
Where the gray beach glimmering runs, as a belt of the dawn,
For a mete and a mark
To the forest-dark:—
So:
Affable live-oak, leaning low,—
Thus—with your favor—soft, with a reverent hand,
(Not lightly touching your person, Lord of the land!)
Bending your beauty aside, with a step I stand
On the firm-packed sand,
Free
By a world of marsh that borders a world of sea.
Sinuous southward and sinuous northward the shimmering band
Of the sand-beach fastens the fringe of the marsh to the folds of the land.
Inward and outward to northward and southward the beach-lines linger and curl
As a silver-wrought garment that clings to and follows the firm sweet limbs of a girl.
Vanishing, swerving, evermore curving again into sight,
Softly the sand-beach wavers away to a dim gray looping of light.
And what if behind me to westward the wall of the woods stands high?
The world lies east: how ample, the marsh and the sea and the sky!
A league and a league of marsh-grass, waist-high, broad in the blade,
Green, and all of a height, and unflecked with a light or a shade,
Stretch leisurely off, in a pleasant plain,
To the terminal blue of the main.

Oh, what is abroad in the marsh and the terminal sea?
Somehow my soul seems suddenly free
From the weighing of fate and the sad discussion of sin,
By the length and the breadth and the sweep of the marshes of Glynn.

Ye marshes, how candid and simple and nothing-withholding and free
Ye publish yourselves to the sky and offer yourselves to the sea!
Tolerant plains, that suffer the sea and the rains and the sun,
Ye spread and span like the catholic man who hath mightily won
God out of knowledge and good out of infinite pain
And sight out of blindness and purity out of a stain.

As the marsh-hen secretly builds on the watery sod,
Behold I will build me a nest on the greatness of God:
I will fly in the greatness of God as the marsh-hen flies
In the freedom that fills all the space 'twixt the marsh and the skies:
By so many roots as the marsh-grass sends in the sod
I will heartily lay me a-hold on the greatness of God:
Oh, like to the greatness of God is the greatness within
The range of the marshes, the liberal marshes of Glynn.

And the sea lends large, as the marsh: lo, out of his plenty the sea
Pours fast: full soon the time of the flood-tide must be:
Look how the grace of the sea doth go
About and about through the intricate channels that flow
Here and there,
Everywhere,
Till his waters have flooded the uttermost creeks and the low-lying lanes,
And the marsh is meshed with a million veins,
That like as with rosy and silvery essences flow
In the rose-and-silver evening glow.
Farewell, my lord Sun!
The creeks overflow: a thousand rivulets run
'Twixt the roots of the sod; the blades of the marsh-grass stir;
Passeth a hurrying sound of wings that westward whirr;
Passeth, and all is still; and the currents cease to run;
And the sea and marsh are one.

How still the plains of the waters be!
The tide is in his ecstasy.
The tide is at his highest height:
And it is night.

And now from the Vast of the Lord will the waters of sleep
Roll in on the souls of men,
But who will reveal to our waken ken
The forms that swim and the shapes that creep
Under the waters of sleep?

And I would I could know what swimmeth below
when the tide comes in
On the length and the breadth of the marvelous
marshes of Glynn.

SONG OF THE CHATTAHOOCHEE.

Out of the hills of Habersham,
Down the valleys of Hall,
I hurry amain to reach the plain,
Run the rapid and leap the fall,
Split at the rock and together again,
Accept my bed, or narrow or wide,
And flee from folly on every side
With a lover's pain to attain the plain
Far from the hills of Habersham,
Far from the valleys of Hall.

All down the hills of Habersham,
All through the valleys of Hall,
The rushes cried *Abide, abide,*
The willful water-weeds held me thrall,
The laving laurel turned my tide,
The ferns and fondling grass said *Stay,*
The dewberry dipped for to work delay,
And the little reeds sighed *Abide, abide,*
Here in the hills of Habersham,
Here in the valleys of Hall.

High o'er the hills of Habersham,
Veiling the valleys of Hall,
The hickory told me manifold
Fair tales of shade, the poplar tall
Wrought me her shadowy self to hold,
The chestnut, the oak, the walnut, the pine,
Overleaning, with flickering meaning and sign,
Said, *Pass me not, so cold, these manifold*
Deep shades of the hills of Habersham,
These glades in the valleys of Hall.

And oft in the hills of Habersham,
And oft in the valleys of Hall,
The white quartz shone, and the smooth brook-stone
Did bar me of passage with friendly brawl,
And many a luminous jewel lone
—Crystals clear or a-cloud with mist,
Ruby, garnet and amethyst—
Made lures with the lights of streaming stone
In the clefts of the hills of Habersham,
In the beds of the valleys of Hall.

But oh, not the hills of Habersham,
And oh, not the valleys of Hall
Avail: I am fain to water the plain.
Downward the voices of Duty call—
Downward, to toil and be mixed with the main,
The dry fields burn, and the mills are to turn,
And a myriad flowers mortally yearn,
And the lordly main from beyond the plain
Calls o'er the hills of Habersham,
Calls through the valleys of Hall.

MARSH.

Reverened Marsh, low-couched along the sea,
Old chemist, rapt in alchemy,
Distilling silence.

—*Sunrise.*

DAWN.

And, lo, in the East! Will the East unveil?
The East is unveiled, the East hath confessed
A flush: 't is dead; 't is alive: 'tis dead, ere the West
Was aware of it: nay, 't is abiding, 't is unwithdrawn:
Have a care, sweet Heaven! 'T is Dawn.

—*Ibid.*

LEAVES.

Ye lispers, whisperers, singers in storms,
Ye consciences murmuring faiths under forms,
Ye ministers meet for each passion that grieves,
Friendly, sisterly, sweetheart leaves;
Oh! rain me down from your darks that contain me
Wisdoms ye winnow from winds that pain me;
Sift down tremors of sweet-within-sweet
That advise me of more than they bring; repeat
Me the woods-smell that swiftly but now brought breath
From the heaven-side bank of the river of death;
Teach me the terms of silence, preach me
The passion of patience, sift me, impeach me,
And there, oh, there
As ye hang with your myriad palms upturned in the air,
Pray me a myriad prayer.

—*Ibid.*

MOON.

Up the sky
The hesitating moon slow trembles on,
Faint as a new-washed soul but lately up
From out a buried body.

—*Clover.*

FLATS.

Nature hath no surprise,
No ambuscades of beauty 'gainst mine eyes
From brake, or lurking dell, or deep defile;
No humors, frolic forms, this mile, that mile;
No rich reserves or happy-valley hopes
Beyond the bend of roads, the distant slopes.
Her fancy fails, her wild is all run tame:
Ever the same, the same.

—*From the Flats.*

SIDNEY LANIER.

HOMER.

Father Homer, thee,
Thee also I forgive thy sandy wastes
Of prose and catalogue, thy drear harangues
That tease the patience of the centuries,
Thy sleazy scrap of story—but a rogue's
Rape of a light-o'-love—too soiled a patch
To broider with the gods.
—*The Crystal.*

CHRIST.

But Thee, but Thee, O, sovereign Seer of time,
But Thee, O, poets' Poet, Wisdom's Tongue,
But Thee, O, man's best Man, O, love's best Love,
O, perfect life in perfect labor writ,
O, all men's Comrade, Servant, King or Priest;
What *if* or *yet*, what mole, what flaw, what lapse,
What least defect or shadow of defect,
What rumor, tattled by an enemy,
Of inference loose, what lack of grace
Even in torture's grasp, or sleep's, or death's;
Oh, what amiss may I forgive in Thee,
Jesus, good Paragon, thou Crystal Christ.
—*Ibid.*

DEATH.

Death, thou 'rt a cordial old and rare;
Look how compounded, with what care!
Time got his wrinkles reaping thee
Sweet herbs from all antiquity.
—*The Stirrup-Cup.*

WOODS.

Dreaming of gods, men, nuns and brides, between
Old companies of oaks that inward lean
To join their radiant amplitudes of green
I slowly move, with ranging looks that pass
Up from the matted miracles of grass
Into yon veined complex of space
Where sky and leafage interlace
So close, the heaven of blue is seen
Inwoven with a heaven of green.
—*Corn.*

HARVEST.

There, while I pause, my fieldward-faring eyes
Take harvests, where the stately corn-ranks rise,
Of inward dignities
And large benignities, and insights wise,
Graces and modest majesties.
Thus, without theft, I reap another's field;
Thus, without tilth, I house a wondrous yield,
And heap my heart with quintuple crops concealed.
—*Ibid.*

LOVE.

Sweet friends,
Man's love ascends
To finer and diviner ends
Than man's mere thought e'er comprehends.
—*The Symphony.*

MARRIAGE.

Woe him that cunning trades in hearts contrives!
Base love good women to base loving drives.
If men loved larger, larger were our lives;
And wooed they nobler, won they nobler wives.
—*Ibid.*

IMPATIENCE.

Well, be it dusk-time or noon-time,
I ask but one small boon, Time;
Come thou in night, come thou in day,
I care not, I care not; have thine own way,
But only, but only come soon, Time.
—*Special Pleading.*

OPINION.

I would thou left'st me free to live with love,
And faith, that through the love of love doth find
My Lord's dear presence in the stars above,
The clods below, the flesh without, the mind
Within, the bread, the tear, the smile.
Opinion, damned Intriguer, gray with guile,
Let me alone.
—*Street Cries.*

BEETHOVEN.

O, Psalmist of the weak, the strong,
O, Troubadour of love and strife,
Co-Litanist of right and wrong,
Sole Hymner of the whole of life,
I know not how, I care not why,
Thy music sets my world at ease,
And melts my passion's mortal cry
In satisfying symphonies.
—*To Beethoven.*

FREEDOM.

For Weakness, in freedom, grows stronger than Strength with a chain;
And Error, in freedom, will come to lamenting his stain,
Till freely repenting he whiten his spirit again;
And Friendship, in freedom, will blot out the bounding of race;
And straight Law, in freedom, will curve to the rounding of grace;
And Fashion, in freedom, will die of the lie in her face.
—*Psalm of the West.*

WIND.

O, short-breath'd Winds beneath the gracious moon
Running mild errands for mild violets,
Or carrying sighs from the red lips of June
What wavering way the odor-current sets.
—*Ibid.*

LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON was the only child of her parents, and was born at Pomfret, Conn., sixty years ago the 5th of last April. Her educational advantages were good, her school-life being partly spent at the famous seminary of Miss Emma Willard, at Troy, N. Y., though she was not a graduate there. Born with the lyrical gift, very early the young Louise Chandler began to put her thought into verse, and at the age of fifteen was printing, under the name of "Ellen Louise," promising poems. While yet a student at Miss Willard's seminary, she sent some of her poems to the *Flag of Our Union*, a paper then published in Boston by William U. Moulton. Mr. Moulton was a bachelor, and from a literary correspondence resulted an engagement of marriage. This marriage took place about three weeks after Miss Chandler left school, and the pair immediately settled in Boston. This city has ever since been the home of the famous lady, whose present residence is on Rutland Square. The young wife, who had already published one book, a volume of essays, poems and stories, published a novel in 1855 (the year of her marriage), withholding her name. In 1859 "My Third Book" was issued, and since then she has been the author of a dozen more, appearing at intervals of two or three years. In addition to her books, Mrs. Moulton has done a vast amount of newspaper work in the form of letters on social and literary topics. She was long foreign correspondent from London and Paris to prominent papers of the United States, the *New York Tribune* early using her work. For at least the last ten years Mrs. Moulton has spent all her summers in Europe. She goes early in the spring and returns late in the autumn. When at her home on Rutland Square, in the early winter, she entertains at her receptions, which are highly popular, the literary lions of her own and other countries. Mrs. Moulton is extremely popular in England, where "among gracious and nobly-gifted artists she holds her gentle sway, beloved and loving." Her grace and gifts have brought her there, as well as at home, the highest social eminence.

In person she is a little above the medium height, with a fine complexion and a refined, intellectual face. Her eyes are mild and dreamy and her bearing that of reposeful, quiet dignity. In dress she is tasteful and elegant.

As a poet Mrs. Moulton has charmed two worlds, and the English reviewers are as high in her praise as are those of her own country. The volumes, "Swallow Flights" and "In a Garden of Dreams," especially stand as the work of one than whom no American singer has reached a higher, sweeter tone. As a lyric artist, what American poet excels her?

An examination of Mrs. Moulton's work will show her not only a gifted poet, but a delightful story-teller, a lover of little children, a kindly but discriminating critic, and one of the happiest of humorists. It is hard to realize that the undertone of sadness in her poems and the laughter of her humor proceed from the same individuality.

As a reviewer of the art and poetry of others she seems to come into sympathy with their highest ideas, appreciates their good qualities, and is never unkind.

Her life is proof that intellectual gifts develop best and truest possibilities when they receive the service of patient industry, and come to express the heart and thought of true and ripe days that know the direction of discipline and the guidance of high ideals.

Mrs. Moulton has one child, a married daughter, who lives in West Virginia. MRS. G. A.

COME BACK, DEAR DAYS.

COME back, dear days, from out the past!
. . . I see your gentle ghosts arise;
You look at me with mournful eyes,
And then the night grows vague and vast;
You have gone back to Paradise.

Why did you fleet away, dear days?
You were so welcome when you came;
The morning skies were all aflame;
The birds sang matins in your praise;
All else of life you put to shame.

Did I not honor you aright,
I, who but lived to see you shine,
Who felt your very pain divine,
Thanked God and warmed me in your light,
Or quaffed your tears as they were wine?

What wooed you to those stranger skies,
What love more fond, what dream more fair,
What music whispered in the air?
What soft delight of smiles and sighs
Enchanted you from otherwhere?

You left no pledges when you went.
The years since then are bleak and cold;
No bursting buds the Junes unfold;
While you were here my all I spent;
Now I am poor, and sad, and old.

IN THE RANKS.

His death-blow struck him there in the ranks,
There in the ranks, with his face to the foe.
Did his dying lips utter curses or thanks?
No one will know.

Still he marched on, he with the rest;
Still he marched on, with his face to the foe,
To the day's bitter business sternly addressed.
Dead—did they know?

When the day was over, the fierce fight done,
His cheeks were red with the sunset's glow;
And they crowned him there with their laurels won.
Dead—did he know?

Laurels or roses, all one to him now.
What to a dead man is glory or glow?
Rose wreathes for love, or a crown on his brow.
Dead—does he know?

And yet you will see him march on with the rest;
No man of them all makes a goodlier show,
In the thick of the tumult jostled and pressed.
Dead—would you know?

IN BOHEMIA.

I came between the glad green hills,
Whereon the summer sunshine lay,
And all the world was young that day,
As when the Spring's soft laughter thrills
The pulses of the waking May.
You were alive, yet scarce I knew
The world was glad because of you.

I came between the sad green hills,
Whereon the summer twilight lay,
And all the world was old that day,
And hoary age forgets the thrills
That woke the pulses of the May.
And you were dead; too well I knew
The world was sad because of you.

MY SAINT.

Oh, long the weary vigils since you left me;
In your far home, I wonder can you know
To what dread uttermost your loss bereft me,
Or half it meant to me that you should go?

The world is full, indeed, of fair hopes perished,
And loves more fleet than this poor fleeting breath;
But that deep heart in which my heart was cherished
Must surely have survived what we call death.

They can not cease, our own true dead, to love us,
And you will hear this far-off cry of mine,
Though you keep holiday so high above us,
Where all the happy spirits sing and shine.

Steal back to me to-night from your far dwelling,
Beyond the pilgrim moon, beyond the sun;
They will not miss your single voice for swelling
Their rapture-chorus; you are only one.

Ravish my soul, as with divine embraces;
Teach me, if Life is false, that Death is true;
With pledge of new delights in heavenly places
Entice my spirit; take me hence with you!

NOW AND THEN.

And had you loved me then, my dear,
And had you loved me there,
When still the sun was in the east
And hope was in the air,
When all the birds sang to the dawn
And I but sang to you;
Oh, had you loved me then, my dear,
And had you then been true!

But, ah! the day wore on, my dear,
And when the moon grew hot,
The drowsy birds forgot to sing,
And you and I forgot
To talk of love, or live for faith,
Or build ourselves a nest;
And now our hearts are shelterless,
Our sun is in the west.

THE SPRING IS LATE.

She stood alone amidst the April fields—
Brown, sodden fields, all desolate and bare.
"The spring is late," she said, "the faithless spring,
That should have come to make the meadows fair.

"Their sweet South left too soon; among the trees
The birds, bewildered, flutter to and fro;
For them no green boughs wait, their memories
Of last year's April had deceived them so.

"From 'neath a sheltering pine some tender buds
Looked out and saw the hollows filled with snow;
On such a frozen world they closed their eyes;
When spring is cold, how can the blossoms blow?"

She watched the homeless birds, the slow, sad spring,
The barren fields and shivering, naked trees.
"Thus God has dealt with me, his child," she said;
I wait my spring-time, and am cold like these.

"To them will come the fullness of their time;
Their spring, though late, will make the meadow fair;
Shall I, who wait like them, like them be blest?
I am his own; doth not my Father care?"

ALONE BY THE BAY.

He is gone. O, my heart, he is gone;
And the sea remains and the sky,
And the skiffs flit in and out,
And the white-winged yachts go by.

The waves run purple and green,
And the sunshine glints and glows,
And freshly across the bay
The breath of the morning blows.

I liked it better last night,
When the dark shut down on the main,
And the phantom fleet lay still,
And I heard the waves complain.

For the sadness that dwells in my heart,
And the rune of their endless woe,
Their longing, and void, and despair,
Kept time in their ebb and flow.

GRANDMAMA'S WARNING.

"Love is a fire," she said. "Love is a fire,
Beware of the madness of that wild desire!
I know, for I was young, and now am old." . . .
"Oh, did you learn by what your elders told"

THISTLE-DOWN.

Thistle-down is a woman's love—
Thistle-down with the wind at play.
Let him who wills this truth to prove,
"Thistle-down is a woman's love,"
Seek her innermost heart to move.
Though the wind should blow her vows his way,
Thistle-down is a woman's love—
Thistle-down with the wind at play.

IN WINTER.

Oh, to go back to the days of June,
Just to be young and alive again,
Hearken again to the mad, sweet tune
Birds were singing with might and main!
South they flew at the summer's wane,
Leaving their nests for storms to harry,
Since time was coming for wind and rain
Under the wintry skies to marry.

Wearily wander by dale and dune
Footsteps fettered with clanking chain;
Free they were in the days of June;
Free they never can be again.
Fetters of age and fetters of pain,
Joys that fly and sorrows that tarry;
Youth is over, and hope were vain
Under the wintry skies to marry.

Now we chant but a desolate tune:
"Oh, to be young and alive again!"
But never December turns to June,
And length of living is length of pain.
Winds in the nestless trees complain;
Snows of winter about us tarry;
And never the birds come back again
Under the wintry skies to marry.

ENVOI.

Youths and maidens, blithesome and vain,
Time makes thrusts that you can not parry
Mate in season, for who is fain
Under the wintry skies to marry?

IN TIME TO COME.

The time will come, full soon, I shall be gone,
And you sit silent in the silent place,
With the sad autumn sunlight on your face,
Remembering the loves that were your own,
Haunted, perchance, by some familiar tone;
You will grow weary then for the dead days,
And mindful of their sweet and bitter ways,
Though passion into memory shall have grown.
Then shall I with your other ghosts draw nigh,
And whisper, as I pass, some former word,
Some old endearment known in days gone by,
Some tenderness that once your pulses stirred;
Which was it spoke to you, the wind or I?
I think you, musing, scarcely will have heard.

HIC JACET.

So Love is dead that has been quick so long!
Close, then, his eyes, and bear him to his rest,
With eglantine and myrtle on his breast,
And leave him there, their pleasant scents among;
And chant a sweet and melancholy song
About the charms whereof he was possessed,
And how of all things he was loveliest,
And to compare with aught were him to wrong.
Leave him beneath the still and solemn stars,
That gather and look down from their far place,
With their long calm our brief woes to deride,
Until the sun the morning's gate unbars
And mocks, in turn, our sorrows with his face;
And yet, had Love been Love, he had not died.

Always Your Friend
James G Clark

LEFT BEHIND.

WILT thou forget me in that other sphere—
Thou who hast shared my life so long in this—
And straight grown dizzy with that greater bliss,
Fronting heaven's splendor, strong, and full, and clear,
No longer hold the old embraces dear
When some sweet seraph crowns thee with her kiss?
Nay, surely from that rapture thou wouldst miss
Some slight, small thing that thou hast cared for here.
I do not dream that from those ultimate heights
Thou wilt come back to seek me where I bide;
But if I follow, patient of thy slights,
And if I stand there, waiting by thy side,
Surely thy heart with some old thrill will stir,
And turn thy face toward me, even from her.

ROSES AT SEA.

LOVE-children of the summer and the sun,
Alien to this salt air and stretch of sea,
And beautiful in your bright witchery
As the first rose, whose wooing was begun
By the first nightingale, when day was done
And over Eden's walks the wind blew free,
And the winged wooers sang in ecstasy
Of love, and love, and love, till love was won!
To-day you bless me with your beauty's spell,
Roses from some dream-garden left behind,
With breath half tenderness and half farewell,
And gracious hopes with your sweet grace entwined.
Will hopes, like buds, turn blossoms? Who shall tell?
Your fragrant soul escapes; can Memory bind?

HELP THOU MY UNBELIEF.

BECAUSE I seek Thee not, oh, seek Thou me!
Because my lips are dumb, oh, hear the cry
I do not utter as Thou passest by,
And from my life-long bondage set me free!
Because content I perish, far from Thee,
Oh, sieze me, snatch me from my fate, and try
My soul in Thy consuming fire! Draw nigh
And let me, blinded, Thy salvation see.
If I were pouring at Thy feet my tears,
If I were clamoring to see Thy face,
I should not need Thee, Lord, as now I need,
Whose dumb, dead soul knows neither hopes nor fears,
Nor dreads the outer darkness of this place;
Because I seek not, pray not, give Thou heed!

JAMES GOWDY CLARK.

JAMES GOWDY CLARK is the greatest and most famous poet-singer of the age. For nearly forty years his fame as both poet and vocalist has been steadily rising, until now, when his head is crowned with the whitening locks of the ideal poet, he stands without a rival. Many singers, like Russell and Dempster in secular song, and Phillips, Bliss and Sankey in the religious realm, have achieved success in special fields, while poets like Mackay, Massey and Whittier have won lasting fame as the reform poets of a transition era; but in no instance, either in America or Europe, have the song-writer, the song-singer and the reformer been blended in such conspicuous union as to achieve enduring fame, save in the unique history and experience of Mr. Clark.

Mr. Clark was born in Constantia, N. Y., June 28, 1830, on the borders of the beautiful Oneida Lake. His parents were leading members of the Episcopal Church, in the creed of which their children, four sons and two daughters, were educated, James Gowdy being the third child. At the age of three years he would sit on his mother's knee and sing Kirke White's "Star of Bethlehem" to the tune of "Bonny Doon," without missing a word or note. At the age of twenty-one he was in the concert field, with a local reputation extending over several counties. He soon attracted the attention of Ossian E. Dodge, of Boston, who appointed him musical composer of "Ossian's Bards," a quartette troupe of which Mr. Dodge was organizer and proprietor. About this time Mr. Clark composed and issued in sheet form, "The Old Mountain Tree," "The Rover's Grave," "The Rock of Liberty," "Meet Me by the Running Brook," and other compositions, which are still favorites with the public. A few years later followed the words and music of such grand spiritual lyrics as "The Mountains of Life," "The Beautiful Hills," etc., songs which never grow old, and which have been received by all classes as perfect, of their kind, and as constituting a new and original departure in sacred song.

When the Civil War broke out, Mr. Clark enlisted in a New York regiment and was promptly detailed to the recruiting service. He traveled night and day, speaking and singing till he was prostrated with lung fever, from which he was finally restored to health by his life-long friend, Dr. James C. Jackson, of "Our Home," Dansville, N. Y. The latter convinced the poet-singer that he must forever give up the idea of camp life. Mr. Clark then returned to the concert field, giving one-third of the gross receipts of his work to the sanitary commissions

and aid societies. His patriotic songs stirred the hearts of the people like a bugle blast. He did more to arouse the Union sentiment than any other singer of his day, and at the same time contributed many thousand dollars to the cause of his country. This period called forth his war lyrics.

Since the war period the sign of the ripe grain has appeared in Mr. Clark's whitening head and beard, and his poems have shown greater richness and depth. The greatest of his later poems, and probably the most profound and finished efforts of his life, are "The Mount of the Holy Cross" and "The Infinite Mother." The latter is the first worthy effort to express in song the idea of the motherhood of God. And as such it is a forerunner and a prophecy, and is altogether the best poetic contribution yet made to the cause of woman's enfranchisement and emancipation. It should become as popular with all women organizations as "The Voice of the People" is with the labor associations. And this "Voice of the People" is the greatest of Mr. Clark's reform lyrics. It catches and reproduces the thunder of the coming storm, and the roar and tramp of the great hungry "Army of the Rear."

As a poet, Mr. Clark's gift is threefold. Nature gave him the *whole* gift of song—a favor she has bestowed upon few of any age—viz.: the genius to produce genuine poems, the power to wed them to a high order of music, and the voice and presence to render them to delighted audiences.

But Mr. Clark is not only "The Poet-Singer of America;" he is also a writer of vigorous prose and a reformer of cosmopolitan sympathies. He has a mission and a call, and if ever a man found his vocation and "kept himself true to beauty and to truth," that man is James G. Clark. His mission has been to comfort and revive depressed spirits, to arouse humanity to progress and legitimate reform, to sing out the wrong and sing in the right.

Personally, he is abreast of his poetry. His manhood is as admirable as his song. In fact, the man is greater than the poet. He is a reformer in his life, living what he sings. He is as clean as his work; is with the people in their struggle for a new and nobler birth. He caters to no class, sect or party. Socially, politically and religiously, he is an independent. In brief, he is a *man*, and his poetry, his singing and life-long labor in the great reforms of the country are the natural expression of his manhood. A. P. M.

INNOVATION.

Tie my wrists with hempen strands
While brazen force around me stands!
You can not with your fetters bind
The daring impulse of the mind,
Nor quench the lightning sparks of thought
That upward from the scaffold leap,
  To live and wait through slavery's years
Till Destiny's firm web is wrought,
To bide their time while tyrants sleep,
And prisoners pace their cells and weep,
Then burst with power, in bolt and flash,
And roaring flood and thunder crash
  In answer to the exile's tears!
To work their will, above control
Of human customs, courts and laws:
So leaped the fires of Emmet's soul,
To burn anew in Freedom's cause
Wherever blades for Freedom rise,
Wherever Freedom's banners stream,
Wherever Freedom's thunders roll,
Wherever Freedom's lightnings gleam,
And man for freedom strikes and dies!

Still my pulse and stop my breath!
Who work with truth may play with death.
Hang me quick and hang me high!
So hung the form of Old John Brown;
And though they cut the body down,
The shadow broader, higher grew;
It met the seas, it reached the sky,
And darkened mountain, lake and town!
Wherever Freedom's eagles flew,
Wherever Freedom's breezes blew,
From frigid North to fervid South,
From Maine to broad Columbia's mouth,
The shadow towered above the world
Where Freedom's stars in shame were furled.
It turned the stars and sun to blood,
And poured on earth a crimson flood!
The Nation quaffed the bloody rain,
And all her first-born sons were slain.

Let me die! My work is done!
The dying stars proclaim the sun
The weaker eyes could not behold,
And lower lights had not foretold.
Then die upon a bed of gold,
  Because the grander light is born!
The highland rills that seaward glide
May vanish in the mountain side,
And, sinking through the voiceless earth,
Within the cold, dark caves abide;
But naught can stay their "second birth,"
  Or dim their resurrection morn.
Sometime, somewhere, in stronger tide,
And warmer light and broader sweep,
They rush to swell the distant deep,
That turns its awful palms to heaven,

That girdles with its mighty hands
All kingdoms, empires, realms and lands,
Within whose all-embracing rim
The fleets of nations sink or swim
Like fire-flies in the midst of even,
And on whose all-receiving breast
The Ages lay their dead to rest.

Lead me forth! I 'm ready now!
Pull the black cap o'er my brow!
You can not blind my inner sight;
I see the dawn behind the night;
Beyond the dawn I see the day;
And through the day I see the Truth
Arising in immortal youth!
The sunbeams on her forehead play;
The cities in her tresses twine;
The peace of God dwells in her face
And rolls the clouds of war away;
Around her feet the roses grow;
Her tender bosoms swell and flow
With healing for the stricken race,
And in her eyes seraphic shine
Faith, Hope and Love, and every grace!
The old recedes, the New descends!
Earth clasps the hand that Heaven extends,
The Lion and the Lamb are friends!

THE INFINITE MOTHER.

I AM mother of Life and companion of God!
I move in each mote from the suns to the sod,
I brood in all darkness, I gleam in all light,
I fathom all depth and I crown every height;
Within me the globes of the universe roll,
And through me all matter takes impress and soul.
Without me all forms into chaos would fall;
I was under, within, and around, over all,
Ere the stars of the morning in harmony sung,
Or the systems and suns from their grand arches swung.

I loved you, O earth, in those cycles profound,
When darkness unbroken encircled you round,
And the fruit of creation, the race of mankind,
Was only a dream in the Infinite Mind;
I nursed you, O earth, ere your oceans were born,
Or your mountains rejoiced in the gladness of morn,
When naked and helpless you came from the womb,
Ere the seasons had decked you with verdure and bloom,
And all that appeared of your form or your face
Was a bare, lurid ball in the vast wilds of space.

When your bosom was shaken and rent with alarms,
I calmed and caressed you to sleep in my arms,
I sung o'er your pillow the song of the spheres
Till the hum of its melody softened your fears,
And the hot flames of passion burned low in your breast,
As you lay on my heart like a maiden at rest;
When fevered, I cooled you with mist and with shower,
And kissed you with cloudlet, and rainbow, and flower,
Till you woke in the heavens arrayed like a queen,
In garments of purple, of gold and of green,
From fabrics of glory my fingers had spun
For the mother of nations and bride of the sun.

There was love in your face, and your bosom rose fair,
And the scent of your lilies made fragrant the air,
And your blush in the glance of your lover was rare
As you waltzed in the light of his warm yellow hair,
Or lay in the haze of his tropical noons,
Or slept 'neath the gaze of the passionless moons;
And I stretched out my arms from the awful unknown,
Whose channels are swept by my rivers alone,
And held you secure in your young mother-days,
And sung to your offspring their lullaby lays,
While races and nations came forth from your breast,
Lived, struggled and died, and returned to their rest.

All creatures conceived at the Fountain of Cause
Are born of my travail, controlled by my laws;
I throb in their veins and I breathe in their breath,
Combine them for effort, disperse them in death;
No form is too great or minute for my care,
No place so remote but my presence is there.
I bend in the grasses that whisper of spring,
I lean o'er the spaces to hear the stars sing,
I laugh with the infant, I roar with the sea,
I roll in the thunder, I hum with the bee;
From the center of suns to the flowers of the sod
I am shuttle and loom in the purpose of God,
The ladder of action all spirit must climb
To the clear heights of Love from the lowlands of Time.

'T is mine to protect you, fair bride of the sun,
Till the task of the bride and the bridegroom is done;
Till the roses that crown you shall wither away,
And the bloom on your beautiful cheek shall decay;
Till the soft golden locks of your lover turn gray,
And palsy shall fall on the pulse of Day;
Till you cease to give birth to the children of men,
And your forms are absorbed in my currents again.

But your sons and your daughters, unconquered by strife,
Shall rise on my pinions and bathe in my life,
While the fierce glowing splendors of suns cease to burn,
And bright constellations to vapor return,
And new ones shall rise from the graves of the old,
Shine, fade and dissolve like a tale that is told.

THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE.

SWING inward, O, gates of the future!
Swing outward, ye doors of the past!
For the soul of the people is moving
And rising from slumber at last.
The black forms of night are retreating,
The white peaks have signaled the day,
And freedom her long roll is beating,
And calling her sons to the fray.

And woe to the rule that has plundered
And trod down the wounded and slain,
While the wars of the Old Time have thundered,
And men poured their life-tide in vain.
The day of its triumph is ending,
The evening draws near with its doom,
And the star of its strength is descending,
To sleep in dishonor and gloom.

Though the tall trees are crowned on the highlands
With the first gold of rainbow and sun,
While far in the distance below them
The rivers in dark shadows run,
They must fall, and the workmen shall burn them
Where the lands and the low waters meet,
And the steeds of the New Time shall spurn them
With the soles of their swift-flying feet.

Swing inward, O, gates! till the morning
Shall paint the brown mountains in gold,
Till the life and the love of the New Time
Shall conquer the hate of the Old.
Let the face and the hand of the Master
No longer be hidden from view,
Nor the lands He prepared for the many
Be trampled and robbéd by the few.

The soil tells the same fruitful story,
The seasons their bounties display,
And the flowers lift their faces in glory
To catch the warm kiss of the day;
While our fellows are treated as cattle
That are muzzled when treading the corn,
And millions sink down in life's battle
With a sigh for the day they were born.

Must the Sea plead in vain that the River
May return to its mother for rest,
And the Earth beg the rain-clouds to give her
Of dews they have drawn from her breast?
Lo! the answer comes back in a mutter
From domes where the quick lightnings glow,
And from heights where the mad waters utter
Their warning to dwellers below.

And woe to the robbers who gather
In fields where they never have sown,
Who have stolen the jewels from labor
And builded to Mammon a throne;
For the snow-king, asleep by the fountains,
Shall wake in the summer's hot breath,
And descend in his rage from the mountains,
Bearing terror, destruction and death.

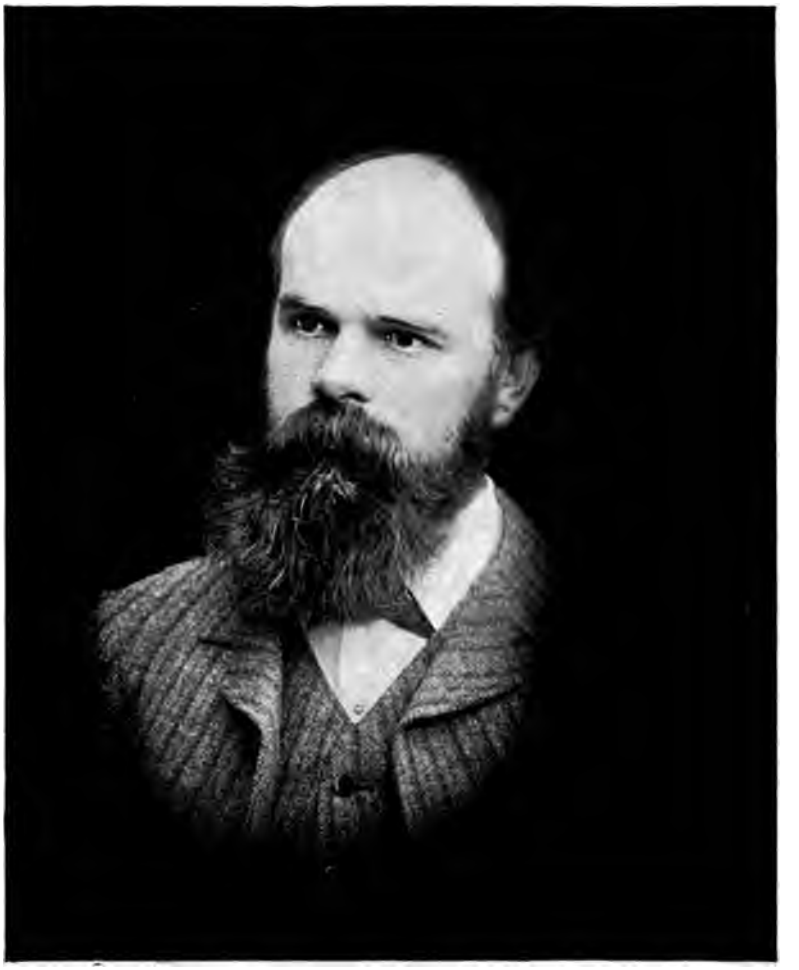
And the throne of their god shall be crumbled,
And the scepter be swept from his hand,
And the heart of the haughty be humbled,
And a servant be chief in the land.
And the Truth and the Power united
Shall rise from the graves of the True,
And the wrongs of the Old Time be righted
In the might and the light of the New.

For the Lord of the harvest hath said it,
Whose lips never uttered a lie,
And his prophets and poets have read it
In symbols of earth and of sky:
That to him who has reveled in plunder
Till the angel of conscience is dumb,
The shock of the earthquake, and thunder,
And tempest, and torrent shall come.

Swing inward, O, gates of the future!
Swing outward, ye doors of the past!
A giant is waking from slumber
And rending his fetters at last.
From the dust where his proud tyrants found him,
Unhonored, and scorned, and betrayed,
He shall rise with the sunlight around him,
And rule in the realm he has made.

THE MOUNTAINS OF LIFE.

THERE 's a land far away, 'mid the stars, we are told,
Where they know not the sorrows of time,
Where the pure waters wander through valleys of gold,
And life is a treasure sublime;
'Tis the land of our God, 'tis the home of the soul,
Where ages of splendor eternally roll;



J R Bailey

Where the way-weary traveler reaches his goal
On the evergreen Mountains of Life.

Our gaze can not soar to that beautiful land,
But our visions have told of its bliss,
And our souls by the gale of its gardens are fanned
When we faint in the deserts of this;
And we sometimes have longed for its holy repose,
When our spirits were torn with temptations and woes,
And we 've drank from the tide of the river that flows
From the evergreen Mountains of Life.

Oh, the stars never tread the blue heavens at night,
But we think where the ransomed have trod;
And the day never smiles from his palace of light,
But we feel the bright smile of our God!
We are traveling homeward through changes and gloom
To a kingdom where pleasures unceasingly bloom,
And our guide is the glory that shines through the tomb
From the evergreen Mountains of Life.

MARION MOORE.

Gone art thou, Marion, Marion Moore,
Gone like the bird in the autumn that singeth,
Gone like the flower by the wayside that springeth,
Gone like the leaf of the ivy that clingeth
Round the lone rock on a storm-beaten shore.

Dear wast thou Marion, Marion Moore,
Dear as the tide in my broken heart throbbing,
Dear as the soul o'er thy memory sobbing;
Sorrow my life of its roses is robbing,
Wasting is all the glad beauty of yore.

I shall remember thee, Marion Moore,
I shall remember, alas! to regret thee;
I shall regret thee when all others forget thee;
Deep in my breast will the hour that I met thee
Linger and burn till life's fever is o'er.

Gone art thou, Marion, Marion Moore,
Gone like the breeze o'er the billow that bloweth,
Gone like the rill to the ocean that floweth,
Gone as the day from the gray mountain goeth,
Darkness behind thee, but glory before.

Peace to thee, Marion, Marion Moore,
Peace which the queens of the earth can not borrow,
Peace from a kingdom that crowned thee with sorrow;
O, to be happy with thee on the morrow,
Who would not fly from this desolate shore?

ISAAC R. BAXLEY.

ISAAC R. BAXLEY, a true poet in aspiration and in execution, was born in Baltimore, Md., in 1850. He was educated at the Catholic College of St. Ignatius de Layola (although he is not a Catholic himself), and passed the bar before the age of twenty-one. Mr. Baxley says this was his first legal crime—but the age question was not asked of him. He practiced little at the law, and abandoned it because he wished to write, and only write poetry.

He commenced to write very early, and no amount of interference could, at any time, have prevented him from pursuing an action over which he had no abiding control. His opinion of poetry is that the old issues, customs and manners therein will soon resign themselves to the new movements and aspirations discerned in all spiritual things, and that the Genius of Poetry is ever the furthest sighted in all human eyes; and that her lips are already beginning to open, singing the things she sees. There is no death to Poetry—but those who can not as yet see whither she is moving have said so—but she does not listen to what they say; they, in time, will listen to her again and again.

Mr. Baxley has traveled a great deal, having been in Europe twice, and has lived permanently in California since 1878. His home is in Santa Barbara.

Mr. Baxley has published two books of poems, "The Temple of Alanthur, with Other Poems," 1886; and "The Prophet, and Other Poems," 1888. He has in press a very remarkable book of his, to be entitled "Songs of the Spirit."

C. W. M.

ABSENCE.

One stands upon the wayward sands,
His hollow footing sways and shifts,
Seaward his eyes—the world expands
And settles as the sea-cloud drifts:
Shaken, unstable, and, profound,
The seas and shore do swaying spread;
Drifting and lifting—ahead, aground,
Falls the white spray—wild—whirling—dead.

Stand thou in Memory's changing shades
To yearn and anguish; clear and high
Rings out a voice—and sinks, evades
An answer—unpitying passes by:
Look out thine eyes—thy hands upraised—
The drift comes in. O sway and turn:
Sick in the whirling, deceived and crazed
For rest—for sight—yearn thou and yearn.

THE BALLAD OF SIR RAYMOND.

I.

Sir Raymond rides afield to-day,
  His charger is in stall,
Sir Raymond rides his dapple gray,
  He goeth not at all
With helm, or sword, or lance, or shield;
Sir Raymond simply rides afield.

He hath not even bugle-horn,
  Nor falcon at his hand,
And tho' 'tis but the early morn
  There followeth no band
Of baying hounds and hunting men;
Alone he enters Tethan Glen.

Upon his cap a scarlet plume
  Brushes the clinging dew;
Upon his cheeks the blood-red bloom
  Of vigor hath its hue;
Back from his shoulders, folded wide,
His velvet cloak is thrown aside.

And further into Tethan's shade
  His dapple paces on,
And crosses brook, and travels glade,
  And winds the trees among;
Sir Raymond sees the sweet wild-rose,
And thus he singeth as he goes:

"O wild, wild-rose, a moment yet
  Your cheek is with the dew-drop wet,
  Then as it goes in anger by
  The hot wind drinks your dew-drop dry,
  And you, wild-rose, will die.

"O listen not, wild-rose, to me,
  The ring-dove sits on yonder tree,
  And he will sing when day is high
  A song to moisten your cold eye;
  O weep and do not die,
  O sad, wild-rose, not die."

II.

Maid Evelyn sitteth with the sun
  For early company;
She mindeth not the window-stone
  Is cold, and carelessly
She leans her white arms on the gray
Old wall, and looketh far away.

She looketh into Tethan Glen,
  'Tis full a league away,
Yet oftentimes did Evelyn ken
  Sir Raymond's dapple gray
Rest by the ancient sycamore
For speed across the level moor.

To-day she watcheth wearily,
  As only lovers may—
"Mischance, mischance, fly hastily
  From Raymond's lord away;
Thou, Lady Ellen, quiet keep,
When thou shalt wake then I shall weep.

"O soft, O softly summer rain
  Comes blowing in the glen,
And sweetly comes his kiss again
  Unto Maid Evelyn;
A breeze that rises from the rose
  Is his sweet voice to me,
But O, how cold the sunlight grows
  When he goes o'er the lea!

"I sit and listen to my heart,
  It singeth sad and low;
O well I see the blood-red dart
  Into my bosom go;
Each day he cometh not to me
  An arrow leaves the string,
My breast is bleeding terribly,
  O Heart, why strive to sing?

"The wound is wide, and none but he
  Can backward draw the dart—
I see him come across the lea,
  Stand still, my bleeding heart!
Stand still! stand still! my very blood
  Is flowing from my side—
Bear Raymond onward, precious flood,
  Whatever else betide!"

III.

The livelong day the ring-dove kept
  His perch upon the tree,
And all the day the wild-rose wept
  At his sad melody:
The livelong day Lord Raymond stayed
Beside the eager, blushing maid.

Throughout the day the porter old
  Look'd o'er the level plain;
And well he watched lest Hugh the Bold,
  Returning with his train,
Might find the dapple in his stall,
And Raymond's lord within his wall.

True love not heedeth bolt nor bar,
  But sad 'tis ever so;
True love and fate do constant war,
  And ne'er together go;
What little moments lovers smile
To the long days between the while.

Red in the west the sunlight grew,
  The wind came o'er the moor:
Maid Evelyn's cheek took paler hue,
  His steed stood by the door:
Go ye who never knew the smart
Of tearing back a heart from heart.

Go ye, I say, and strive to tell
  What felt the bitter maid,
How his sad heart did bursting swell,
  And how he still delayed:
Go ye, I know not words nor phrase—
Such anguish lives not in my lays.

He hies, he hies him o'er the moor,
  Watcheth Maid Evelyn;
She sees him pass the sycamore
  And enter Tethan Glen:
O well Sir Hugh holds him the chase,
Now Raymond slacken up thy pace.

Go, maiden, to thy chamber high,
  Thy love is safely gone,
Look out upon the dying sky
  And let thy lips make moan
For the long days till he again
Shall ride the slope from out the glen.

IV.

And Lady Ellen, didst thou trust
  Thy heart would sweeter be,
That his should pour upon the dust
  The blood-drops not for thee?
And was he better on his bier—
Which likest thou, thy rage or fear?

Haggard she sits, and cannot die—
  Maid Evelyn died the day
She heard the porter's sudden cry
  Of Raymond's murderous fray;
But Lady Ellen fears the dead
And dares not follow where she sped.

V.

O the long days the dove has flown
  His perch upon the tree,
And many winter winds have blown
  The wild-rose bitterly;
And summer comes, but never goes
His dapple pacing by the rose.

The dove flies back and waits for him,
  Thinking he ever loves;
From morn he waits till daylight dim,
  Lord Raymond never comes—
O dove depart, and roses fall,
We love and love, and that is all.

THE RIVER XENIL.

Regret, Xenil, goes with thy tide,
  Remembrance fastens to the shore
Where Pleasure walked thy way beside,
  And Music ran thy waters o'er.

Xenil, I leave thee. Fair as day
  Thy courses stretch the plain along,
And run their slow and silver way
  Like turnings in a solemn song!

Here the fond child refuses still
  To quit his play amid thy tide:
And the swart peasant throws at will
  His limbs adown thy grassy side.

The women washing on thy shore
  Sing at their work and plash amain,
Mingling their legend's simple lore
  In thy sweet rush with harsher strain.

While I, who love thee more than they,
  Though but a stranger in thy land,
Must in the distance take my way,
  And tread upon a colder strand.

Xenil, I leave thee. Long as life
  Walks its rough way these toils among,
So long, companioned in the strife,
  Shall run the quiet of thy song!

TIME.

The old, old Torturer shakes his beard, and strains
With sinewy hands his instruments of pain:
No darkness and no sleep of shadowy night
Hang on the orbit of his terrible gaze:
In all the earth but one unlidded eye
Survives in sun and silence, and sustains.
With every morn his scavengers of night
Thrust on his rack the quivering limbs of babes:
With every year the martyrs file anew
In outcry, fury—in phrensy and in fear.
The old, old Torturer shakes his beard, and turns
Insatiate every link with sinewy hands:
Down goes the chain, and the old Torturer shakes
His beard in sorrow—some ghosts arise and flee:
Out goes the year, and some depart, no more
Returning in their frenzy and their fear.

WAITING.

My lips are singing—my soul is sad:
  Sing on—sing on—my lips shall cease;
The far, far future's voices glad
  Are anthems of such souls at peace.

O long, so long, my hours and life—
I know but Time as mortals know—
They say 'tis soon—they say the strife
Should shorten years—O heart, is't so?
They say my steps are hard because
The hills I climb look out so far;
O Lord of Heaven, they say Thy laws
To us, untaught, stupendous are.
O soul and life—O distance, death—
To-day is keen—to-morrow never:
I call and call—they say my breath
Shall pass—the meed remain forever.
I know but time as mortals know;
Alas, I know such pain and fear;
Joy is the promise, the payment woe,
Yonder the guerdon—the price is here.
The hills I climb look out so far—
O Lord of Heaven look down and sign;
If these, my ways, so perilous are,
Give me the sight and sound of Thine!

THE WOMEN.

Why one, openly with a shining gem,
Walks with the other, searching for a loss,
A hopeless loss and old, with thieves a-near,
Trading responsibility and crime;
Why one should vainly go, I, watching, asked.
She with the jewel—for the other's eyes
Continually searching. wavering fell,
Looked with much answer and a low reply:
"My brother took the jewel from her breast."

REALIZATION.

In all the outspread plains of afterwards
Love is a gainer, and his day of Time,
However sweet, fades in a flying dawn.
For Man is Space and Woman Light; and they,
In adaptation of simplicity,
Newly revealed do possibly combine.
Which formless glory sheds upon to-day's
Eager advance beatitude and flight.
Sweet Influence, securely intrenched
With power to work her deeds, looks out and sees
Nearly th' approaching end: calling aloud
All sidelong avenues she presses on—
In gazing over sees not things beside.

SONGS OF THE SPIRIT.

Not only in cavernous homes of the sea
Are the quenchless stores of things divine,
Nor does only the willing stars' heraldry
With the light of their wonderful birth-right shine;
For there are in the heart such things as come
Not over the sea, nor out of the night,
And the unknown speech of the Soul is a tongue
They may listen and wait for in fear and delight.

It may be there lieth in the lips of a Soul
Some exquisite blessing of peace unto them,
Which springs where the ideal spaces roll
That their luminous pathway may not stem;
For the Spirit is perfect, and they, enclosed
In the hidden life a thing aside,
May gather some joy from a Soul transposed
In the mystical sight of the glorified.

May the Spirit from out of itself and its Life
Ever pour on the bosom of earth and of sea
Such beauty—a hope of the vanished strife
Of the Soul and themselves in Eternity?
Shall it give from its viewless self impress
Of the shining things no star may see,
And sail far out in its sweet excess
To return with the freight of its sanctity?

O! is there still ever in the smiles of earth
One sweeter than any, and flashing bright,
Await for the Souls whose holy birth
Is where the numberless lamps of night
Needless shine? And do they in patience await
With all their glory outspread to be
As servitors unto the radiant state
Of beatitude bearing mortality?

Ah! is there remaining in cloud and in sky
The look of the measureless eyes that passed
All the heavenly courses quietly
Till they found the rest for themselves at last?
Is there somewhere set in the things which bear
The tranquil steps of a Spirit's pace
Its messages, left in the shining air,
And over the sea the light of its face?

YOUTH.

So—so—merry and sinning,
Round is the world, and roundly it goes;
Ever the lover the lovely is winning,
Beauty is blessing, misshapen are woes.
So—so—greatly desiring
The eyes of the old ones follow the young;
Money that's hoarded is spent in acquiring
Dainties that truly not thither belong.
So—so—deep Melancholy
Hobbles with Age, but ever anew
Springs on the byways every folly
Youth can devise. invent and pursue.

—*The Manikin.*

Myron B. Benton

MYRON B. BENTON.

ONE of my oldest and best tried friends is Myron B. Benton, and it gives me much pleasure to write this sketch of his life. We became acquainted nearly thirty years ago. I had written some sketches of country scenes and experiences in a New York paper which fell under his eye, and this led to a correspondence and then to a meeting. We have been fast friends ever since. We have read the same books, we have shared the same enthusiasms; we are both countrymen to the marrow of our bones; we are both farmers and the sons of farmers, who were also the sons of farmers; we have tramped and camped together, and together have essayed to take down other bars than those that confine the farmers' herds.

A cultivated American with a rural flavor and aroma is Myron Benton, such a man as is only the outcome of a family after it has dwelt long and lovingly in one spot, and its soil of life has become rich, as it were, in vegetable mold. He savors in his character and in his poetry of the placid Indian stream, a tributary to the Housatonic, upon the banks of which he was born, and of the rich, rolling alluvial meadows amid which he has passed his days.

The locality here alluded to is in Amenia, Dutchess county, N. Y., and within sight of the Connecticut line. Here Mr. Benton was born in August, 1834, and here he still lives and tills the paternal acres. His grandfather came to the place from Connecticut in 1794. The family originally came from the vicinity of Guilford, Surrey county, England, and was among the company of "planters" who settled in the "Colony of New Haven" in 1639. They filially brought their town name with them, and Guilford, Connecticut, which has just celebrated its 250th anniversary, in which Mr. Benton joined, has a mellowness and a charm of antique associations which few villages in this country possess. Mr. Benton's mother, a woman of rare breadth of mind and benignity of character, was a Reed, a descendant of John Reed, an officer who achieved important services in Cromwell's army and who fled to this country in 1660, on the accession of Charles II, settling in Norwalk, Connecticut.

The family has not kept up the American reputation for roving. It has been a set-fast family all around. From Edward Benton to Myron, the coming to Amenia in 1794 has been the only flitting in 250 years.

In answering some questions I put to him on the subject, Mr. Benton says: "We have hugged the soil close—an unbroken line of farmers; how far back in England green and old I do not know, but doubtless a long way. This bucolic association has permeated the very blood; I feel it in every heartbeat. My intense local attachment I doubt not has been fostered through many generations."

The events of Mr. Benton's life have not been such as to go to make up a picturesque biography. He has not challenged or courted attention, but has seen his days and years go by there in his charming and secluded Webutuck valley with the calmness of a philosopher and the enjoyment of a poet. His lines have fallen in pleasant places, his paths have been beside still waters, "Moab hath been at ease from his youth, and he hath settled on his lees and hath not been emptied from vessel to vessel," and his cup of life is clear and sweet accordingly. In 1871 he married Miss Marianna Adams, of Poughkeepsie, a lady of Quaker ancestry and with tastes congenial to his own. Mr. Benton has contributed to various magazines and periodicals many poems, essays and sketches, but has never collected any of them into a book as so many of us do with less riches to draw from. Many of his poems have been put into various anthologies, but the volume his friends have a right to expect is not yet forthcoming. His poems are the work of a fine poetic spirit, a little secluded, a little withdrawn, and contemplating nature instead of man and his doings; but more genuine love of nature, closer and finer observation of her, and a more skillful touch in bringing out her charms, it would be hard to find in current poetry. My own favorites among his poems are "Embowered," "Haying," "The Whip-Poor-Will's Shoe," "Pioneers," "Under the Linden," "The Mowers," and others of this stamp. They are very quiet and subdued in tone, but they are characteristic and breathe the air of the sweet, placid scenes among which they were written.

Mr. Benton has been an omnivorous reader, finding by a sure instinct the best books. From his early years he has never lost his taste for Shakespeare and Milton. The coterie of great poets who ushered in our own century—Wordsworth, Shelley, Keats, Hood, Coleridge—have profoundly influenced him. For a few years he was greatly under the influence of Shelley, but later there was a reaction from certain of the less healthy and sane elements of his wonderful genius. He owes a large debt to Emerson and has been a loving reader of Thoreau. Mr. Benton is a poet who writes his poetry in the landscape as well as in books. He is a beautifier of the land. One such lover of nature in every neighborhood would soon change the aspect of the whole country. Planter of trees and vines, preserver of old picturesque cottages, lover of paths and streams, beautifier of highways, friend of all wild

and shy things, historian and portrayer of big trees, collector of local relics and seeker and cultivator of all that gives flavor and character to a place, Mr. Benton is the practical poet of whom the country everywhere needs many more. J. B.

THE MOWERS.

THE sunburnt mowers are in the swath—
Swing, swing, swing!
The towering lilies loath
Tremble and totter and fall;
The meadow-rue
Dashes its tassels of golden dew;
And the keen blade sweeps o'er all—
Swing, swing, swing!

The flowers, the berries, the feathered grass,
Are thrown in a smothered mass;
Hastens away the butterfly;
With half their burden the brown bees hie;
And the meadow-lark shrieks distrest,
And leaves the poor younglings all in the nest.
The daisies clasp and fall;
And totters the Jacob's ladder tall.
Weaving and winding and curving lithe,
O'er plumy hillocks—through dewy hollows,
His subtle scythe
The nodding mower follows—
Swing, swing, swing!

Anon the chiming whetstones ring—
Ting-a-ling! Ting-a-ling!
And the mower now
Pauses and wipes his beaded brow.
A moment he scans the fleckless sky;
A moment, the fish-hawk soaring high;
And watches the swallows dip and dive
Anear and far.
They whisk and glimmer, and chatter and strive;
What do they gossip together?
Cunning fellows they are,
Wise prophets to him!
"Higher or lower they circle and skim—
Fair or foul to-morrow's hay-weather!"

Tallest primroses, or loftiest daisies,
Not a steel-blue feather
Of slim wing grazes:
"Fear not! fear not!" cry the swallows.
Each mower tightens his snath-ring's wedge,
And his finger daintily follows
The long blade's tickle edge;
Softly the whetstone's last touches ring—
Ting-a-ling! ting-a-ling!
Like a leaf-muffled bird in the woodland nigh,
Faintly the fading echoes reply—
Ting-a-ling! ting-a-ling!

"Perchance the swallows, that flit in their glee
Of to-morrow's hay weather know little as we!'
Says Farmer Russet: "Be it hidden in shower
Or sunshine, to-morrow we do not own—
To-day is ours alone!—
Not a twinkle we'll waste of the golden hour.
Grasp tightly the nibs—give heel and give toe!
Lay a goodly swath, shaved smooth and low
Prime is the day—
Swing, swing, swing!"

Farmer Russet is aged and gray—
Gray as the frost, but fresh as the spring.
Straight is he
As the green fir-tree;
And with heart most blithe, and sinews lithe,
He leads the row with his merry scythe.
"Come, boys! strike up the old song
While we circle around—
The song we always in haytime sing—
And let the woods ring,
And the echoes prolong
The merry sound!"

SONG.

July is just in the nick of time!
(Hay-weather, hay-weather;)
The midsummer month is the golden prime
For haycocks smelling of clover and thyme;—
(Swing all together!)
July is just in the nick of time!

Chorus.

O, we'll make our hay while the good sun shine
We'll waste not a golden minute!
No shadow of storm the blue arch lines;
We'll waste not a minute—not a minute!
For the west-wind is fair;
O, the hay-day is rare!
The sky is without a brown cloud in it!

June is too early for richest hay;
(Fair weather, fair weather;)
The corn stretches taller the livelong day;
But grass is ever too sappy to lay;
(Clip all together!)
June is too early for richest hay.

August's a month that too far goes by;
(Late weather, late weather;)
Grasshoppers are chipper and kick too high!

And grass that's standing is fodder scorched dry;
(Pull all together!)
August's a mouth that too far goes by.

July is just in the nick of time!
(Best weather, best weather;)
The midsummer month is the golden prime
For haycocks smelling of clover and thyme;
(Strike all together!)
July is just in the nick of time!

Still hiss the scythes;
Shudder the grasses' defenceless blades—
The lily-throng writhes;
And, as a phalanx of wild-geese streams,
Where the shore of April's cloudland gleams,
On their dizzy way, in serried grades—
Wing on wing, wing on wing—
The mowers, each a step in advance
Of his fellow, time their stroke with a glance
Of swerveless force:
And far through the meadow leads their course,
Swing, swing, swing!

MY STREAM.

O, WELL I know what thou wast seeking long,
Blithe Webutuck, in all thy devious sallies,
Past groves and meadows echoing with song;
'Twas just this nook! Of all thy flowery valleys,
Countless green coves no sweeter one, I ween,
Thy waters find in all their path serene,
From the cool springs of forest-clad Taghkanic
To where they join the troublous Housatonic.

And now thou 'st found this shadowy repose,
Thy bubbles pause a moment here, and close
The drift leaves creep up to the grassy marge
And the swift wavelets fade in circles large,
And here am I, my bonny little river,
Close by thee now! O, well thou knowest whither
Would turn ere long my pathway serpentine,
As devious as thine own in Hogarth's line!

There is a concourse here of pleasant sights
For thee and me, my merry-hearted fellow;
Glimpses, dear stream, of hemlock crownéd hights,
And stolen peeps at orchards waxing mellow;
White hillsides beckoning to the harvesters;
And pastures flecked with fleecy wanderers.
And even here three curious, whispering rows
From a wide maize field, serried rank on rank,
Shaking the gold dust of their nodding blows
On silken fringe, peep down the grassy bank.
But underneath this shade is deep seclusion,
Safe-nestled from the noisy world's intrusion;
And round about the tree-tops clasp in love,
And hold deep converse with all winds that rove;
While clouds pause one by one, and envious look
Into the restfulness of our green nook.

In such a spot did Shelley love to sever
All bonds of that harassing world which quite
Too rudely elbowed him and ruffled ever
The humming-bird wings that spun his spirit's flight;
Here would have loved to lie long hours, soft-hushed,
And set unnumbered paper boats to grope,
As was his wont, where'er a wavelet rushed
With busy kisses round a dimpled slope,
And spin that lunar-rainbow gossamer
Which held our boyhood's fancy in its clear,
Bright meshes woven about the tender brain;
And as through sweet intoxicating pain,
Strange realms with forms and light unearthly, led.
O, Webutuck! from thee what coolness pressed,
What azure calm upon thy throbbing head,
Filled with those fevered longings, thirst, unrest!

Perchance, the clear rose-petal film that wrapt
The tender soul about in young life's ways
Twined soon to mail; threads of enchantment snapt,
And visions vanished like a morning haze.
There are regrets for tinge of those warm days,
And pensive looks cast backward to that path.
But hours with thee have brought the sweeter grace,
And the deep sky a bluer glory hath.
Midsummer months the richer harvests hold.
O stream! the years as gently, silently,
Drop in my heart as yon first leaf of gold
Adorn its spiral path wings unto thee.

THE SORROW.

CAME to my door and entered,
A stranger in meanest guise;
Shone in his face no gladness—
No holiday laughed in his eyes.

Ah, chill was the greeting I gave him!
The lone unwelcome guest
Who broke on my thoughtless revels;
And I said with bitter zest:

Shall this wan, gloomy stranger
Sit down in the banquet hall,
Where my band of wild-hearted comrades
Are holding festival?

Oh, had I but known the angel
  Who sought me with loving caress
I had embraced him tenderly—
  Fondly as Happiness!

THE DIVER.

A guest in the palace of delight,
I speed at last on my upward flight—
No pearl of the Sea-King's store in my hand,
  No gem from the palace's pavement fair;
And the covetous throng who bask on the strand
  Mock at the tinted trifles I bear.
Tongue-tied, I tremble upon the shore,
And cannot repeat the wonders o'er
  Of the mystic sea and her treasures rare;
Nor sing the enchanting song again
That forever rings in my throbbing brain.

—*The Poet's Fable.*

WOODS.

The locomotive's clarion through these trees
Darts like the arrow from an Indian's bow;
But hills and leafy woods transmute its woe
To sweetest chords, and here it murmurs peace.
And thus in this embowered security
So far the bustling world's rude turmoils seem
Of remembrance softly touches me
As the faint-echoing music of a dream.

—*Early Autumn on the Webutuck.*

REVERIE.

What is there more delicious than to lie
  Outstretched beneath thy shade, O, Linden tree,
A long, long afternoon of mid-July,
  And spin the gossamer of reverie?
For there a fountain cool of incense bends
  Thy glossy boughs with a milliferous rain,
As soft as beat of wingéd thoughts that fly
  To rise afar on dreamland clouds again.

Under the Linden.

VALOR.

O radiant knight! bring to us trophies rare
Forth from the clash of nobler battles fought;
Nor wield the royal sword, Excalibur,
At splitting hairs when kingdoms should be won.

—*To D. A. W.*

VIOLET.

And here the doorstep's violet
Is praying with no prayer's regret;
Adoring only, with mute face
Uplifted, over-full of grace.

—*Rue.*

RODEN NOEL.

THE Honorable Roden Noel is the youngest son of Charles Noel, Earl of Gainsborough, by his marriage with Lady Frances Jocelyn, daughter of the Earl of Roden. He is thus partly Irish; the Norman Jocelyns having got their Irish estates through a marriage with one of the Keltic Magennises. By birth and early association an aristocrat, and closely connected with the court, where his mother was Lady-in-waiting to the Queen, and he himself for several years groom of the Privy Chamber, Mr. Roden Noel is a democrat in the highest sense of the word; and no English poet has more passionately borne on life and song the brotherhood of man and the wrongs of the oppressed, especially the oppressed among children. He was educated partly at Harrow, and partly under a private tutor, the Rev. C. Harbin, whom he remembers with affectionate gratitude as one to whom he owes the development of his taste for philosophy and of his deep and passionate love for nature. The first great poet by whom he was influenced was Byron; and for him the younger poet has always retained an intense and sympathetic affection. Indeed there are resemblances between the two, personal as well as mental. Mr. Roden Noel has been much abroad, and is familiar with a great part of the continent; he has also spent some time in the East, the influence of which upon his work is very strongly marked. In 1863 he married Celice, daughter of Paul de Broe, and is the father of three children, two of whom are living, and the youngest of whom is commemorated in "A Little Child's Monument."

The poetry of Roden Noel is the absolutely sincere utterance of a many-sided nature; and this sincerity is at least one cause, in the present writer's opinion, of its being so free from mannerism. He is philosopher and mystic, lover of nature and her interpreter; one open to all the influence of sensuous beauty; one, too, whose being says, "Oh! I have suffered with those that I saw suffer." He is original and musical, possessing the not too common power of so fusing thought, sense and imagination, that a magnificent harmony is the result. Satire is in his hands a weapon which he knows how powerful to use for very noble ends. After having past through various phases of belief and doubt, traceable in his work, which has always been the spontaneous expression of his thought, Mr. Noel is a Christian in the broadest sense of the word, and a strong believer in the final triumph of right over wrong, as well as in the use of apparent wrong for the development of actual rights.

Our poet's tastes are Catholic, with the exception that they exclude field sports on the grounds of humanitarianism and belief in the essential unity of all creation. He is an ardent lover of the sea, and a fearless swimmer. He is entirely free from *cliquism*. Poet he is through and through, but no mere "literary man," and his sympathy goes out to the men of action; to the doers, rather than the sayers; for, to use his own words, "Life is more than art." He loves a walk across country with one of his peasant friends, and he is thoroughly happy romping with children. His terrible indignation at the wrongs suffered by the children of the poor has not only expressed itself in his poetry, but has lent more than warmth to his interest in the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, and his sympathy has been shown in a most practical manner by his serving on the School Board, and by his getting up free dinners in connection with it.

Mr. Noel's prose writing is fine, and his *critique* noble and generous. His volume of "Essays of Poetry and Poets" mostly consists of lectures given by him to large audiences in Manchester and other important towns. It has been said that to hear him read poetry is the truest interpretation of it. There are, besides this book, many papers of his in the pages of the principal higher-class English magazines; these deal with various subjects, chiefly literary and philosophical. He has edited Spenser and Otway, and has in the press a life of Byron, in the "Great Writer's" series. Like most writers of marked individuality, Mr. Noel has had to take his share of that dislike which falls to the lot of poets who sing as they must, not as each critic or criticaster would have them. Like them, too, he has caught the ear of an audience which ever desires to draw more and more hearers within its bounds. That fine critic and stylist, John Addington Symonds, himself a poet, has called Roden Noel an "incommensurable man;" an epithet fully endorsed by the present writer, who also heartily approves of the suggestion, thrown out by Mr. Symonds as to the formation of a Noel Society. Such a society would indeed come to a great heritage, and do an important and worthy work. The extracts given herewith can not be fairly representative, for more than most poets, perhaps, Roden Noel suffers by having "extracts" made, instead of having his work judged as a whole. He has lately struck a new vein by writing a ballad with the directness of the strong mind which will not shrink from contact with fact and its description, and the suggestiveness which seems to be a mark of the highest in art. E. H. H.

SUSPIRIA.

(Lines addressed to H. F. B.)

Do you remember the billowy roar of tumultuous ocean,
Darkling, emerald, eager under vaults of the cave,
Shattered to simmer of foam on a boulder of delicate lilac,
Disenchantless youth of the clear, immortal wave?
Labyrinths begemmed with fairy lives of the water,
Sea-sounding palace halls far statlier than a king's,
Seeth of illumined floor with a never-wearying motion,
Oozy enchased live walls, where a sea-music rings?

Do you remember the war our brown-winged arrowy vessel
Waged with wind and tide, a foaming, billowy night,
To a sound as of minute-guns, when gloomy hearts of the hollows
With sullen pride rebuffed invading Ocean's might?
Do you remember the Altarlet towers that front the cathedral,
Dark and scarred sheer crag, flashed o'er by the wild sea-mews?
How they wheel aloft lamenting, souls of the ululant tempest!
And the lightning billows clash in the welter Odin brews!

A sinister livid glare from under brows of the storm-sun!
Brows of piled-up cloud, threatening grim Brechou,
Bleaching to ghastly pale the turbulent trouble of water,
While the ineffable burden of gray world o'er me grew!
Yea, all the weary waste of cloud confused with the ocean
Fell full-charged with doom on a foundering human heart.
Our souls were moved asunder, away to an infinite distance,
While all the love that warmed me waned, and will depart.
Fiends of the whirlwind howl for a wild carousal of slaughter
Of all that is holy and fair, so shrills the demon wail;

Ruin of love and youth, with all we have deemed immortal!
My child lies dead in the dark, and I begin to fail!
Wonderful visions wane, tall towers of phantasy tumble;
I shrink from the frown without me, there is no smile within;
I cower by the fireless hearth of an uninhabited chamber,
Alone with Desolation, and the dumb ghost of my sin.

I have conversed with the aged; once their souls were a furnace;
Now they are gleams in mouldered vaults of the memory;
All the long sound of the Human wanes to wails of a shipwreck,
Drowned in the terrible roar of violent sons of the sea!
In the immense storm-chant of winds and waves of the sea!
And if we have won some way in our weary toil to the summit,
Do we not slidder ever back to the mouth of the pit?
When I behold the random doom that engulfs the creature,
I wonder, is the irony of God perchance in it?
'Tis a hideous spectacle to shake the sides of fiends with laughter,
Where in the amphitheater of our red world they sit!
Yea, and the rosiest Love in a songful heart of a lover,
Child of Affinity, Joy, Occasion, beautiful May,
May sour to a wrinkled Hate, may wear and wane to Indifference.
Ah! Love, an' thou be mortal, all will soon go gray!
O when our all on earth is wrecked on reefs of disaster,
May the loud night that whelms be found indeed God's day!

Our aims but half our own, we are drifted hither and thither;
The quarry so fiercely hunted rests unheeded now,
And if we seized our bauble, it is fallen to ashes,
But a fresh illusion haunts the ever-aching brow.
Is the world a welter of dream, with ne'er an end, nor an issue,
Or doth One weave Dark Night, with Morning's golden strand,
To a Harmony with sure hand?

Ah! for a vision of God! for a mighty grasp of the real,
Feet based firm on granite in place of crumbling sand!
Oh! to be face to face, and heart to heart with our dearest,
Lost in mortal mists of the unrevealing land!
Oh! were we disenthralled from casual moods of the outward,
Slaves to the smile or frown of tyrant, mutable Time!
Might we abide unmoved in central deeps of the Spirit,
Where the mystic jewel Calm glows evermore sublime!
The dizzying shows of the world, that fall and tumble to chaos,
Dwell irradiate there in everlasting prime.
But the innermost spirit of man, who is one with the Universal,
Yearns to exhaust, to prove the immense of Experience,
Explores, recedes, makes way, distills a food from a poison,
From strife with Death wrings power, and seasoned confidence.
O'er the awakening infant, drowsing eld, and the mindless,
Their individual Spirit glows enthroned in Heaven,
Albeit at dawn, or eve'n, or from confusion of cloudland,
Earth of their full radiance may remain bereaven:
Yea, under God's grand eyes all souls lie pure and shriven.

Nay! friend beloved! remember purple robes of the cavern,
And all the wonderful dyes in dusky halls of the sea,
When a lucid lapse of the water lent thrills of exquisite pleasure,
A tangle of living lights all over us tenderly,
When our stilly bark lay floating, or we were lipping the water,
Breast to breast with the glowing, ardent heart of the deep!
That was a lovelier hour, whispering hope to the spirit,
Breathing a halcyon calm, that lulled despair to sleep;
Fairy flowers of the ocean, opening innermost wonder,
Kindle a rosy morn impearled in the waterways,

A myriad tiny diamond founts arise in the coralline,
Anemones love to be loved in life of the chrysoprase:
The happy heart of the water in many unknown recesses
Childly babbled, and free to glad companions:
We will be patient, friend, through all the moods of the terror,
Waiting in solemn hope resurrection of our suns!

Cherish loves that are left, pathetic stars in the gloaming;
Howe'er they may wax and wane, they are with us to the end;
The past is all secure, the happy hours and the mournfal
Involved i' the very truth of God himself, my friend!
It is well to wait in the darkness for the Deliverer's moment,
With a hand in the hand of God, strong sire of the universe;
It is well to work our work, with cheering tones for a brother,
Whose poor bowed soul, like ours, the horrible gulfs immerse;
Then dare all gods to the battle! Who of them all may shame us?
The very shows of the world have fleeting form from thee;
Discover but thy task, embrace it firm with a purpose;
Find, and hold by Love, for Love is Eternity.

Sark, 1881.

LOST.

With evening hued like autumn leaves
The porch is fair, still sleeps the air;
She comes through yonder light and weaves
Flowers as I loved them in her hair,

This is her hour, from yonder groves
She comes to me, upon my knee;
You'll know her, for when'er she moves,
For joy she sings like bird or bee.

The butterfly in glory lit
With pulsing wings on flower that swings
Caught in her shadow will not flit,
So sweet the trouble that she brings.

The red-breast sidling shy to peck
Wee crumbs that fill the window sill,
Who timorous veers a tiny neck,
From her pink palm sips tame and still.

I only watched in church with her
Through ivy stream the flickering beam,
Under her sweet slim feet to stir
And dally in a fond day-dream.

Her singing never took by storm
The listless ear, the stranger's ear,
Yet hymns of seraph could not warm
My heart like her frail accents near.

I would to all fair sights that stir
In earth and sky be blind for aye
For one more far-off glimpse of her,
Scarce lovely to the loveless sky.

And when among the crowds I move,
Some air or dress, some tone or tress
That savors of my own lost love
Will draw me doting through the press.

To find a stranger and dispel,
And make to fleet, the glamor sweet,
Fond glamor known for dream too well,
More dear than all the friends I meet.

With whisper of her mellowing grain,
With treble of brook and bird and tree,
Earth joys forever to sustain
The bass eternal of the sea.

And leaves flushed o'er with flowers of bliss
Dance every one from shade to sun,
Fresh youths and maidens yearn to kiss,
As we have done, O little one.

I lipped the joy, now yield my place,
For me no more kind years may pour
Who only want one meek-lit face,
One face gone out for evermore!

But why, ah, why! when day burns low
Doth that sweet hum still faintly come,
As of sweet talk that used to flow
Through her closed door to my lone room?

Poor fool! 'tis but the mumbling wind
That talks like her, nor means to jeer;
For subtler wind are love and mind,
And she but wind who nestled here!

"AH! LOVE YE ONE ANOTHER WELL."

Ah! love ye one another well,
For the hour will come
When one of you is lying dumb;
Ye would give worlds then for a word,
That never may be heard;
Ye would give worlds then for a glance,
That may be yours by ne'er a chance;
Ah! love ye one another well.

For if ye wrung a tear,
Like molten iron it will sear;
The look that proved you were unkind
With hot remorse will blind;
And though you pray to be forgiven,
How will ye know that you are shriven?
Ah! love ye one another well.

TO A CHILD WHO ASKED ME FOR A POEM.

You ask me for a poem, dear,
You want from me a lay;
Who are a music blithe and clear,
Sung sweetly day by day!

You, child, have songs within your heart,
More pure than aught of mine,
For life, my dear, is more than art;
Who sings you is divine!

LAMENT.

I AM lying in the tomb, love,
Lying in the tomb,
Tho' I move within the gloom, love,
Breathe within the gloom!
Men deem life not fled, dear,
Deem my life not fled,
Tho' I with thee am dead, dear,
I with thee am dead,
O my little child!

What is the gray world, darling,
What is the gray world,
Where the worm is curled, darling,
The death-worm is curled?
They tell me of the spring, dear,
Do I want the spring?
Will she waft upon her wing, dear,
The joy-pulse of her wing,
Thy songs, thy blossoming,
O my little child!

For the hallowing of thy smile, love,
The rainbow of thy smile,
Gleaming for awhile, love,
Gleaming to beguile!
Replunged me in the cold, dear,
Leaves me in the cold,
And I feel so very old, dear,
Very, very old!

Would they put me out of pain, dear,
Out of all my pain,
Since I may not live again, dear.
Never live again!

I am lying in the grave, love,
In thy little grave,
Yet I hear the wind rave, love,
And the wild wave!
I would lie asleep, darling,
With thee lie asleep,
Unhearing the world weep, darling,
Little children weep!
O my little child!

SHELLEY.

Upon a cloud-car, vaporous alabaster
Swift, though the rider longs to travel faster,
Stood one, ethereal-limbed like Ariel,
Whose spear, the sunbeam of Ithuriel,
Touched many a bulk of pompous purple pride,
That lay imposing, over-swollen beside
His chariot-course; when lo! an infant's bubble,
Each bursting freed the burdened air from trouble.
His car was winged with plumes of snnny snow,
Edgeless and downy; but the front below,
Isled in deep azure, wore a soft dove-grey,
Heaved and recessed, with many a tender play
Of hyacinth or harebell; visionary changes,
As subtle-fancy'd amorous wind arranges;
While white rims of the rear, resolved to spray,
Evanish all in oceans of deep day.
One-half sun's rondure the cloud-chariot stole
From vision; half burned wheel-like; aureole,
Relieved on opaline, of slant slim ray,
Streamed up aloft behind the angel form,
Whose wild eyes ever yearned to where a storm
Of ominous thunder hath a rainbow arch,
Shining from falling showers before his march:
Surely he held them rain of human tears,
Falling from founts of human woes and fears.

—*Melcha.*

LIVINGSTONE.

Who calls it failure?
God fulfils the prayer:
He is at home; he rests; the work is done.
He hath not failed, who fails like Livingstone!
Radiant diademe all conquerors wear
Pale before his magnificent despair;
And whatsoever kingdoms men have won,
He triumphs dead, defeated, and alone,
Who learned sublimely to endure and dare!
For holy labor is the very end,
Duty man's crown, and his eternal friend;
Reason from Chaos wards the world's grand whole;
All Nature hath Love's martyrdom for goal.
Who nobly toils, though none be nigh to see,
He only lives,—he lives eternally.

—*The Death of Livingstone.*

EMILY PFEIFFER.

EMILY PFEIFFER.

IN the recent death of Mrs. Emily Pfeiffer, England has lost one of her leading poets. The childhood and early youth of Mrs. Pfeiffer, born Emily Davis, were spent amidst the rural scenery of Oxfordshire, England. Nature with her healthy influences, and early contact with the life and suffering of the cottagers into which she was brought as her mother's little messenger of comfort, soon developed her imagination, as well as the humane sympathies which characterize her writings.

It is from her father, who had many of the gifts and qualities of genius, that she derived her imaginative tendencies, as also the painter's talent, well known to those who have visited the exhibition of the Royal Academy. Living far away from any town, the instruction and reading of Emily Davis could necessarily be but desultory; that highest kind of education, however, which consists in the influence of parents well-bred and noble-minded, never failed her.

Shortly before her marriage Mrs. Pfeiffer fell into a state of physical prostration, which threatened to become permanent, and which in part lasted for about ten years after that event. During this time every mental exertion, even reading, was prohibited her. When at last—thanks to the tender care of her husband—she recovered a degree of health, it was clear that this long time in which she had lain fallow had, so far from being lost to her, assisted the development of her powers. If others write before they live, she first lived before she wrote. "Gerard's Monument," which then appeared (in 1878), at once secured for Mrs. Pfeiffer a place among English poets.

A time of happy activity now succeeded. Mrs. Pfeiffer became an enthusiastic, though temperate, advocate of women's claims. She introduced into London society her graceful "Greek Dress." Together with her husband she gathered round her a circle of distinguished literary and artistic friends, and produced her books in quick succession. Though a most conscientious worker, she wrote with great facility. Her poems mostly formed themselves in her mind before they were committed to paper; and the manuscripts of her prose works were frequently sent to the printer, with but few corrections, as they were first written.

The book which followed "Gerard's Monument" was a volume of "Poems" containing some thirty sonnets, which at once established the reputation of the writer as a sonneteer. "Glan Alark" succeeded, and after that "Quarterman's Grace." In little more than a year appeared "Under the Aspens," shortly to be followed by "Songs and Sounds." In 1884 she issued "The Rhyme of the Lady of the Rock." Between these volumes of poetry Mrs. Pfeiffer wrote her book on "Women and Work," various essays on this and other subjects, published in the *Contemporary Review*, as well as "Flying Leaves from East and West"; the latter, perhaps, of all her books the one best known to American readers. The work which has secured for Mrs. Pfeiffer her highest fame as a poet is the volume of "Sonnets," which came out in 1887. Mrs. Pfeiffer's latest poems, "Flowers of the Night," possess a deep pathetic interest, independent of their intrinsic merit. When waiting for the editorship of a loving hand, the working power of that hand here below was stopped. In the loss of her husband the heaviest sorrow in a woman's life fell on the poet. The poems are the product of nights of insomnia, brought on by having continued anxiety, the anguish of which they in some measure relieved. They are, however, different from what might be expected from the conditions of their productions. The width of Mrs. Pfeiffer's sympathies has opened vistas beyond the sphere of her sorrow. C. B.

BROKEN LIGHT.

IT was cruel of them to part
  Two hearts in the gladsome spring,
Two lovers' hearts that had just burst forth
  With each blithe and beautiful thing;

Cruel, but only half—
  Had they known how to do us wrong,
They had barred the way of the odorous May,
  They had shut out the wild bird's song.

Your kisses were so embalmed
  With spices of beech and fir,
That they haunt my lips in the dead o' the night,
  If the night-winds do but stir.

When I rise with the rising dawn,
  To let in the dewy south,
Like a fountain spray, or the pride of the day,
  They fall on my thirsty mouth.

They should never have let our love
  Abroad in the wild free woods,
If they meant it to slumber on, cold and tame,
  As the locked-up winter floods;

They should never have let it hide
  'Neath the beeches' lucent shade,
Or the upturned arch of the tender larch
  That blushed as it heaved and swayed.

Now the young and passionate year
  Is no longer itself; but *you*,
Its conniving woods, with their raptures and thrills,
  You have leavened them through and through.

The troubadour nightingale
  And the dove that o'erbends the bough,
Have both learnt, and teach the trick of your speech,
  As they echo it vow for vow.

My heart is heavy with scorn,
  My eyes with impatient tears,
But the heaven looks blue through the cherry-blooms,
  And preaches away my fears!

From the burning bush of the gorse,
  Alive with murmurous sound,
I hear a voice, and it says, "Rejoice!"
  I stand as on holy ground.

O flower of life! O love!
  God's love is at thy root;
They may dim thy glory, but cannot blight
  Or hinder thy golden fruit.

Yet all the same, I am mad,
  However the end may fall,
That they dare to wring, in the gladsome spring,
  Two hearts that were gladdest of all.

TO NATURE.

(In her ascribed character of unmeaning and all-performing force.)

O, NATURE! thou whom I have thought to love,
  Seeing in thine the reflex of God's face,
  A loathed abstraction would usurp thy place,
With Him they not dethrone, they but disprove.
  Weird Nature! can it be that joy is fled,
And bald unmeaning lurks beneath thy smile?
That beauty haunts the dust but to beguile,
  And that with Order, Love and Hope are dead?
Pitiless Force, all-moving, all unmoved;
  Dread mother of unfathered worlds, assuage
Thy wrath on us—be this wild life reproved,
  And trampled into nothing in thy rage!
    Vain prayer, although the last of human kind,
    Force is not wrath, but only deaf and blind.

Dread Force, in whom of old we loved to see
  A nursing mother, clothing with her life
  The seeds of love divine, with what sore strife
We hold or yield our thoughts of love and thee!
Thou art not "calm," but restless as the ocean,
  Filling with aimless toil the endless years,
  Stumbling on thought, and throwing off the spheres,
Churning the Universe with mindless motion.
  Dull fount of joy, unhallowed source of tears,
Cold motor of our fervid faith and song,
  Dead, but engendering life, love, pangs and fears,
Thou crownedst thy wild work with foulest wrong
    When first thou lightedst on a seeming goal
    And darkly blundered on man's suffering soul.

Blind Cyclop, hurling stones of destiny,
  And not in fury—working bootless ill,
  In mere vacuity of mind and will—
Man's soul revolts against thy work and thee!
  Slaves of a despot, conscienceless and *nill*,
    Slaves, by mad chance be fooled to think them free,
    We still might rise, and with one heart agree
  To mar the ruthless "grinding of thy mill!"
Dead tyrant, tho' our cries and groans pass by thee,
  Man, cutting off from each new "tree of life"
Himself, its fatal flower, could still defy thee,
  In waging on thy work eternal strife—
    The races come and coming evermore,
    Heaping with hecatombs thy dead-sea shore.

If we be fools of chance, indeed, and tend
  No whither, than the blinder fools in this;
  That, loving good, we live, in scorn of bliss,
Its wageless servants to the evil end.
If, at the last, man's thirst for higher things
  Be quenched in dust, the giver of his life,
  Why press with glowing zeal a hopeless strife?
Why, born for creeping, should he dream of wings?
  O, Mother Dust! thou hast one law so mild,
    We call it sacred—all thy creatures own it—
  The tie which binds the parent and the child;
    Why has man's loving heart alone outgrown it?
      Why hast thou travailed so to be denied,
      So trampled by a would-be matricide?

THE GOSPEL OF DREAD TIDINGS.

IF that sad creed which honest men and true
  Are floating in the cheerful face of Day;
  Are teaching in the schools, and, by the way—
Tho' only guesses on a broken clue,—

If such should in the end quench all the blue
  Above us; then the saddest souls were they
  Who knew and loved the best, and could not lay
The ghost of Hope, and hold the grave in lieu.

O Christ, Thou highest man! if it were so,
  And Thou couldst see it, that great heart of Thine
    Would burn to come amongst us—not to preach
Thy law again, or set our loves aglow
  Still less in glory—but to blot each line,
    Each thought, each word, Thou camest first to teach.

EVOLUTION.

HUNGER that strivest in the restless arms
  Of the sea-flower, that drivest rooted things
  To break their moorings, that unfoldest wings
In creatures to be wrapt above thy harms;
Hunger, of whom the hungry-seeming waves
  Were the first ministers, till, free to range,
  Thou madest the universe thy park and grange,
What is it thine insatiate heart still craves?

Sacred disquietude, divine unrest!
  Maker of all that breathes the breath of life,
No unthrift greed spurs thine unflagging zest,
  No lust, self-slaying, hounds thee to the strife;
    Thou art the Unknown God on whom we wait:
    Thy path the course of our unfolded fate.

SHELLEY.

(It will be remembered that Pisa, associated as it is with Shelley, was the scene of the life and labor of Galilio.)

THERE lies betwixt dead Pisa and the sea
  A haunted forest, with a heart so deep,
  That none could sit beneath its pines to weep,
But it would throb for them mysteriously.
Here, in this place I dreamed there met with me
  The spirit who his part in it doth keep,
  Albeit his starry orbit now hath sweep
As vast as Galileo's, if more free.

He drew me on to where the hollow beat
  Of waves upon a shore seemed to my mind
The moan of a remorseful soul, to weet
  The homicidal Sea, whose passion blind
Had slain him; as it writhed about my feet
  Methought his spirit passed me on the wind.

Wild Sea, that drank his life to quench the thirst
  Thou had'st of him; and all devouring Fire,
  Who made his body thine with love as dire;
Air pregnate with his breath, and thou accurst,
Mother of Sorrows, Earth, whose claim is first
  Upon thy children dead, who from the pyre
  Received his dust,—what did his soul require—
Wring from ye—ere your Protean bonds he burst?

Perchance ye failed to reach him, and he hath
  O'er-leapt the rounds of change the earthlier dead
May weary through, nor needing Lethean bath
  To speed anew his soul's ethereal tread,
Hath left the elements, spurned from his path,
  To challenge grosser spirits in his stead.

WATCHMAN, WHAT OF THE NIGHT?

AH me, I am a singer, and no seer!
  I cannot pierce the clouds which gather chill,
  I can but lift a voice too faint to fill
The darkness, or to cheat my lonely fear.
Is the night wearing? Is the morning near?
  Lives any hope of help or comfort still?
  Hath any strength of heart to scale the hill
And tell us of the signs which thence appear?

The battle is over: Life and Death,
  Darkness and Light, and nowhere settled peace,
But all who live must breath unquiet breath,
  Hunger and agonise, or wholly cease;
And for the hour, the soothest watchman saith
  He knoweth not if day or night increase.

UNKNOWN LOVE.

I SPUR all day from dawn till dark,
  I follow a phantom pale,
And often I outrise the lark,
  Outwatch the nightingale;
But whether I lie by a cool sweet spring,
  Or ride on a burning quest,
A voice in mine ear still murmuring,
  Forbears me of my rest.

She haunts the sunshine, haunts the shade,
  The mountain and the stream,
And I know not whether she be a maid,
  Or only a young man's dream;
But my soul grows white in her lovely light,
  And my life so richly blest,—
God not if it better becomes a knight
  To possess or be possessed.

GREATNESS.

No man's work is greater than his soul.

—*A Plea, 3.*

NATURE.

Dull fount of joy, unhallowed source of tears,
Cold motor of our fervid faith and song,
Dead, but engendering life, love, pangs, and fears,
Thou crowned thy wild work with foulest wrong
When first thou lighted on a seeming goal,
And darkly blundered on man's suffering soul.
—*To Nature.*

WAGNER.

We think, we toil, we hope, we love, we die,
We know and would foreknow, we doubt and fear;
Till 'neath thy spell, O Wagner! we put by
Future and Present too, and drawing near
The base of life, thy breath, like the wild sigh
Of some Æonian past, steals on the ear!
—*On Hearing the Introduction to Lohengrin.*

NIGHT.

Drug Day with work, for Day is loud and bold
Sing to the Night, let sorrow make no sign
Till it can flutter in the sunset gold,
Or in the silver moonlight softly shine.
—*Transfiguration.*

POETRY.

Song justifies itself, if sweet and strong.
Song justifies itself, but they who sing,
Raining ethereal music from a height
Lonely and pure, grown strong upon the wing,
And more and more enamoured of the light;
But faint for any earthly journeying,
And fain to seek a lowly bed at night.
—*A Plea, 1.*

ART.

He loves art best that loves like him of yore,
Who could not, as his song divinely says,
So love, if that he "loved not honor more."
—*A Plea, 4.*

SELF-LOVE.

The barren love that holds the sole self dear,
Which makes the hell wherein it reigns alone.
Cain Repentant.

MID-OCEAN.

Wild fields of ocean, piling heap on heap,
The mountainous wealth of water, but to fling
Abroad in spendthrift haste, still gathering
And scattering to the winds what none would keep;
Thou canst not know so sweet a thing as sleep
For all thy toil; nor hope whereto to cling.—
Plowed by the winds in one unending spring—
What harvest of the storm hast thou to reap?
My spirit owns, but will not bend before
This dull brute might and purposeless, of thine;
The sea-bird resting on thy wave is more
Than thou, by all its faculty divine
To suffer; pang is none in this thy roar,
And all the joy that lifts thy wave is mine!
—*Mid-Ocean.*

GEORGE PARSONS LATHROP.

To follow a purely literary life has not been given to many Americans; in fact, it is doubtful if any of our writers can lay claim to the honor, for to many who have wrought faithfully and nobly with the pen, the editorial desk has been a refuge from the too often inadequate compensation given meritorious work. Perhaps it would be impossible for the true literary life to flourish in our bustling land, as it flourishes in the older civilizations of Europe. We are a unique people, and our ways, our methods, and our thoughts are different from those of the nations from which we had being. Thus the life given up to the quiet of authorship, pure and simple, is unknown among us. Classing journalism as a part of literature, and the prospect broadens, and we find many who have passed their lives in the harness. Of this number, George Parsons Lathrop is, perhaps, the one who most nearly approaches the honor we have mentioned, for his literary life has not been broken by political or diplomatic episodes, nor has it been disturbed by the perplexities of business other than journalistic.

Born in Honolulu, on the island of Oahu, Hawaiian Islands, August 25, 1851, where his father was a physician in active practice, and also served as the consul for the United States, he remained there until 1859, when he came home to his native land. His parents were from Northern New York, outgrowth of that sturdy manhood which peopled New England, the Lathrops having landed in Massachusetts in 1634, and aided in the settling of many of the old towns of that region, New London, Connecticut, the present home of the poet, being among the number. Educated in New York City and Germany, Mr. Lathrop studied law in the Columbia Law School during 1870 and 1871, and then entered a law office, but turned to literature immediately, and has followed the profession with a faithfulness that has brought him a wide and well-deserved reputation.

With Mr. Lathrop, as with many other of our literary men, the editorial desk has been both an experience and a help, for from 1875 to 1877 he was assistant editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*, and from 1877 to 1879, editor of the *Boston Sunday Courier*. The knowledge gained in these places was invaluable, for it showed what the public desired, and this is a help that only comes to many after long years of endeavor.

Mr. Lathrop had become the father of a book before his connection with the *Atlantic Monthly* was severed, in fact, of three, the first being "Rose

and Roof-Tree," a volume of poems published in 1875. His only other book of poems is the fine battle ode, "Gettysburg," read before the Society of the Army of the Potomac, July 3d, 1888. This has been published in pamphlet form. These are his two books of poetry, but he is expecting to bring out a new and larger gathering during the present year. In novels and stories, Mr. Lathrop's pen has been more prolific. Beginning with "Afterglow," a novel published in the "No Name Series" in 1876, he has published "Somebody Else," a novelette, 1878; "An Echo of Passion," novelette, 1882; "In The Distance," novel, 1882; "Newport," novel, 1884; "True," novelette and stories, 1884; "Two Sides of a Story," short stories, 1889; and "Would You Kill Him?" novel, 1889. Of miscellaneous works, Mr. Lathrop has produced "A Study of Hawthorne," 1876; "Spanish Vistas," 1883; and a "History of the Union League of Philadelphia," 1883. He also edited "The Masque of Poets," published in the "No Name Series" in 1878, writing several poems for the collection.

These titles, however, represent but a portion of Mr. Lathrop's literary work, for he has been a frequent contributor of varied and interesting essays, criticisms, stories and editorials to a large number of magazines and newspapers; and he has been deeply interested in the International Copyright League, which he virtually founded in 1883, serving as secretary for two years, and doing much work in its behalf ever since.

Thus it will be seen that Mr. Lathrop has touched many branches of literature, and it is not too high praise to say that he has honored all of these. In prose, his style is strong, nervous and pleasing, possessing a directness that avoids the bewilderment of intricate rhetoric, and carrying the reader forward with an exhilarating impetus that makes the end of the book or article a regret. In poetry, Mr. Lathrop is exceedingly happy in the choice of themes, and in their handling, rising to patriotic fire in the noble lyric, "Keenan's Charge," and in the fine battle ode of "Gettysburg," and running smoothly and musically in homlier paths. But his muse is not lacking in that subtle insight which conveys striking pictures, or deep thrills of passion in the few words that only the chosen can use; and while the compass of his poetry is not so wide, nor so high-reaching as is the work of other of our singers, it has the true ring of the poetic gold, the echo of the bird-songs, of the wind-notes, and the hidden inner voices of the soul. To so young a man, the future holds only heights crowned with victorious achievement in noble and helpful endeavor.

T. S. C.

KEENAN'S CHARGE.

(Chancellorsville, May, 1863.)

The sun had set;
The leaves with dew were wet;
  Down fell a bloody dusk
On the woods, that second of May,
Where Stonewall's corps, like a beast of prey,
  Tore through with angry tusk.

"They've trapped us, boys!"
Rose from our flank a voice.
  With a rush of steel and smoke
On came the rebels straight,
Eager as love and wild as hate:
  And our line reeled and broke;

Broke and fled.
No one staid—but the dead!
  With curses, shrieks and cries,
Horses and wagons and men
Tumbled back through the shuddering glen,
  And above us the fading skies.

There's one hope, still—
Those batteries parked on the hill!
"Battery, wheel!" ('mid the roar)
"Pass pieces; fix prolonge to fire
Retiring. Trot!" In the panic dire
  A bugle rings, "Trot"—and no more.

The horses plunged,
The cannon lurched and lunged,
  To join the hopeless rout.
But suddenly rode a form
Calmly in front of the human storm,
  With a stern, commanding shout:

"Align those guns!"
(We knew it was Pleasonton's).
  The cannoneers bent to obey,
And worked with a will at his word:
And the black guns moved as if *they* had heard.
  But, ah, the dread delay!

"To wait is crime;
O God, for ten minutes' time!"
  The General looked around.
There Keenan sat, like a stone,
With his three hundred horse alone—
  Less shaken than the ground.

"Major, your men?"
"Are soldiers, General." "Then
  Charge, Major! Do your best:
Hold the enemy back at all cost,
Till my guns are placed; else the army is lost
  You die to save the rest!"

By the shrouded gleam of the western skies,
Brave Keenan looked in Pleasonton's eyes
For an instant—clear, and cool, and still;
Then, with a smile, he said: "I will."

"Cavalry, charge!" Not a man of them shrank.
Their sharp, full cheer, from rank on rank,
Rose joyously, with a willing breath—
Rose like a greeting hail to death.
Then forward they sprang, and spurred and clashed;
Shouted the officers crimson sash'd;
Rode well the men, each brave as his fellow,
In their faded coats of the blue and yellow;
And above in the air, with an instinct true,
Like a bird of war their pennon flew.

With clank of scabbards and thunder of steeds,
And blades that shine like sunlit reeds,
And strong brown faces bravely pale
For fear their proud attempt shall fail,
Three hundred Pennsylvanians close
On twice ten thousand gallant foes.

Line after line the troopers came
To the edge of the wood that was ring'd with flame;
Rode in and sabered and shot—and fell;
Nor came one back his wounds to tell.
And full in the midst rose Keenan, tall
In the gloom, like a martyr awaiting his fall,
While the circle-stroke of his sabre, swung
'Round his head, like a halo there, luminous hung.
Line after line; ay, whole platoons,
Struck dead in their saddles, of brave dragoons,
By the maddened horses were onward borne
And into the vortex flung, trampled and torn;
As Keenan fought with his men side by side.

So they rode, till there were no more to ride.

But over them, lying there, shattered and mute,
What deep echo rolls?—'Tis a death salute
From the cannon in place; for, heroes, you braved
Your fate not in vain; the army was saved!

Over them now, year following year—
Over their graves the pine-cones fall,
And the whip-poor-will chants his spectre-call;
But they stir not again; they raise no cheer;
They have ceased. But their glory shall never cease,
Nor their light be quenched in the light of peace.
The rush of their charge is resounding still
That saved the army at Chancellorsville.

THE SONG SPARROW.

Glimmers gray the leafless thicket
Close beside my garden gate,
Where, so light, from post to picket
Hops the sparrow, blithe, sedate;
Who, with meekly folded wing,
Comes to sun himself and sing.

It was there, perhaps, last year,
That his little house he built;
For he seems to perk and peer,
And to twitter, too, and tilt
The bare branches in between,
With a fond, familiar mien.

Once, I know, there was a nest,
Held there by the sideward thrust
Of those twigs that touch his breast;
Though 'tis gone now. Some rude gust
Caught it, over-full of snow,—
Bent the bush—and robbed it so.

Thus our highest holds are lost,
By the ruthless winter's wind,
When, with swift-dismantling frost,
The green woods we dwelt in, thinned
Of their leafage, grow too cold
For frail hopes of summer's mold.

But if we, with spring-days mellow,
Wake to woeful wrecks of change,
And the sparrow's ritornello
Scaling still its old sweet range;
Can we do a better thing
Than, with him, still build and sing?

Oh! my sparrow, thou dost breed
Thought in me beyond all telling;
Shootest through me sunlight, seed,
And fruitful blessing, with that welling,
Ripple of ecstatic rest,
Gurgling ever from thy breast!

And thy breezy carol spurs
Vital motion in my blood,
Such as in the sapwood stirs,
Swells and shapes the pointed bud
Of the lilac; and besets
The hollows thick with violets.

Yet I know not any charm
That can make the fleeting time
Of thy sylvan, faint alarm
Suit itself to human rhyme;
And my yearning rythmic word
Does thee grievous wrong, dear bird.

So, however thou hast wrought
This wild joy on heart and brain,
It is better left untaught.
Take thou up the song again;
There is nothing sad afloat
On the tide that swells thy throat!

THE SUNSHINE OF THINE EYES.

THE sunshine of thine eyes,
(Oh, still, celestial beam!)
Whatever it touches it fills
With the life of its lambent gleam.

The sunshine of thine eyes,
Oh, let it fall on me!
Though I be but a mote of the air,
I could turn to gold for thee!

THE VOICE OF THE VOID.

I WARN, like one drop of rain
On your face, ere the storm;
Or tremble in whispered refrain
With your blood, beating warm.
I am the presence that ever
Baffle's your touch's endeavor,
Gone like the glimmer of dust
Dispersed by a gust.

I am the absence that taunts you,
The fancy that haunts you;
The ever unsatisfied guess
That, questioning emptiness,
Wins a sigh for reply.
Nay; nothing am I,
But the flight of a breath—
For I am death!

PHŒBE-BIRD.

Therefore despair not. Think not you have altered,
If, at some time, the gayer note has faltered.
We are as God has made us. Gladness, pain,
Delight and death, and moods of bliss or bane,
With love, and hate, or good, and evil—all,
At separate times, in separate accents call;
Yet 'tis the same heart-throb within the breast
That gives an impulse to our worst and best.
I doubt not when our earthly cries are ended,
The Listener finds them in one music blended.

—*The Phœbe-Bird.*

HATTIE HORNER.

MISS HATTIE HORNER was born at Muscatine, Iowa, but has lived nearly all her life in White Water, Butler County, Kansas, her present home. She is a graduate of her native high school, as well as of the class of 1883 of the Kansas State Normal School; is a fine classical scholar and an able instructor. Endowed with genius, youth and beauty, fascinating as a conversationalist and correspondent, a gifted elocutionist (although she never recites any but her own poems), a member of the Authors' and Artists' Club of her own state, as well as a teacher of five years' standing as principal of the Arkansas City and El Dorado High Schools, she is deservedly popular, and numbers her friends by scores.

If asked, Miss Horner could not tell when her literary career began. It has always been a part of herself, and from her childhood has kept pace with her growth and development. Her earliest recollections of the work are, when a little brown shepherdess, forgetful of the straying sheep and grazing pony, and the mysteries of leaf and flower that took the place of her banished books, she spent the hours putting together bits of original verse, or weaving fancies into impossible fiction to be repeated to the always appreciative listeners at home. Her first poem was written on the back of an envelope, in one of those idle moments. From that time, though a mere child, she began to write in earnest, and her writings from the first were favorably received. State fame came to her when her "Kansas: 1874-1884" was published. It was written as the last train for the relief of the Ohio flood sufferers left the depot at El Dorado, and was a comparison between the grasshopper year and the present time of plenty. Since then she has been constantly busy in filling the demands for her literary work. But, as is not unfrequently the case, while seeking fame in one direction it came to her unsought from another. It was through the medium of her "Letters" written while traveling for her health during vacation, and comprising four series, from Wisconsin, New Orleans, Colorado, New Mexico and California. While engaged in writing these letters, the Kansas Publishing House issued the first volume of poems. It was successful. In January, 1889, her "Letters" were published in book form, under the suggestive title of "Not at Home."

As a writer, Miss Horner is earnest, sympathetic and liberal in her opinion of men and the times, and while her delineations of character, in her stories and sketches, are always strikingly true to

nature, her charity is ever ready to defend those whose faults others have laid bare. Her language is bright, sparkling and fascinating, her poems veined with a tender melancholy. C. H. H.

KANSAS: 1874-1884.

1874—per Aspera.

CHEERLESS prairie stretching southward,
Barren prairie stretching north;
Not a green herb, fresh and sturdy,
From the hard earth springing forth.
Every tree bereft of foliage,
Every shrub devoid of life,
And the two great ills seemed blighting
All things in their wasting strife.

As the human heart, in anguish,
Sinks beneath the stroke of fate,
So at last, despairing, weary,
Bowed the great heart of our State.
She had seen her corn-blades wither
'Neath the hot wind's scorching breath;
She had seen the wheat-heads bending
To the sting of cruel death.

She had seen the plague descending
Thro' the darkened, stifling air,
And she bent her head in sorrow,
Breathing forth a fervent prayer.
And the fierce winds, growing fiercer,
Kissed to brown her forehead fair,
While the sun shone down unpitying
On the brownness of her hair.

Then she looked into the future,
Saw the winter, ruthless, bold,
Bringing her disheartened people
Only hunger, want and cold.
Looking, saw her barefoot children
Walk where snow-sprites shrink to tread;
Listening, heard their child-lips utter
Childish prayers for daily bread.

Low she bowed her head, still thinking
O'er her people's woes and weal,
And the ones anear her only
Heard the words of her appeal.
Send that faint cry onward, outward,
Swift as wire wings can bear,
"Sisters, help me or I perish—
Heaven pity my despair!"

1884—Ad Astra.

Verdant wheat-fields stretching southward,
Fruitful orchards east and west;
Not a spot in all the prairie
That the spring-time has not blessed.
Every field a smiling promise,
Every home an Eden fair,
And the angels, Peace and Plenty,
Strewing blessings everywhere.

As the heart of nature quivers
At the touch of spring-time fair,
So along the State's wide being
Thrilled the answer to her prayer.
She had seen her dauntless people
Ten times turn and sow the soil;
She has seen the same earth answer
Ten times to their faithful toil.

She has felt the ripe fruit falling
In her lap from bended limbs;
She has heard her happy children
Shouting their thanksgiving hymns.
She has seen ten golden harvests;
Now, with grateful joy complete,
She has poured the tenth, a guerdon,
At her benefactor's feet.

* * * * * * * *

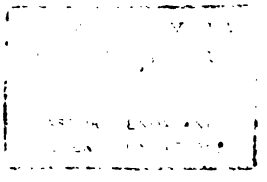
Thou canst not forget, O Kansas,
All thine own despair and woe;
Who hath long and keenly suffered
Can the tenderest pity show.
Not in vain the needy calleth—
Charity her own repays,
And thy bread, cast on the waters,
Will return ere many days.

Peace, thine angel, pointeth upward,
Where the gray clouds break away;
And athwart the azure heavens
Shineth forth Hope's placid ray.
Look to Heaven and to the future—
Grieve no longer o'er the past;
Through thy trials, God bless thee, Kansas—
See, the stars appear at last.

MAPLE LEAVES.

YES, I must go. The end is come at last
Of all this idle, dreamy, sweet repose.
How swift the days of spring-time glided past!
How sure the summer burns toward its close!

Good-bye the haunts which idleness has known,
The sighing trees, the drooping blades of corn,
The lately burdened fields now newly sown,
The flow'rs that used to greet the light of morn.



Yours Very Truly,
R. E. Day.

I can not stay. The flow'rs will surely die,
And Autumn's hand will burnish hedge and brier,
The swallows soon will to the southward fly,
The maples change to monuments of fire.
If we could only keep the meadows fair,
The heavens blue, the flowers fresh and sweet—
O heart, what would we know of pain or care?
And would we grieve because the hours are fleet?

The time grew, oh! so precious as it fled;
I think we held Eternity less dear.
Why are you sad? Because the Summer's dead?
Because my going is so very near?
Do joys unfold with leaves, and then float down?
Dear heart, will absence doom our love to die?
Ah me! these leaves I saved are curled and brown,
And I am weeping. I must go—good-bye.

CONTRAST.

THE rain-cloud came from the purple west,
And decked the corn with many a gem;
But the wind-tossed rose, from its broken stem,
Hung its head by the sparrow's nest.

The farmer whistled a merry air,
As he swung his scythe in the early morn;
But the sparrow sat on the fallen corn,
By her shattered nest, in the sunrise fair.

The shepherd came to the desert wide,
For his stricken lamb by the lonely way;
But a mother knelt, at the close of day,
With her grief, by the empty cradle side.

NO OUTLET.

Acts XX: 35.

DOWN from the northern highlands,
Sparkling and pure and free,
Roll the fresh floods of the Jordan,
Into the still Dead Sea.
Yet in its high embankments,
Bitter, and dark, and still,
Lie waters salt; for no outlets
Scatter the deep sea's fill.

So from the highlands of Mercy,
Bountiful, lasting and free,
Flow the pure streams of God's blessings
Into the heart's deep sea.
Yet, into undrained recesses
Vain rolls the tide from above;
Mercy itself can not sweeten
Hearts with no outlet of Love.

RICHARD EDWIN DAY.

RICHARD EDWIN DAY was born in the town of Granby, Oswego County, N. Y., April 27, 1852. He is of good parentage, both father and mother being persons of large intelligence and aggressive mind, the former a native of Somersetshire, England, the latter a native of Oswego County. Richard assisted his father in the work of the farm—work to which he never became so enthusiastically devoted as not to find leisure for reading and writing. When his father enlisted in the military service of the Union, Richard was stirred by the events thus so closely brought home to him, and much of his thinking for several years succeeding was of an ardent political nature. His school life hardly commenced before the age when he was able to walk three miles twice a day to attend Falley Seminary, in the village of Fulton. By teaching district schools during a part of the time, he was enabled to enjoy the advantages of the seminary a number of years, and by the same means he paid his way through a four-years' course of study in college. He was graduated with the degree of A. B. at Syracuse University, in 1877, and has subsequently earned A. M. The two years following his graduation he spent in independent study and teaching, being for a year and upwards principal of an academy in Lewis County. In 1879 he entered journalism, first in the office of the *Northern Christian Advocate* as assistant editor, and in the autumn of 1880 becoming associate editor of the Syracuse *Daily Standard*, in which position he still remains. As an editorial writer he has won distinction by his lucid and elegant style and versatility.

Mr. Day wrote verses as early as the age of thirteen, but he made no study of poetic art until many years later. In his first reading of Virgil in the seminary he frequently wrote his translation in meter. He wrote a large number of poems for his college journal, and in 1878 a volume of his maturest verses was published under the auspices of some of his college associates, with the modest title, "Lines in the Sand." This first book won for him some distinguished attention. "Thor: A Lyrical Drama," was published two years later. It is the product of a bold imagination. "Lyrics and Satires" appeared in 1883. The work comprising this volume is of uneven merit, the satires being particularly unsatisfactory to the author. The book is marked by bold and independent sentiment and strong poetic execution. It was the medium for bringing Mr. Day prominently into notice. Mr. Day's latest poetic volume, "Poems,"

contains the author's maturest work and has given him an acknowledged place among the poets of to-day and to-morrow. Mr. Day is pre-eminently a man of opinion, and, while observation is not lacking in his verses, he seldom writes anything merely descriptive. Yet he is as far as possible from what we understand by the term didactic. He sees no beautiful form without perceiving in it a spirit of beauty. This is particularly characteristic of his flower and tree poems. While he begrudges no pains or skill in the depiction of natural aspects, it is doubtful whether he would ever be moved by even the most fascinating forms in nature, were there not a voice in them.

Mr. Day delights in walking, and has expressed his thankfulness that so large a part of the world was created out of doors. He has been too closely occupied with work to have traveled much, and at the time of writing his exquisite "Hymn to a Mountain" he had never seen a real mountain, nor the sea. He is a most companionable man, a pleasing but logical talker, rich in knowledge and suggestion, and a good listener withal. He has no writing "habits," composes nothing perfunctorily, and writes no poem "to order." Few of his verses have been sent to the periodicals, but he has been welcomed in some of the best in this country and in England. J. T. R.

THE WALL OF THE TEMPLE.

From this gray pile of crumbling stone,
Within whose ancient crevices
Are grasses wandering from the sun—
This wall that lists to Israel's moan
And voice of plaintful litanies—
Once soared the fane of Solomon;
Hard by, Jehovah's holy priests
Sent curling upward to his throne
The smoke of feasts.

Grand was the dwelling of our God!
In stone from Tyrian quarries brought,
Cedar and fir from Lebanon;
With nameless glory winged and shod,
O'er twenty cubits' space were wrought
The cherubim of Solomon;
Shrewd palm-trees of the sculptor told:
And all o'erlaid from roof to sod
With Ophir's gold.

Rare booty had the heathen horde
Whose chariots up from Shinar rolled,
And wanton vale of Babylon.
Strange harvests with barbarian sword—
Fruitage of precious stones and gold—
Reaped charioteer and myrmidon;
And golden bowls of use divine
Took Babylonia's impious lord
For revel and wine.

In the world-old shadow of thy face,
That through the Haram es-Sherif
Creeps backward from the prying sun,
Thy glories flit with ghostly pace,
Or brood in apparition brief,
O, desolate wall of Solomon:
Even as we kneel, with shoes put off,
Out of the crannies at thy base
Do they not scoff?

Within these stones a heart should beat;
And from these gray-lipped crevices,
To patience and to silence won,
A breath of gracious speech should fleet
Amid thy stony sanctities,
O, desolate fane of Solomon!
Speak, scared wall, Jehovah's will!
Our fathers' dust beneath our feet
Is not more still.

Fled all the effluence divine,
Nor left one animating breath—
One lingering, pitying benison—
When Judah saw her hill-tops shine
To Moloch and to Ashtoreth,
The gods of doting Solomon;
Bowed her to alien teraphim,
And garnished the voluptuous shrine
Of Baalim?

The god of iron and of clay,
Image of silver and of brass,
Idol of gold that dims the sun,
Still, Judah leads thy feet astray—
The same that withered up as grass
The noon-tide strength of Babylon.
Like drops of water through his hands
The kingdoms slip, or flow away
Like trickling sands.

Yet saw the seer upon this rock,
Which Islam's domes unhallowed hem,
The tabernacle's wandering blaze,
While to thy risen gates did flock
Nations with palms, Jerusalem,
Bringing like Sheba's queen their praise,
And Zion's house from Lebanon
Reached down to where the billows mock
Sad Askelon.

Shall we not come in eager ranks,
As they who raised the prostrate shrine

With Ezra and Zerubbabel,
While psalteries ring exultant thanks,
And singers of a chosen line
Rejoice the steps of Israel,
Faring from Danube and from Don,
From Western Babels and the banks
Of Amazon?

Here Canaan's corn and vineyards boon
A-ripening burn as when unfurled
The landscape lay in Moses' sight;
Or when long past the night's dread noon
Did Joshua smite the pagan world,
Scourging the Amorites' leaguèd might,
While paused on solemn Gibeon
The crimson sun, and the white moon
In Ajalon.

No gift we bring but souls that tire—
Dead altar of Jerusalem,—
Building anew the living wall;
The harp whose strings with jubilant fire
Leaped when the psalmist spake to them
Hangs mute where its own echos call—
As, where Euphrates' waters run,
Pulseless and still swung Judah's lyre
In Babylon.

No sound starts from thy quivering lips,
Judea, seated in this court,
With eyes that turn, and turn in vain,
To where the freights of Tarshish's ships,
Rocking in Tyre's or Zidon's port,
Wound inland o'er the northern plain,
Save the lament Hilkiah's son
Chanted, with sack-cloth on his hips,
In Babylon.

Not thine the lamentation drear;
Sharper than that sad prophet's wail,
Whose trumpet syllables had pealed
On an unlistening nation's ear,
And rolled away down Kedron's vale,
Were thy heart's cry, were it unsealed;
Not thine this wailful orison,
Heard ere rang round thy ramparts here
Rome's clarion.

The ruthless steps of morning fall
Across the Dead Sea's barriers;
From the great Kubbet es-Sukrah
An hour ago the muezzin's call
Unto the Moslem worshipers
Startled the sacred court; and, ah!
Another paynim day beats on
The sanctuary and the wall
Of Solomon.

SHELLS.

These castaways some billow rolled
Along its sands, when up the rocks
The young sun clambered, flushed and bold,
Or when the moon led down her flocks—
Lone shepherdess with yellow locks.

O, fairy citadels of stone,
Upon whose darkly-winding stair,
Like an uneasy ghost, a moan
Goes up and down and everywhere,
Have ye no legends dim and rare?

Where, in the greenish dark, with cold
And stony faces, drowned men pass
Amid a shipwreck's silk and gold,
And women made for beauty's glass
Float in their shrouds of tangled grass,

They lay, with spoils of swirl and swell,
Until the heart that rocks a fleet
And turns the spiral of a shell,
Cloven by some melodious beat,
Squandered their beauty at my feet.

DANDELIONS.

When the first dandelions took
On their broad discs the light and dew,
My heart ran truant, like the brook,
And had its solace where they grew.

'Twas good again to see them bare
The lavish glitter of their shields;
Not one can perish but somewhere
A light is blotted from the fields.

They shed the sunshine as I pass,
The sunshine sent them from above;
Their glow as ample as the grass,
But not more ample than my love.

Ah! ever-blended green and gold,
That mantle all the summer land,
I learn how much the heart can hold,
How very little fills the hand.

SILENCE.

What minstrel heart did ever make
Language its burthen's fullness take?
Yet, though a vision go unsung,
The heart is greater than the tongue,
And life than song.

When eagles pierce the upper sky,
Mute in the mantling light they fly:
A bluebird, on the finger-tips
Of Spring, sings to his mistress' lips
The whole day long.

Love hath deep speech, but deeper is
The converse of its silences.
Worship its canticles doth cease
When the broad wings of perfect peace
Brood o'er it strong.

Better than turbid change is rest;
Better to guard, unheard, unblest,
A truth it were divine to teach
Than with unkindled, earthy speech
The message wrong.

The fragrance of a thought may rise
To nobler life and subtler guise
As still as violets by the brooks—
A thing too rare to set in books,
Or cage in song.

THE POPPY.

GIVER of dreamless sleep, thou must have quaffed
At the earth's drowsy breast what time she drew
Midsummer languor all her senses through;
And drunk the soul of slumber—such a draught
As ne'er compounded was with rain or dew.

TOAD.

Thy kin, the frog, chirps a delirious strain,
Or mutters sullenly his poet pain:
But thou repressest 'neath a sober jacket
Unasked confessions and the rhymer's racket,
Content, if lacking anything, to lack it;
Nor quarrelest with fate, whose purpose dim
Made thee a listener, a singer him.

—*The Toad.*

SORROW.

To manhood is strength born of battle and nourished by pain;
And Patience doth teach by her wonderful speech,
Distilled on the spirit like rain;
Sorrow talks face to face unto manhood, and wise is her voice;
Who has gazed in her eyes, he only is wise,
He only can mourn or rejoice.

—*A Reunion.*

VIRGIL A. PINKLEY.

VIRGIL A. PINKLEY was born near the village of Girard, in Illinois, February 18, 1852. His parents were well-to-do people, but without the abundant means necessary to give their children collegiate education. At the age of seventeen Virgil A. began to prepare for his life profession, for which he had already shown a natural taste. He entered the Girard High School, and like many other distinguished men of our time, he was obliged to pay his own way. Four years later he began a university course at Normal, Illinois. In 1873-4, he was placed at the head of the academy at Decatur, Illinois, where he won his first signal success as a teacher. When he was about to finish his university course at Normal, he was appointed superintendent of schools at New Boston, Illinois, which position he filled with great credit for two years, when he resigned his office to accept the more lucrative situation of the general agency of a Chicago publishing house.

In 1878 Mr. Pinkley became a student at the National School of Elocution and Oratory at Philadelphia, Pa., and was graduated therefrom in 1879. The following five years he devoted his time and attention to the going from town to town, organizing and conducting elocutionary conventions, and to the teaching of oratory in various state and county institutes for the teachers of common schools, and in giving public exhibitions on his favorite theme. In 1883 he was called to the chair of Elocution and Oratory at the College of Music of Cincinnati. In that position Mr. Pinkley has met with undoubted success. For many years he has passed his summer vacations in the service of the various Chautauqua Assemblies scattered throughout the country.

As a man of letters, Mr. Pinkley has just claims to success. As a poet he met with his first public recognition in 1883, when his "Model American Girl" sprang into notice and favor, being freely reproduced by the press of the country and generally admired. This poem was followed by many others scarcely less worthy. In the opinion of the writer of this sketch, "Seed-Sowing" and "Better Than Gold," are among his most poetic productions. The literary reputation of Mr. Pinkley, however, may be justly said to rest upon his writings in prose. They are mostly practical works written in connection with his chosen profession.

Mr. Pinkley is still young, a hard worker, of excellent habits and methodical ways, and therefore a good teacher, promising to remain long in the

important and useful position he now holds; and the public may confidently expect much more that is useful and instructive from his facile pen.

J. M. C.

THE MODEL AMERICAN GIRL.

A PRACTICAL, plain young girl;
Not-afraid-of-the-rain young girl;
A poetical posy,
A ruddy and rosy,
A helper-of-self young girl.

At-home-in-her-place young girl;
A never-will-lace young girl;
A toiler serene,
A life that is clean,
A princess-of-peace young girl.

A wear-her-own-hair young girl;
A free-from-a-stare young girl;
A-waste-not-an-hour,
No pale parlor flower,
A picture-of-health young girl.

Plenty room in her shoes—this girl;
A free-from-the-blues—this girl;
Not a bang on her brow,
No fraud will allow,
She's just what she seems—this girl.

Not a-reader-of-trash young girl;
Not a cheap-jewel-flash young girl;
Not a sipper of rum,
Not a chewer of gum—
Remarkably sensible girl!

At-ten-in-her-bed young girl;
An active, aspiring young girl;
An early ariser,
A dandy-despiser,
We honor this lovable girl.

A lover-of-prose young girl;
Not a turn-up-the-nose young girl;
Not given to splutter,
Not "utterly utter,"
A matter-of-fact young girl.

A rightly ambitious young girl;
Red-lips-so-delicious young girl;
A clear, sparkling eye
That says "I will try"—
A sure-to-succeed young girl;

An honestly courting young girl;
A never-seen-flirting young girl;
A quiet, demure,
A modest and pure—
A fit-for-a-wife young girl.

A sought-everywhere young girl;
A future-most-fair young girl;
An ever-discreet,
We too seldom meet—
This queen-of-the-queens young girl.

BETTER THAN GOLD.

BETTER than gold in the miser's grasp;
Better than gold in the mean man's clasp;
Better than gold which the rich man hords;
Better than perishing gold affords,—
Is charity with open hand,
Extending aid throughout the land;
Yea, better than the miser's gold
Is charity—a thousand-fold.

Better than gold is the word of cheer,
Banishing far from the heart the tear;
Better than gold is a kindly deed,
Bettering man in the hour of need.
And better far a cheerful life
Than gold obtained through toil and strife;
A word of cheer is wealth untold,
And better than the miser's gold.

Better than gold is the wealth we reap,
Garnered from knowledge that's broad and deep;
Better than gold is a cultured mien,
Sweetening life from a source unseen.
And better far than gold refined
Is wisdom gleaned to bless mankind;
A knowledge deep is wealth untold,
And better far than miser's gold.

Better than gold is a conscience clear,
Knowing not sorrow, remorse or fear;
Coming to few as a happy lot,
Oftener found in the poor man's cot
Than in the homes of the rich and great,
Or in the halls of high estate.
A conscience clear is joy untold,
And better than the miser's gold.

Better than all that is born of gold,
Better is health by a thousand fold;
Better is virtue, and hope, and rest,
Better is love, as a faithful guest.
To have a heart that's warm within;
To live a life unstained by sin;
To dare the right with courage bold,
Is better far than hoarding gold.

SEED-SOWING.

Sow the seed of soothing kindness,
  To dispel the gloom and pain;
Sow bright words of warmth and welcome,
  That o'er earth good-will may reign;
Sow upon a soil prolific
  That shall bear an hundred-fold,
Choking out the thorns and briers,
  Turning weeds to stalks of gold.

Scorn thou not to sow, moreover,
  On the fields less rich in loam;
Should it bear not many measures,
  It will have its harvest-home.
If the sower will but hearken,
  He will hear what God will keep—
Whether good or whether evil,
  What ye sow that ye shall reap.

Though the soil be scant and sandy,
  And the rocks be thick and keen,
With the hand of faith sow broadly—
  Some stray soil may lie unseen;
This may nourish seed sufficient
  To bring harvest-time around;
And the hand of thrift may garner
  From the uninviting ground.

What though way-side fowls fly over,
  You can cover well the seed;
What though tares by Satan scattered
  Should arise in evil greed!—
Wait, if must be, till the harvest
  Ripens grain and tares in turn;
Then the grain thou mayest gather
  And the tares mays't bind and burn.

Sow the seeds of love and mercy,
  Worthy work for angel hands!
Sympathy, and truth, and justice,
  Fitting theme for heavenly bands!
Sow good-will among thy neighbors,
  Reap reward for thee in store;
On the sower that is faithful
  Blessings be for evermore.

WORK.

Good advice for everyone;
  Work, work away,
Soon the race of life is run;
  Work, work away.
Seize the moments as they fly,
Let your hopes mount ever high,
Keep this motto always nigh:
  Work, work away.

—*Work, Work Away.*

FREDERIC. E. WEATHERLY.

PRE-EMINENT among the song writers of the present century stands the name of F. E. Weatherly, whose fertile pen has clothed with beautiful fancies every phase of human life from the cradle to the grave, and has filled many pleasant pages in our poetic literature during a period of nearly twenty years. Mr. Weatherly has led, as it were, two lives strongly in contrast with each other, but full of interest and varied experiences. For many years he has been engaged as a tutor or coach at Oxford, cramming undergraduates with law, logic, classics, and political economy, and is the author of a work on the "Rudiments of Logic," which has enjoyed wide circulation as a university text-book. Yet, during all this period, we find him living a dual life—by day a busy toiler in dry, uninteresting drudgery; and by night, and in his intervals of rest, a writer of charming verse, expressed in language exquisite in its simplicity, and so rhythmical and musical in its flow that his lyrics have become popular wherever the English language is spoken.

Frederic E. Weatherly is the son of a surgeon, and was born at Portishead, a pleasant seaside place on the Bristol Channel, in the County of Somerset, England, on the 4th of October, 1848. He received his early education at Hereford Cathedral School, where he displayed considerable aptitude and ability. In 1867 he went, as a scholar and exhibitioner, to Brasenose College, Oxford. He took his degree as B.A. in 1871, and subsequently that of M.A., being about the same time elected Hulmeian Exhibitioner. After spending a year as a master in Christ Church Cathedral School, he commenced private tuition, devoting about eleven hours daily to this work. It was in the intervals, between these laborious days, that Mr. Weatherly employed his hours of recreation—if recreation it may be called—in writing many of those lyrics and poems which have since become so famous. His first important contribution, "Gone Home on New Year's Eve," appeared in a now defunct paper entitled *College Rhymes*, and was often recited by the late Mr. Bellew with great success. On the installation of the Marquis of Salisbury as Chancellor of the University, in 1870, an ode by Mr. Weatherly was one of those selected for recitation in the theater; and, in the same year, he published his first volume of poems, entitled "Muriel, and Other Poems."

Among his best-known songs are, "Nancy Lee," "London Bridge," "They all Love Jack," "Mid-

shipmite," "Old Brigade," "Children's Home," "Auntie," "Last Watch," "Our Last Waltz," "Darby and Joan," "The Chorister," "Maids of Lee," "Needles and Pins," "My Lady's Bower," and "In Sweet September." There are, however, many others, the bare names of which would be more than sufficient to fill the whole space at my disposal. In addition to his prodigious work as a lyric author, he has largely contributed dramatic and other poems to current literature. In 1884 he wrote the libretto of "Hero and Leander," for the Worcester Musical Festival; in 1885, the "Song of Baldur," for the Hereford Festival; in 1886, "Andromeda," for the Gloucester Festival; and amongst his other writings are to be found "Children's Birthday Book," "Sixes and Sevens," "Told in the Twilight," "Through the Meadows," "Punch and Judy," "Out of Town," "Adventures of Two Children," "Land of Little People," "Sunbeams," "Nursery land" "Honeymoon," etc. In children's literature he has attained very distinguished success; and, indeed, the same may be said of every form of poetry that he has touched.

During his labors as a tutor he followed up the study of the law, and in 1887 was called to the bar, and is at present in practice as a barrister in London. In 1873 Mr. Weatherly married a daughter of the late Mr. John Hardwick, and is the father of three children; and to his happy married life may be attributed much of his success as a writer of domestic and nursery literature. W. C. N.

POUR FORTH THE WINE!

Pour forth the wine! the ruby wine!
And with thine eyes look into mine,
  Thou friend of olden days!
Heap up the blazing logs. Not here
On this gray ridge of granite drear,
Boon April spends her flow'ry cheer,
  To wake the poet's lays.
The east wind, through the ungenial day,
  Blows meagre, thin and chill,
And laggard winter's freezing ray
  Gleams from the snow-patched hill.

Pour forth the wine! the ruby wine!
And with thine eyes look into mine,
  Thou friend of olden days!
Cheer me with love and truth; for I
Oft seek in vain, beneath the sky,
The true heart, from the open eye
  That looks with guileless gaze.
A cold and caution-crusted race
  Here fans few joys in me:
But when I see a clear, bright face,
  I flourish, and am free!

Pour forth the wine! the ruby wine!
And with thine eyes look into mine,
  Thou friend of olden days!
Speak of devotion's fiery breath,
Friendship and love more strong than death,
And high resolve, and manly faith,
  That walks in open ways.
Look as though dids't long years ago,
  And read my heart with thine,
That Love and Truth may freely flow,
  To bless the ruby wine!

LONDON BRIDGE.

Proud and lowly, beggar and lord,
  Over the bridge they go;
Rags and velvet, fetter and sword,
  Poverty, pomp and woe.
Laughing, weeping, hurrying ever,
  Hour by hour they crowd along,
While, below, the mighty river
  Sings them all a mocking song.
    Hurry along, sorrow and song,
      All is vanity 'neath the sun;
    Velvet and rags, so the world wags,
      Until the river no more shall run.

Dainty, painted, powdered and gay,
  Rolleth my lady by;
Rags-and-tatters, over the way,
  Carries a heart as high.
Flowers and dreams from country meadows,
  Dust and din thro' city skies,
Old men creeping with their shadows,
  Children with their sunny eyes,—
    Hurry along, sorrow and song,
      All is vanity 'neath the sun;
    Velvet and rags, so the world wags,
      Until the river no more shall run.

Storm and sunshine, peace and strife,
  Over the bridge they go;
Floating on in the tide of life,
Whither no man shall know.
  Who will miss them there to-morrow,
  Waifs that drift to the shade or sun?
Gone away with their songs and sorrow;
  Only the river still flows on.
    Hurry along, sorrow and song,
      All is vanity 'neath the sun;
    Velvet and rags, so the world wags,
      Until the river no more shall run.

THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

It was the eve of Christmas, the snow lay deep and white,
I sat beside my window, and looked into the night;
I heard the church bells ringing, I saw the bright stars shine,
And childhood came again to me, with all its dreams divine.
Then, as I listened to the bells, and watched the skies afar,
Out of the East majestical there rose one radiant star;
And ev'ry other star grew pale before that heav'nly glow,
It seemed to bid me follow, and I could not choose but go.

From street to street it led me, by many a mansion fair,
It shone thro' dingy casement on many a garret bare;
From highway on to highway, through alleys dark and cold,
And where it shone the darkness was flooded all with gold.
Sad hearts forgot their sorrow, rough hearts grew soft and mild,
And weary little children turned in their sleep and smiled;
While many a homeless wanderer uplifted patient eyes,
Seeming to see a home at last beyond those starry skies.

And then methought earth faded; I rose as borne on wings
Beyond the waste of ruined lives, the press of human things;
Above the toil and shadow, above the want and woe,
My old self and its darkness seemed left on earth below.
And onward, upward shone the star, until it seemed to me
It flashed upon the golden gates and o'er the crystal sea;
And then the gates rolled backward, I stood where angels trod;
It was the star of Bethlehem, had led me up to God.

THE BELLS OF LYNN.

When the eve is growing gray, and the tide is rolling in,
I sit and look across the bay to the bonny town of Lynn;
And the fisher-folks are near,
But I wis they never hear
The songs the far bells make for me, the bonny bells of Lynn.

The folks are chatting gay, and I hear their merry din,
But I look and look across the bay to the bonny town of Lynn;
He told me to wait here
Upon the old brown pier,
To wait and watch him coming when the tide was rolling in.

O, I see him pulling strong, pulling o'er the bay to me,
And I hear his jovial song, and his merry face I see;
And now he's at the pier
My bonny love and dear!
And he's coming up the sea-washed steps with hands outstretched to me.

O my love, your cheek is cold, and your hands are stark and thin!
O, hear you not the bells of old, the bonny bells of Lynn?
O, have you naught to say
Upon our wedding-day?
Love, hear you not the wedding-bells across the bay of Lynn?

O my lover, speak to me! and hold me fast, mine own!
For I fear this rising sea, and these winds and waves that moan!

* * * * * *

But never a word he said!
He is dead, my love is dead!
Ah me! ah me! I did but dream: and I am all alone,
Alone, and old and gray; and the tide is rolling in;
But my heart's away, away, away, in the old grave-yard at Lynn!

THE BEST ESTATE.

Art thou thine own heart's conqueror?
Strive ever thus to be;
That is the fight that is most sore,
The noblest victory.

Art thou beloved by one true heart?
O prize it! it is rare;
There are so many in the mart,
So many false and fair.

Very truly yours
E. A. Washburn

Art thou alone? O say not so!
  The world is full be sure;
There is so much of want and woe,
  So much that thou cans't cure.

Art thou in poverty thyself?
  Thou still cans't help a friend;
Kind words are more than any pelf,
  Good deeds need never end.

Art thou content in youth or age?
  Then let who will be great;
Thou hast the noblest heritage,
  Thou hast the best estate.

THE SEA'S LOVE.

ONCE in the days of old,
  In the years of youth and mirth,
The Sea was a lover bright and bold,
  And he loved the golden Earth.
The Sun, in his royal raiment clad,
  Loved her and found her sweet,
But the Sea was content and glad
  Only to be at her feet.
    Ah! that the bards should sing,
      And wail for the golden years!
    Love was and is but an idle thing,
      'Tis but a wind that veers.

And Earth in her beauty and pride,
  Held her lips to the wooing Sun;
He said, "Thou art fair, O my bride,"
  And she sang, "I am thine alone."
The faithful Sea at her faithless feet
  Rolled with a broken moan;
"O Sun!" he cried, "but thy bride is sweet,
  And I am alone, alone!"
    Ah! that the bards should sing,
      And wail for the golden years!
    Love was and is but an idle thing,
      'Tis but a wind that veers.

Oft would the Sun depart,
  And his bride in her gloom made moan,
And the Sea would cry that her loving heart
  Should be left to pine alone.
And his voice is strange and sad and sweet,
  "O love, not mine! not mine!
I am content to lie at thy feet.
  And love thee in storm and shine."
    Ah! that the bards should sing,
      And wail for the golden years!
    Love was and is but an idle thing,
      'Tis but a wind that veers.

REV. E. A. WARRINER.

WITH no distinction as a popular writer, Mr. Warriner has yet published a number of books which are regarded by many thoughtful readers as possessed of remarkable originality and merit in the fields of fiction, poetry and speculative philosophy.

He was born at Agawam, Mass., in 1829, of old Puritan stock; a farmer's boy, spending his early years between the fields in summer and the district school in winter. Later he attended a classical school in Springfield for a number of winters, boarding at home, and crossing the river, often with great difficulty and peril from floating ice; yet never failing to be in his seat at the opening of school. Paying his way mainly by teaching, he entered Yale College in 1850, but was compelled, by serious illness, to abandon his studies for a year. He graduated from Union University in 1855, and in the following year was admitted to the bar at Springfield, Mass. After an active practice of three years, his health again failed, compelling him to seek a warmer latitude, where, after an interval of rest, at Washington, Ga., he taught an academy till the second year of the Civil War. Being unable for a time to pass the lines of the contending armies, a period of enforced seclusion followed, in which, having no other books at hand, he began, for the first time, a systematic study of the Bible, and became so impressed with its teachings that he determined to devote his life to the ministry. Returning north the following year, he taught the Brainerd Academy at Haddam, Conn., and subsequently the Yates Institute at Lancaster, Pa. In the summer of 1867 he was ordained, at Philadelphia, to the ministry of the Episcopal Church. In the following autumn he became rector of St. Paul's Church, Montrose, an ideal country parish located among the hills of Susquehanna County, Pa. Here, with the exception of two years, in which he was rector of Christ's Church ("Old Swedes") near Philadelphia, he has spent all the years of his ministry, having won enviable distinction for his literary attainments and pulpit ability; yet unwilling to accept a larger field—or, as he says, unable to separate himself from the surrounding forests and streams in which he has found health and inspiration for his literary and professional work.

With the exception of occasional poems written in his earlier years and published in current periodicals, his first literary production was "Victor La Tourette, a Novel by a Broad Churchman" (Boston, 1875). It made some stir in theological

circles, and may be regarded as the beginning of the broad church movement in America; yet its ideas being novel and regarded with distrust, it was received at the time with little popular favor. His next venture was "Kear" (Philadelphia, 1882). It was warmly received, and in some instances met with enthusiastic commendation as a "real and original poem," yet it was so filled with moral and speculative philosophies that it can not be regarded as a popular work.

In 1887 he published at Boston a small edition of his work—intended chiefly for distribution among his personal friends—entitled, "I Am That I Am." By the few who are interested in such studies, it is regarded as a very great and important production.

Mr. Warriner is slightly below middle height; and though slender is firmly knit and fond of all athletic sports, especially hunting and fishing, to which he devotes one day in seven. The likeness, printed with this sketch, though an excellent profile of his face, is yet untrue to its natural expression in which there is no trace of austerity. He is utterly without pretension, and though socially and professionally a successful man, is seemingly wholly indifferent to prominence and promotion, and though placing a high estimate upon the value of his books, he has not made the slightest effort to bring them to the public attention.

S. D. W.

THE INFINITE.

A TRINITY in all things there must be,
  For two straight lines can not inclose a space.
All things are one, and one is all in Thee,
  Who doth all things within Himself embrace.
Whether condition, matter, mind, or place,
  Triune must all things be, and all things one;
And as the rainbow's colors interlace
  And blend in white, so Father, Spirit, Son—
Apart, Truth, Life, and Light—when joined, are God alone.

And as of every trinity each part
  A substance is, each also is threefold
And infinite. And so where'er we start,
  Or whatsoe'er direction move, behold
A limitless succession is unrolled:
  In increase or decrease, in great or small,
In time or space, changes, forms new or old,
  Unseen or seen, mental or physical—
Without a first or last, boundless, eternal all!

The Infinite! In this all mysteries
  Are swallowed up. It is each reason why,
Each source and sequence. Question, do surprise,
  In its conception end. Philosophy
Founded therein alone can satisfy
  All queries, solve all problems, and inspire
The purpose, effort, hope that never die.
  All things are possible, and ever higher
May souls ascend and grow in limitless desire.

Things seem to end, indeed, but only change;
  For infinite are forms, conditions, too;
And those decompositions that estrange
  The spirit from the body, and undo
Organic forms, are meant but to renew
  Or change them for the better or the worse,
According to their state. It must be true
  That all things are eternal, for their source
Is in the Infinite, and thitherward their course.

There is no end and no beginning. Hence,
  Effects and causes we call ultimate,
Or final, are but relative in sense,
  Not positive, as things called small or grea
And differ only in degree or state.
  They are no more in mystery involved
Than causes and effects immediate.
  Effect and cause are naturally solved—
All things from precedent conditions are evolve

But while all parts are infinite in one
  Or many qualities, as length, and height,
And breadth, or substance, time, and space, none
  Is infinite in all things. Yet as white
Is one and all the colors of the light,
  So of existences there is an All—
A One in whom all trinities unite—
  That comprehends each fraction great small,
And which Existence, God, Wisdom and L we call.

The Infinite of infinites is he,
  The God of gods, the All in all, the Whole
Of consciousness in being, One in three.
  Nature of natures, Love of loves, the Soul
Of souls, the Life of lives. In his control
  Is every law or truth. In him alone
Is freedom limitless—the unreached goal
  Of infinite progressions. All things own
His power, passive, impassive, conscious unknown.

Thus the great problem of existence,
By Kear in years gone by, was solved for me.
When this conception once our minds can seize—
Of infinite progressions—then the key
We have of progress and philosophy.
But each idea of limits is a dream,
A myth, a phantom of a mystery.
Of infinite degrees all finites seem—
Circles in circles, links in endless chains we deem.
—*Kear.*

LOVE.

Love is the spirit of our sympathies,
Earthly or heavenly, sensual or pure:
Earthly, 'tis moral; heavenly, never dies.
Though first untried, uncertain, immature,
If sympathies are true, 't will e'er endure,
And grow and strengthen through eternal years,
Till in a perfect unity secure,
It overcomes all weakness, doubts and fears,
And one with love supreme, it wipes away all tears.
—*Kear.*

UNREST.

As the river glides
Past swiftly, bearing on its ceaseless tides
The withered autumn leaves, once fresh and green,
So death sweeps us away, and naught besides
Our voiceless dust and grass-grown graves is seen—
Glory and life become as if they ne'er had been.
—*Ibid.*

DISAPPOINTMENT.

Had failed? God pity that impassioned soul
Who, in the consciousness these words express,
His life mispent, hath reached his earthly goal!
—*Ibid.*

TRINITY.

Each thought must have its own embodiment,
And each embodiment express a thought,
Else there were no expression nor intent,
No object were to comprehension brought,
Nor apprehension of an object caught.
Nor thought nor word could be an entity,
Except that one were by the other taught,
And one the other did identify.
Hence, Being must be Three in One enternally.
—*Infinite Plurality.*

JEANIE OLIVER SMITH.

JEANIE OLIVER SMITH is one of our "holy women," whose avocation is letters, and who, without contributing bulk to our literature, has nevertheless added a quality of which there can not be an excess—a high-bred and earnest charm that is persuasive as it is gentle, and exhales like a fine incense from whatsoever work they set their hand to, whether it be prose or poetry.

Mrs. Smith (*née* Davidson) is of Scottish descent, but American by birth. Her father, a noted philanthropist of a generation ago, was a resident of Troy, N. Y., where this daughter was born. Upon the death of her mother, a highly-endowed lady of the Oliver family of the south of Scotland, the subject of this sketch accompanied an aunt to Scotland, and five years of her girlhood were spent in Edinburgh, where she received that cosmopolitan education so evident in her books. Returning to her native place after the completion of her education, she in due time became the wife of Hon. Horace E. Smith, Dean of the Albany Law School, a resident of Johnstown, N. Y. Mrs. Smith, since her marriage, with her inherited zeal for good works, has not failed to have her years filled with unselfish labor of many kinds. Besides rearing and educating her two interesting daughters, she has fulfilled nobly the office of stepmother to a large family of her husband's by a former marriage; is a society leader; is actively interested in Christian association work, literary societies, and in matters of higher education. But the literary instinct, in the two forms of a unique taste, and a creative impulse not to be wholly repressed, has kept her almost constantly before the better class of readers, first, by her occasional volumes of prose-tales, and later, by her frequent contributions, the greater part in verse, to the best periodicals of the country. This writer's work marks a general high level of thought and emotion, and has that distinction of phrase which couples it naturally with our choicest moods. Her poems, moreover, are distinctively womanly, and range well along the scale of feminine experiences, though we long sometimes in reading for the appropriate word of passion to fire up a beautifully executed image. O. C. A.

THE GIFT OF DAY-LILIES.

SOME snow-white blossoms from the upland leas
I would have grouped with careless unconcern,
Thinking of those their passing bloom might please;
But stayed my hand lest critic eyes should spurn.

Then came thy lilies pure beyond compare,
They came love-laden, and their freight was this:
"These flowers, so fragile that they can not bear
Night's finger-touch, nor zephyr's gentlest kiss,

"By subtle fragrance may perchance allure
From dust-driven path the weary passer-by,
And do their part to keep the world's heart pure,
Though with the very day of birth they die!"

Then, strong of purpose, light of heart, I came,
And sought some blossoms which might hope impart,
Though not of stateliest grace or proudest name,
And grouped them here—the lilies of the heart.

GEORGE ELIOT.

O GIFTED soul
And loyal human heart! "We own our debt
Uncanceled" by thy life's vicissitudes,
Which some may mourn, and some perchance condemn.
Though thou hast joined the "choir invisible,"
Thy fancy leads us forth by mount and mead,
By mill and stream, along Italia's shore,
By Arno's palace, and by Severn's cot.
With thy clear eye, far philosophic heights
We scan, walk with grave Science, and explore
With eager step Minerva's classic realm,
And yet through all these journeyings of thought
Go arm-in-arm with snow-white purity.

They blindly say, "that pen had lost no power,
Had lost no tender pathos, if most strong
The hand that held it had refused the crown
Of woman's life, till, worn right royally,
It might have gleamed untarnished in the blaze
Of life's meridian sun." But Heaven alone
Can weigh the "hath been," by the "might have been,"
And know how heart aim and motive more than act,
Sink down the scale. Hearts are not steel
That have the gift to melt the souls of men.
Perhaps no foot has climbed Castalian heights
Without the aid of two angelic guides,
Whose royal names are Sympathy and Love.
But let no sordid soul with earthly aims
Rely on precedent. Who shall affirm
That at this poet's hearth may not have dwelt
Some haunting, phantom shadow of regret
That heart had sought not counseling of age—
Before the former yielded to its fate!

But Lyra from her breast has lost the pearl,
And mournfully she walks among the train,
For royal Vega has no sister star.
'Tis not as the lost Pleiad Merope,
Faded from mortal sight and left no trace:
There is a luster in the afterglow
Betokening immortality of fame.

AN EXOTIC.

I.

Friendship is an exotic rarely found
In this poor soil. If one heaven-wafted seed
Should spring to birth to meet a heart's sore need,
Some touch profane may sweep it to the ground.
Like tender-veined *mimosa*, every breath
Bids shrink and quiver with foreboding fear,
Lest some suspected danger lurk anear,
And fear of dying sweeps it down to death.
My heart! be thou so lost in that great Love
Which blessed the world through sacrificial pain,
That soul to soul grown dark, no more can move
Than nature's silent night that falls amain,
Nor think to see the flowers of Heaven arise
Indigenous beneath earth's fitful skies.

II.

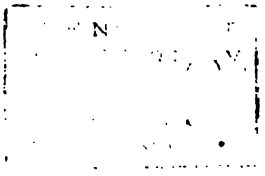
Friendship is an exotic. Once 'twas found
On earthly soil. It chanced in Heaven one day;
Beneath the Tree of Life an angel lay,
And cast its healing fruits upon the ground.
Upon the earth there fell and lay concealed
Beside a river's bank, one tiny seed,
Which sprang to life a beauteous flower indeed,
With fragrance borrowed from celestial field.
One culled the flower to wear upon her breast,
But at her feet its snow-white petals fell.
She found too soon it would not bear the test,
So near a beating heart it could not dwell;
The frost-breath of reserve no shield might prove;
The flower was Friendship, but the fruitage—Love.

EARTH'S SECRET.

'TWIXT sun and earth there lies an empty space,
So cold and dark—so dreary, cold and dark
That naught can live; where the electric spark
Which lights all worlds can find no abiding place.

Science may write great musty tomes to show
How far those orbs, how wide those spaces are;
How light may pass from farthest star to star;
May gauge the heat of suns in heaven that glow;

May tell how subtle sun-rays penetrate
All interstellar depths, while day by day
This modest earth, in her predestined way,
Rolls on, scarce noticed by an orb so great.



Lizzie C. Baer.

O sage most blind—who never yet hast known,
It is earth's *heart* which draws electric fire
From soverign sun; cold space wakes no desire.
Smile, happy earth! The secret, thine alone!

SIDNEY LANIER.

A POET born,
An artist, who with soulful pen
Could grasp the roseate hues of morn,
Could picture all the moods of men—
By wealth foresworn,
By pain's sharp tooth, remorseless torn,
He lived, he loved, *he died!* and then—?

TROWBRIDGE.

"And fame has passed me with averted eye."

Fame has *not* passed thee with averted eye,
But given thee royal pledge of constancy,
And thou art favored many bards above,
For Fame with thee is synonyme for Love.

FERDINAND FREILIGRATH.

BUT doth not love
Rank sweetest song above?
It dries the tear, bids want and sorrow cease,
And gently whispers, *Peace!*

CLOUDS.

See yonder silvery clouds that lie
Reposing in the far-off sky;
How, wafted by a breath, they float
In that blue shining sea, and note
The bright angelic forms they wear,
With floating robes and sun-stained hair;
Then in swift imagery we trace
The beauty of the angel face,
And wonder if those spirits bright
May not sometimes, in robes of light,
Be visible to mortal eye,
And look upon us from the sky.

—*Spring Thoughts.*

HOME.

O ye who say the blessed words, "our home,"
Throw wide the doors and let the sunshine in,
Throw up the sash, sweet airs of heaven to win,
And bid depart that morbid jailer, Gloom!

—*Seclusion.*

LIBBIE C. BAER.

MRS. LIBBIE C. BAER, *née* Riley, was born near Bethel, Clermont County, Ohio, November 18, 1849. Her ancestors on the paternal side were the two families, Riley and Swing. From the original family of the former descended the distinguished poet and humorist, James Whitcomb Riley, and from the latter the eminent philosopher and divine, Prof. David Swing, of Chicago. On the maternal side she is a descendant of the Blairs, an old and favorably known family of southern Ohio. It is not surprising, therefore, that through early associations, combined with a natural taste and aptitude for literary work, her genius for poetry was evinced during childhood. Her first poem, written when she was scarcely ten years of age, was a spontaneous and really remarkable production for one so young.

In November, 1867, the subject of our memoir was married to Capt. John M. Baer, whose gallant military record is well known. Upon organization of the Women's Relief Corps, as allied with the G. A. R., Mrs. Libbie C. Baer took an important part in the benevolent work of this order, and has held various responsible positions connected therewith, devoting much time and energy to the cause, solely as a labor of love. Many of her admirable poems published in various journals were inspired by the spirit of patriotism so characteristic of her nature.

Devotion to friends and to the cause of humanity, and warm sympathy for every deserving cause that needs assistance, are reflected in her poems. Her sensitive, generous, impulsive nature responds to all that appeals to the heart. Her verse flows smoothly, with an easy rhythm and unstudied grace, which seem to indicate their spontaneous origin.

Though always devoted to and proficient in poetical composition, Libbie C. Baer really began her literary career during the past decade, and the popular favor with which her poems have been received proves the real merit of her productions. A volume of intrinsic worth might be formed by judicious selection of the patriotic, practical, serious and sentimental stanzas which have appeared under her name. F. E. P.

LOVE.

THE spring has come:
Whilst winter's snow is floating down
On autumn's leaves so sear and brown,

Life is renewed with rosy glow,
Nor feels the cold, nor heeds the snow,—
The spring has come.

And roses rare!
Born out of time, on bushes blown
From which I thought all life had flown.
This strange sight doth my vision meet,—
On bushes dead, with fragrance sweet,
Are roses rare.

I hear a bird:
A gladsome, sweet and thrilling note;
Tho' long ago each feathered throat
From leaf-divested tree had fled,
Yet plainly now I hear o'erhead
The song of bird.

And this is love!
To wreathe with roses winter's brow;
To wave a wand where sad hearts bow;
To bring delight when joy had fled;
To life renew; to quicken dead;—
Ah! this is love.

MY ENEMY.

And she is dead! I loved her not,
And wonder why my mind to-day
Doth seek and linger 'round the spot
Where lies so cold her senseless clay.

I would not dare to venture near
To look at that which once was she;
And why is this? what need of fear?
I hated her, she hated me.

And should I go where she lies dead
I would not see the scornful smile;
The haughty lifting of the head
With which she greeted me, the while.

She loved me not, nor I—and still—
What mad'ning thoughts rush to my head,
What throbbing pains my heart doth fill,
Because my enemy lies dead.

There was a time I loved her so!
I sometimes thought perchance again
We would be friends, and she should know
That I was not alone to blame.

Had I but spoken—she was kind—
She would have listened; cruel fate!
Why have I been so mad, so blind;
Why waited till it was too late?

I shall not see her cold, sweet face,
Though hate is not! Death spoke its doom
Remorse will make my life a waste,
And love will weep above her tomb.

ALONE.

I passed where many were meeting,
And listlessly found there a place;
I heard friends' voices in greeting,
And kisses fell cold on my face.

I smiled when I saw others smile;
I laughed at the jest given free;
Acknowledged new faces the while,
Who friends in the future must be.

But the music fell dull on my ear,
Or rose in a discordant tone,
And yet while so many were near
I felt that I walked there alone.

SUBDUED.

In thoughtless youth, fair Nature's bowers
Were filled with bright and fragrant flowers,
Rejoicings echoed from her hills,
And laughter rippled in her rills;
Filled was the brook, and sky, and tree,
With rivaling sounds of minstrelsy.
In later years, seems changed her mood,
Her laughing waters more subdued;
In vain the red rose flaunts its bloom,
Its heart hath lost its rich perfume;—
Turn where I may, there comes to me
The sad plaint of humanity.

IN THE LAND OF FANCY.

Never a cloud to darken the blue;
Never a flower to lose its hue;
Never a friend to prove untrue,
In the beautiful land of fancy.

Never a joy to turn to pain;
Never a boon we may not gain;
Never a hope to die or wane,
In the beautiful land of fancy.

Never a heart turns false or cold;
Never a face grows gray or old;
Never a love we may not hold,
In the beautiful land of fancy.

All of life that we crave and miss
(The world denies us half its bliss),
Free, untrammeled, we have in this,—
In the beautiful land of fancy.

WHAT IS LOVE?

Love is joy, and love is sorrow;
Love is sweet, and bitter too;
Love is old as all creation,
Yet is love forever new.

Love is deep and love is cruel;
Love is tender, love is kind;
Love will come not at your bidding,
Yet no place but love will find.

Love will die unflinching for you;
Love will kill as quick as hate;
Love will brave the wrath of thunders,
Yet will weep if barred by fate.

You that love, you have my pity;
You that have not loved at all,
I will hope, out of compassion,
Love will soon give you a call.

A NEW YEAR'S WISH.

And if magician, witch or seer
Should come to me this dawning year,
And say, "To you is given the power
To make one wish at midnight hour,

Which by our art shall granted be;"
If by your eyes I could but see
What you wish for, by this decree
My wish should bring it, dear, to thee.

How I should watch each thought expire;
The wish your words or look expressed,
Should swiftly come, at my behest,
If fame, or wealth, or love's desire.

And if I lingered yet a while—
One moment dear—tho' selfishly,
I'm sure that you would grant to me
What I should prize the most—your smile.

AUTUMN.

'Tis creeping o'er the meadows
Where'er I turn my eye;
I see its flaming banners
Proclaim it to the sky,
That summer's days are ended
And winter's gloom is nigh.
—*The Summer is Ended.*

MOODY CURRIER.

MOODY CURRIER, the banker-poet of New Hampshire, was born in Boscawen, N. H., April 22, 1806. His early years were spent on a farm, where he utilized every spare moment in the pursuit of knowledge and in preparing himself for college. He graduated from Dartmouth College with high honors in 1834, and has received from his *alma mater* the honorary degree of LL. D. After leaving college he was master of the high school in Lowell, Mass., about five years. During this period he employed the broken fragments of time in qualifying himself for the bar, which he entered in 1841. A few years later he became the cashier of the Amoskeag Bank, and the treasurer of the Amoskeag Savings Bank. These institutions under his management soon became the most successful banks in the state. He is also prominently connected with many other financial and manufacturing interests. Mr. Currier has won high honors in public life, having been called to nearly all the important offices at the disposal of his fellow-citizens, including the Governorship of New Hampshire, to which he was elected in 1884.

From his boyhood he has been a close and untiring student. To him standard books have always been familiar friends, and much of his leisure has been passed in his library. He is an accomplished linguist, is versed in philosophy, science and art, and is a master of composition in prose and verse. Early in life he edited, for several years, a weekly journal, and was afterwards a contributor to others, but he is known to the public as an author mainly through occasional poems written for his own recreation, and his unique, polished and eloquent state papers while he was Governor. A volume of his poems was published for private circulation among his friends a few years since.

Governor Currier, while a firm believer in an infinite and eternal intelligence, has discarded as unworthy of acceptance the superstitions and dogmas of theology, and rejected all such creeds as will not bear the analysis of reason and justify themselves in the pursuits and activities of human life. This stands out boldly in his poems and in his state papers. H. M. P.

JUNE.

The morning breaks with rosy light,
Its golden beams lead in the day,
While swiftly fly the shades of night,
And roll in sullen folds away.

The air and earth and sun conspire
To wake in all the soft desire;

Now love the genial current warms,
Now life awakes in myriad forms,
For all that's dark and all that shine
Soon feel the quick'ning power divine;
And every sleeping germ of earth
Awakes to life and springs to birth.
Unnumbered forms float in the air
And for their summer tasks prepare.
Far up the streams and mountain brooks,
To sheltered pools and shady nooks,
The finny tribes instinctive move,
To seek a hiding place of love.
The industrious bee from flower to flower
Slow gathers up her fragrant store,
And stops not till the setting sun
Reminds her that her task is done.
The feathered tenants of the grove
Now cheer their mates with songs of love,
The while, impatient of delay,
They sing the lingering hours away.
On gilded wing the insect throng
Sport in the air and float along,
Or through the drowsy shades of night
From silver shards display their light.
Now mother earth, in plenty, pours
The gathered wealth of all her stores,
With all the buds that spring prepares,
With all the robes that summer wears,
With all the fruits and golden grain
That autumn rears along the plain.
Now oft the genial showers descend,
And all the charms of nature blend
To deck the earth in rich array,
And all of summer's wealth display;
For every blush that paints the dawn,
For every tear that wets the lawn,
For every glow of purple light,
That warms the western sky at night,
Are but the tints of nature's robe,
Are but the smiles of nature's God.

What is, you ask, that wondrous power,
That spreads the leaf, that paints the flower,
That tips with gold the insect's wing,
That tunes the warbling throats that sing,
That decks the field, that clothes the grove,
And warms the throbbing hearts with love?
It is, O friend, that power divine,
That fills with light the orbs that shine,
That spreads the zephyr's silken wing,
And weaves with green the robes of spring,
That scents the air with rich perfumes,
From every summer flower that blooms,
And shines in every golden grain
Which autumn yields along the plain.
In every part, in every whole,
God is the life, th' Eternal Soul.

THE ETERNAL ONE.

O TELL me, man of sacred lore,
Where dwells the Being you adore?
And where, O man of thought profound,
Where can the Eternal One be found?
Throughout the realms of boundless space
We seek in vain His dwelling-place.

He dwells where'er the beams of light
Have pierced the primal gloom of night
Beyond the planet's feeble ray;
Beyond the comet's devious way;
Where'er amid the realms afar
Shines light of sun or twinkling star.
Above, below, and all around,
Th' encircling arms of God are found.
Where'er the pulse of life may beat
His forming hand and power we meet.
While every living germ of earth
That sinks in death or springs to birth
Is but a part of that great whole
Whose life is God, and God the soul,
From plant to man, below, above,
The power divine still throbs in love.
He is the life that glows and warms
In tiniest mote of living forms,
Which quick'ning nature brings to birth,
To float in air, or sink in earth.
And every shrub, and plant, and flower,
That lives an age or blooms an hour,
Has just as much of God within
As human life or seraphim;
For all that bloom and all that shine
Are only forms of life divine.
And every ray that streaks the east,
And every beam that paints the west,
With every trembling gleam of light,
With every gloom that shades the night,
Are but the trailing robes divine
Of one whose garments ever shine.

The human soul may bend in love
And seek for blessings from above,
As well in busy haunts of men,
In forest gloom, in silent glen,
As in the altar's solemn shade,
Beneath the domes that men have made;
As well may seek a Father's love,
And ask assistance from above,
Amid the ocean's solemn roar,
Or on its barren waste of shore,
As in some distant promised land,

Mary E. Hill.

Where sacred fanes and temples stand.
The soul that beats in sweet attune
Finds in itself the Eternal One:
Nor needs to seek for other shrine
Than God's great temples all divine.

THE OLD MAN OF THE MOUNTAIN.

Thy home is on the mountain's brow,
Where clouds hang thick and tempests blow.
Unnumbered years, with silent tread,
Have passed above thy rocky head;
Whilst round these heights the beating storm
Has worn, with rage, thy deathless form.
And yet thou sit'st, unmoved, alone,
Upon this ancient mountain home.
Long as these towering peaks shall stand,
So wondrous great, so nobly grand,
Serene, on high, that face of thine
Shall mock the wasting hand of time,
Whilst all that live shall pass away,
And all the tribes of earth decay.
Old man, thy face of rock sublime
Looks back, through years, to ancient time,
When first the forming hand divine
Reared up this rocky home of thine,
And from the lowest depths of earth
These mountain forms had first their birth;
When on these shaggy heights imprest,
Thy changeless form was doomed to rest.

Then tell me, man of silent tongue,
How first the heavens and earth begun;
If all this bright and shining frame,
With all these worlds, from nothing came;
If all these starry orbs of light,
That glitter on the robes of night,
And fill creation's vast expanse,
Began at once their mystic dance.
Or, if from mists that dimly shine,
Worlds spring to light by power divine,
Till all the radiant fields afar
Shall beam with light of sun and star.
And tell me where, in depths profound,
The primal germs of earth were found,
Which, rising up from realms of death,
Instinct with life and vital breath,
Have formed this wondrous orb we see
Of hill and plain and waste of sea,
Where busy life, with forming power,
Unfolds itself in plant and flower,
And upward still, with widening plan,
Kindles the pulse of beast and man.
And tell me whence, from earth or heaven,
That living spark to man was given,
Which shines in God's eternal day,
When all things else shall pass away.

MARY E. HILL.

MRS. BENJAMIN H. HILL, *née* Miss Mary E. Carter, whose untimely death occurred in May last, was a native of Georgia, and the eldest daughter of Mr. S. M. Carter, of Murray County.

She was of English and Scotch descent. Her paternal grandfather was of an old Virginia family, and her great-grandfather was a distinguished soldier of the Revolutionary War. He was killed while leading his men in a gallant charge against the British at the siege of Augusta, in 1775. The paternal grandmother of Mrs. Hill was Miss McDonald, and was descended from a noble Scotch family; her great-uncle, Hon. Charles J. McDonald, was Governor of Georgia in 1830. Mrs. Hill's mother was Miss Emily Colquitt, daughter of Hon. Walter T. Colquitt. He was in the United States Senate in 1845, and most ably represented the State of Georgia. He was a brilliant and eloquent advocate. His son, Hon. Alfred H. Colquitt—Mrs. Hill's only living uncle—has been United States Senator from Georgia for two terms. The people of his state had previously proven the honor and love in which they held him by twice electing him their Governor. Mrs. Hill's father—a true type of southern gentleman—resides principally on his plantation in the beautiful mountains of north Georgia. His broad lands are now tenanted by a large number of his ex-slaves, who cling to him with a devotion that is a just and beautiful tribute to his nobility. Her mother died when she was a child.

Mrs. Hill spent most of her childhood on her father's plantation, and she loved the freedom of the country. "At nine years of age," she laughingly says, "I was a fearless little rider; my horse followed at my heels like a dog, sometimes to the terror of the little girls who came to play with me on the lawn." She was under the instruction of governesses until she went to college, where she graduated at seventeen with the first honors in a large class.

She was married to Mr. B. H. Hill, Jr., eldest son of Hon. Benjamin H. Hill who died eight years ago while representing Georgia in the United States Senate. It was on the occasion of his sad and lingering death that Mrs. Hill wrote her first poem, "The River," which was at the time widely copied. Mr. B. H. Hill, Jr., her husband, has held two important offices in Georgia. He was Solicitor-General for Atlanta during eight years, and was appointed by President Cleveland to the office of District Attorney, which office he held with equal credit and honor to himself.

The subtle power of Mrs. Hill's writings, both in prose and poetry, may be explained by the fact that she looks into her heart and writes. Her work is characterized by exquisite purity and tenderness, so that everywhere may be recognized the footprints of a beautiful soul. But the fairest of all her poems is the unwritten one of her home life.

I. F.

THE RIVER.

Oh, rugged river! restless river!
River of years—river of tears—
Thou river of Life!
River of tears! Yet o'er thy bosom Joy, as a bird, flashes its gaudy wing,
And drinks its draught of ecstasy from out thy crystal spring.
Oh, sunlit river! shadowy river!
River of gladness—river of sadness—
Thou river of Life!
River of gladness! Yet o'er the blue of the beautiful sky floats a cloud,
Out of whose fleecy whiteness the Loom of God is weaving a shroud.
Oh, beautiful river! while the star of youth is glowing
From the silver-sprinkled sky;
River of Life! when health's elixir flowing
Paints thy waters its rosy dye.
Sunlit river! when the days are full of peace,
And the calm of the song the river sings,
And the quiet joy the lullaby brings,
We feel will never cease.
And while the waters glow and glisten,
Ah! how seldom do we listen
To the turning of the ponderous wheel of Time,
Over whose granite sides are rushing
The waves of the river in a symphony sublime!
But when the waters are black and bleeding,
Dyed with dread Disease's breath,
And we feel the river leading
To the fathomless sea of Death—
Then, ah! then, in our agony of soul
We cry, "Oh! wheel of Time! one moment stay!
Turn back the river, and cease to roll,
For a life we love is passing away."
But God is the miller, and the wheel is turning,
Though Grief's hot irons our hearts are burning,
And the river's song—is only a moan,
And the grinding wheel—sounds a groan.

* * * * *

But from out our midnight gloom
Look up! God knowest best,
See the life we love as it catches the bloom
Of Infinite radiance and rest!
Its waters have mingled with the crystal strear
Flowing so close to the throne,
And the waves have caught the golden gleam
And the river's voice, God's tender tone.
And the river in heaven in its crystal calm
Found its way through the golden bars,
Flowing upward—beyond the garden of stars
To the feet of God and His Lamb.
Oh, royal river! radiant river!
River of Light—river of Life—
Thou river of God!

GOING.

The silver latch is lifted, and I am going
Far, far beyond where the stars are growing
Like flowers of gold in meadows blue
The angels sprinkled in passing through.

The silver latch is lifted, and I am going;
I hear the sound of the river flowing,
And I catch its glimmer where the trees enlac
As the leaves brush cool about my face.

The silver latch is lifted, and I am going;
The flower-kissed breezes of Eden are blowing
And balmy sweet is the perfumed breath
That floats to me like a whisper of death.

The silver latch is lifted, and I am going;
'Tis the bloom of the dawn ere the sun is glowi
And adown the hills hang the mists of mornii
Like the veil of lace a bride adorning.

The silver latch is lifted, and I am going;
About me the lilies of God are snowing.
They are draperies white of a winding-sheet,
And soon I'll sleep 'neath their petals sweet.

The silver latch is lifted, and I am going;
Yet fragrant the flowers the days are sowing
Not a worm at the root, the blooms have uncu
For Love is the gardener of my beautiful wor

The silver latch is lifted, and I am going;
There's a nightless home of God's bestowing.
Good-bye; I take the invisible and immortal ha
As he leads me gently into the mystic land.

MY BIRD.

Close in my breast
She built her nest
Where the light lingers longest,
And love grows strongest—
My beautiful bird.

In a radiant day
Of Love's sweet May
She sang to me
In my heart's green tree—
My beautiful bird.

The straws of gold
Her nest to enfold
She brought from star-spun sheaves
To weave among the emerald leaves—
My beautiful bird.

Where the breeze breathes softest,
And flowers bloom oftest,
Where the skies are bluest
And thoughts are truest
She built her nest.

* * * *

My bird has flown,
And shadows have grown
Where sunshine used to be;
But her golden nest
In my heart shall rest
Till she comes back to me.

TEARS.

Oh, saddest tears! tears unshed,
Tears that drop from the mists of pain
That crystalize like frozen rain
To chill the heart till faith is dead.

Oh, blessed tears! tears we weep,
Tears o'erflowing the sad sweet eyes
Till a pearl upon the pale cheek lies
And the lids close softly in sleep.

SPIRIT OF SONG.

Thou canst not catch the sweet spirit of song,
Yet thou canst hear the silken rustle of her robes
Mid leafy boughs, when soft winds blow;
Or thou mayst listen to her rippling laugh,
When o'er gleaming pebbles the streamlets flow.

Thou canst not catch the sweet spirit of song,
Yet thou canst hear her croon a low melody sweet,
When the river sings as it flows to the sea;
Or, thou mayst hear her sigh in swaying pines,
When the dark green forest moves tremblingly.

Thou canst not catch the sweet spirit of song,
Nor imprison one silver note of melody
(Save in the mystic cage of memory),
But her voice is in the air and her song in the sea,
And her tender minstrelsy is for you and for me.

NARNIE HARRISON.

Miss NARNIE HARRISON, who, being a born poet and lisping in numbers in infancy, and occasionally contributing a characteristic *morceau* to the voluminous poetical literature of the country, yet is indifferent to fame, and careless of the rewards that ambition grants its votaries. Nevertheless her reputation is growing, and her friends confidently predict for her a future rich in the renown of poetical achievement.

Sprung from the old Harrison family of Virginia, she is a native of Tennessee, where, amid the sweet influences of nature, she grew to woman's estate. There the mountain, the valley, the woods, the rolling stream, the sunlight and darkness have talked with her. She is a variously-gifted woman, adorned and ennobled by wide culture.

Several years ago Miss Harrison became a resident of the great State of Texas. She is now a professor of English Literature in a popular female college in the city of Waco. W. L. B.

EARTH LOVE.

God bids his creatures love Him best;
Christ says to each, "Give me thy heart;"
I can not lean upon God's breast,
The Christ and I are far apart.

If I could only touch His hand,
Or in the night-hush hear a tone;
If just one moment I could stand
And see my God upon his throne;

In that one moment could be born
Love large enough to meet His will.
But though I watch until the morn,
The night is empty and is still.

But human hands are very near,
And loving human lips and eyes.
The tender earth-tones that I hear
Make me forget the silent skies.

When children play about my knees,
Or lay their head upon my breast,
Tell me, my heart, do I love these
Or silent God, or Christ, the best?

THE SENSE OF BEING OWNED.

We own all things of earth and heaven,
The starry silence of the night,

The tender purple of the even,
  The August noondays' yellow light.

All these—and smaller things are ours:
  The cricket's chirp, the robin's breast,
The gold-dust in the hearts of flowers,
  The soft, low twitter in the nest.

Though this possessing all things fair
  Should mean a happiness complete,
Yet, God, a creature dares declare
  To be possessed, is far more sweet.

When heart, and soul, and life belong
  To One who claims us as His own—
When He says, "mine!" our wild-bird's song
  Has not the sweetness of that tone.

The blessed twilight's gift of rest
  Is not so full of perfect peace
As when we lean upon His breast
  And pang, and pain, and yearning cease.

The light of stars, perfume of flowers,
  Are fainter, duller than this bliss;
More glorious than the noonday hours
  Is our renunciation kiss.

All nature's gifts are nothing worth,
  When by that love we sit enthroned.
Hear me! The owning of the earth
  Is not so dear as being owned.

CHARITY.

'Tis lack of charity that puts heart-ache in our today,
And makes the river's floating dead religious mockery;
That charity, I plead, that makes the heart more warmly human;
That charity—so sadly rare—of woman unto woman.

TWO MOTHERS.

A wee bird chirped in its lonely nest,
  And, lo! its mother heard;
With outstretched wings and throbing breast,
  Flew to the baby bird.
A child cried in the winter night,
  And through a revel wild,
With fair round arms, and bosom white,
  A woman danced and smiled.

ELIZA H. MORTON.

THIS lady, of Deering, Maine, had her birthday in the year 1855, of parents who were teachers in their earlier years, but afterward gave their time to the gardens and green-houses of "Ulosa." Thus the child lived among the most beautiful things of nature and learned to love them fondly. She was educated at Westbrook Seminary. By studious habits she has since added greatly to her early store of knowledge. She commenced teaching at the age of sixteen, and at the same time wrote articles for educational journals advocating new methods of teaching in our common schools, especially in the study of geography. About this time her first poem appeared in print, which encouraged her to other efforts, and her name since then has been found in many publications, both east and west.

In 1879 Miss Morton engaged her services in the normal department of Battle Creek College, Mich., giving her attention for three years mainly to the science of geography. At this time she published a volume of verse entitled "Still Waters." Outside of this volume many of the author's best productions may be found. Hymns filled with religious fervor have been set to music by some of our best composers and used in revival work by D. L. Moody and others.

Returning from the West, she conceived the idea of preparing an elementary geography, expressing her advanced methods of teaching this important branch in education, and after five years of earnest work it was published. It is to be followed by an advance book to complete the series. Miss Morton has several other important works under way.

J. A. L.

WEAKNESS.

In weakness held by hands unseen
  I struggle with the strong,
And vainly strive to rise, to work,
  To mingle with the throng.

Life looks so bright, so full of joy
  To those who daily feel
The glow of health within their veins,
  Of strength to work with zeal.

The days and weeks and hours below
  Are slipping from life's string
Like pearls, and gliding from my grasp
  Like summer birds on wing.

Like ghosts my wasted years arise
  And haunt each passing hour.
They lift to me their spectral hands
  And boast of vanished power.

Truly Yours
Eliza H. Morton

In weakness, sick and faint I wait
And calmly bide the day
When, like the mist upon the hills,
My pain will pass away.

JERUSALEM.

Mid shouts and songs and waving palms of peace
One rode whom every voice proclaimed a king.
Proud Triumph tossed her banner to the breeze
And Victory's bugle loudly rang, as up
Mount Olivet the long procession filed
And paused upon its crest. Fair slopes
Of green and terraced hills, and pilgrim's tents
Of white spread out below—a fitting spot
For Israel's capital to sit as queen.
The golden sun lit up her marble walls,
And sent his gleams along her frescoed gates
And o'er her slender towers until they seemed
To glow with more than earthly light: the pride
Of every heart! Jerusalem, the fair!
The joy of all the earth! Most beautiful!
The house of God! The city of a king!
An awesome hush falls o'er the crowd. All eyes
Are turned to Him for whom the palm trees waved.
The scene must fill his heart with joy; for is
He not the one to take the throne and free
His people from a galling yoke? But lo!
No proud exulting smile is on his face.
His eyes are dim with tears. What sudden grief!
What mean those quivering lips, that broken cry,
That sad, pathetic wail? "If thou hadst known
In this, thy day, the things that make thy peace."
What means that pause, that awful pause, while all
The air takes up the strange, wild prophecy:
"If thou hadst known, Jerusalem, if thou
Hadst known, O city doomed to fall! If thou
Hadst known! Besieging armies soon will stand
Before thy gates; destruction spread her wings
Above thy walls, O city beautiful!"
And then again that yearning, tender cry:
"Jerusalem! Jerusalem! How can
I give thee up?"
The people saw the tears
And heard the groans, but comprehended not
Their nation's woe—the sin of unbelief.
O, blind of heart! O, dull of ear! O waves
Of mercy beaten back! O, tide of love!

Jerusalem! Jerusalem! we see
In thee a symbol of a world in sin,
Prophetic voices sound a day of doom,
Destruction hovers near. The warning, "flee!"
Is heard in all the land; and all the true,
And all the pure, and all the sons of God
Will find the city promised long—the throne
Where he who wept shall reign. Jerusalem,
Thy gates are peace! Jerusalem, thy walls
Are song! Jerusalem! Jerusalem!
No shade can dim thy golden light! We long
For thee, Jerusalem! Jerusalem!

IN THE SUNLIGHT.

I sit and muse in the sunlight,
And dream a dream of the past:
The rush of a flood of music,
The sweep of a chilling blast;

The days half spent in the shadow
When the soul and the song were sad,
And the hours of golden beauty
When the heart and voice were glad.

I have lived and learned this lesson,
That the good which we bestow
To the world in its gloomy darkness,
Is the sweetest joy below.

The touch of a hand now pulseless,
The thought of a hope now dead,
The duties too oft neglected,
The words of love unsaid.

And so I sit in the sunlight,
And pray that grace may shine,
From the throne of a mighty Father,
And soften this heart of mine.

And thus from his loving presence,
I gather the strength I need,
To go forth in the field of his promise
And scatter the fruitful seed.

SONG TRIUMPHANT.

Exult, O heart desponding!
Cheer up, be brave, be strong!
Above the cloud is sunlight,
Oh, sing a grateful song!

When shadows seem to lengthen,
Fear not, they'll flee away;
When night is settling round thee,
Watch for the dawning day.

Rejoice in God, thy refuge,
And trust in Christ, thy friend;
Sweet blessings hang above thee,
But ask, and they'll descend!

Look up and never falter,
The race is nearly run;
The sky begins to brighten,
The journey's almost done!

Exult, O heir of glory!
Sin's sway will soon be o'er;
And transporting waves of gladness
Be thine for ever more!

GEORGE LANSING RAYMOND.

IT has been said that poets are like birds, and sing because they must; and of no one is this more true than of this American poet, who gave to literature, in the brief space of three years, as many volumes of vigorous lyric and philosophical poetry. To imagine, however, that these were the results of only three years of labor would be to do him a great injustice. Some of them were written many years ago and published in the old world; some were written later in our own country and never published, and all have been carefully and patiently rewritten and polished until they were as nearly perfect as their author could make them.

Mr. Raymond has lived a very busy life from the time he left college until the present, and as all readers are interested in knowing somewhat of the man whose works they enjoy, we quote from "Werner's Directory of Elocutionists, Readers and Lecturers," the following:

"G. L. Raymond, L. H. D., is Professor of Oratory and Esthetic Criticism in Princeton College. A graduate of Phillips Academy at Andover, Williams College, and Princeton Theological Seminary, and a student for some time in Europe, he went in 1874 to take charge of the department of Rhetoric and English Literature in Williams College. Here he so recognized and emphasized the necessity of elocutionary training, which had not before been given in the college, that a year and a half later, at his suggestion, the trustees divided the work of his department and made him Professor of Oratory. * * * * Professor Raymond's reputation as a teacher * * * led in 1881 to his being called to Princeton College, where a new chair was created for him, which he still holds. On the rostrum Professor Raymond is said to be a 'pleasing and extremely forcible speaker, with a very musical voice and natural manner,' 'full of quiet eloquence, full of pithy sayings and interesting illustrations, holding the closest attention of the audience from the first word uttered to the close.' But it is known by his friends that he vastly prefers the library to the rostrum, and of late years has devoted most of his spare time to writing."

Of the real man, the poet, but glimpses are given, and those only to the appreciative friends who sometimes are permitted to enter into his charmed world of the ideal. At these times the soul's fire is kindled by kind and sympathetic responses, and there flash forth such rare hints of hidden stores of knowledge, humor and tenderness, that the desire to penetrate deeper is suddenly met and checked by a return to the conventional professor, who is as unlike the poet as it is possible to conceive. Or where, after a day's hard work in the lecture-room, he throws himself into the saddle and gallops off for new inspiration from nature's silences, we detect something of the poet's longing for boundless freedom in the realm of his own universe, that is at other times hidden from sight. To find the true poet one must meet him here, or in the hushed hours of the day, when, in his own library, he gives himself up to the delight of an objective existence, and loses all sense of outer belongings in the transformation wrought by his own imagination. This is the place and time that have given to the world these volumes that breathe of lofty purpose and tender hope. All the poems he has written were born in moments snatched from arduous duties of a busy life, which a less earnest or persistent man would have thought no more than he would have a right to spend in recreation, or, if in dreaming, in dreams that need not be recorded.

To rightly enjoy Mr. Raymond's poems, it is well to read first his "Poetry as a Representative Art." It seems, certainly to the present writer, the first and only book that ever taught and made practical the technique of versification, as well as the true difference between prose and poetry.

Mr. Raymond's published works, in addition to "Poetry as a Representative Art," are "A Life in Song," "Ballads of the Revolution, and Other Poems," and "Sketches in Song." M. B. P.

WHATEVER THE MISSION IN LIFE MAY BE.

WHATEVER the mission of life may be,
Let love keep true, and let thought keep free,
And never, whatever may cause the plan,
Enlarge the calling to lessen the man.
The cut of a coat,
Cant chattered by rote,
A priestly or princely state remote
From the ties that bind
A man to mankind,
Are a clog and a curse to spirit and mind;
For God, who made us, made only a man,
No arms of a snob, no shield of a clan.
Far better a friend that is friendly to God,
Than a sycophant kissing a ribbon or rod.

Help on no ways nor words that extol
The vise of a bias that binds the soul;
No rank held up by holding down
True worth as an underling stripped of his crown;
No cause with a lie
For a party-cry
To catch the low or to court the high;

No life with a creed
That ends all the need
Of knowing or growing in thought or deed.—
Weigh well their worth; true dawnings of light
Can abide your waiting and grow more bright.
Weigh not, you prove the thought I am on:
Your soul is a slave and your manhood gone.

THE DESTINY-MAKER.

She came; and I who lingered there,
I saw that she was very fair:
And, with my sighs that pride suppressed,
There rose a trembling wish for rest.
But I, who had resolved to be
The maker of my destiny,
I turned me to my task and wrought,
And so forgot the passing thought.

She paused; and I who questioned there,
I heard she was as good as fair;
And in my soul a still, small voice
Enjoined me not to check my choice.
But I, who had resolved to be
The maker of my destiny,
I bade the gentle guardian down,
And tried to think about renown.

She left; and I who wander, fear
There's nothing more to see or hear;
Those walls that ward my paradise
Are very high, nor open twice.
And I, who had resolved to be
The maker of my destiny,
Can only wait without the gate
And sit and sigh—"Too late! too late!"

A FISH STORY.

A strange fish came from an inland home
On a journey out to the sea.
He split the ripples, and ripped the foam,
And danced and dived in glee.
"Ho, ho!" cried the fry when the sea grew near,
"Hurrah for a fresh-water fool!
One gulp of our salt when he comes out here
Will send him back to his pool."

The fish was fleet, but the bar was high,
And the low tide roiled and dim;
And he groped as he slowly passed the fry,
And to and fro would swim.
"Ho, ho!" cried they, as they shook their scales,
"The muddled one misses his way!"
And they fanned their fins, and slashed their tails—
"Aha, he here will stay!"

The fish pressed on till the way grew clear;
Then plunged out under the spray;
And showered his fins in a white-cap near
That rivaled the rays of the day.
"Ho, ho, showing off to the sharks!" cried the fry;
"And look—a gull on the shoal.
Yon surface-shiner had better be shy;
The bird will swallow him whole."

The fish sped on, till the sea grew deep,
Then, plunging down through the blue,
A flash came back from a parting leap,
As at last he sank from view.
"Ho, ho," cried the fry, "we can all do that,
If we only go out with the tide."
But the tide had gone, so, left on the flat,
They fried in the sun, and died.

MY IDEAL.

She came: she went: 't was all a dream,
A groundless hope, a fruitless scheme;
And yet the dearest dream did seem
That e'er to mortal gaze was given.
She turned sweet music in my breast,
Till every sad or joyous guest,
That swayed it once, with wondering rest
Grew silent, as grow sins in heaven.

She came: she went: a beam sublime
That, straying toward a sunless clime,
Trembled along the edge of Time,
And then in fright sped back again.
Ah, wherefore came she if to go!
I had not known the half of woe
Had I not felt that heavenly glow,
And, matched with it, found earth so vain.

She came: she went: I know I dreamed,
Nor dared to test fond hopes that gleamed;
But yet how dear the future seemed,
And, though it was the world, how real!
Ah, wherefore did she leave so soon,
And change to night what had been noon!
Did heaven sufficient deem the boon
To grant to me a form ideal?

GOSSIP.

These gossips all are scavengers
Of nobler people's characters.
And how can one of taste or sense
Be made, and yet take no offence,
The cess-pools of their confidence?

—*A Life in Song.*

POET.

He is all mankind's,
Akin to both the humble and the high,
The weak and strong. Who most would honor him
Must find in him a brother. He but strives
To make the truth that he would speak supreme—
Truth strongest when 'tis simplest, needing not
The intervention of pretentious pomp,
Plumed with its symbols of authority
To make men keep their distance.
—*A Life in Song.*

ASPIRATION.

He's the happy man who holds his head not higher than his home. —*Ibid.*

GRANDEUR.

Still, a spring may be
A good spring that makes things around it grow;
Yet not a grand spring: no; until, bank-free,
It makes a public swamp the whole way to the sea!
—*Ibid.*

FELLOWSHIP.

As sweet as heavenly harps are hearts
When love her low throb in them starts;
And sweet as sweetest songs, when sung,
Are harmonies of deed and tongue
Where two together think as one.
Alas! and what have my moods done
To part me so from all my brothers?
—*Ibid.*

DISCONTENT.

We are not always curst when born
By throes of nature's slight or scorn
With moods abnormal and forlorn;
We are not curst till we consent
To dam our own development
By choking down our discontent.
If truth be something sought and learned,
He most must gain who most has yearned
To fill a need he most discerned.
—*Ibid.*

FAITH.

Believe me, there is faith so full and deep
That all the doubts that o'er its surface sweep
Are fog-banks to its ocean—fill its skies
Amid inactive hours, but shift and rise
With each new change that brings a sun or storm.
—*Ibid.*

CIRCUMSTANCE.

On earth men can not choose their soul's relations,
But riding toward success must bridle circumstance.
—*Ibid.*

THE SEA.

Thou God in miniature, eternity in time.
—*A Life in Song.*

BEAUTY.

Still beauty in this world ranks next to duty,
And those who make life lovely next to those who love. —*Ibid.*

DOUBT.

Doubt on empty nest sits brooding o'er the things that have been done. —*Ibid.*

SUCCESS.

And, oh, how many and many a tomb
Of a dead hope, buried and left in gloom,
Must mark the path of the man whose need
Is taught through failure how to succeed!
—*Unveiling the Monument.*

PROVIDENCE.

We war with Providence, who war with life.
We seek to mould our own existence out;
But life, best made, is mainly for us made.
Each passing circumstance, a tool of heaven,
Is sent to smooth some edge of character,
And model manhood into better shape.
—*Ideals Made Real.*

FREEDOM.

The structures fair of freedom
Men rear beneath the sky,
Press down on deep foundations,
Where thousands buried lie.
—*The Lebanon Boys in Boston.*

LOVE.

True love has life eternal, infinite.
Complete within itself, and craving naught,
It needs no future far, nor outlet vast,
Nor aught to feel or touch in time or space.
A sense within, itself its own reward,
It waits not on return. For it, to love
Is better than to be loved, better thus
To be a God than man.
—*Haydn.*

WIT.

Wit heeds a hint; 'tis folly questions it.
—*Ibid.*

GIRLHOOD.

Some girls are giddy: they embrace a beau.
And some are gloomy: they beset the priest.
—*Ibid.*

Emily Stuart Wood

EMILY STUART WEED.

ISS EMILY STUART WEED is a native of Greenwich, Conn. The large, old-fashioned nsion, in which she now resides and in which she t saw the light, is full of historic association. s Weed's grandfather, Isaac Weed, held a lieu- ant's commission under Gen. Israel Putnam, l was one of thirteen sent by that doughty hero neet him at "the Swamps" at the time he made famous dash down hill, and participated in the agement which followed at Portchester. Miss ed is of English parentage, and upon the mater- side is lineally descended from John Adams, ond President of the United States.

'hen only an infant she met with an illness ch has cast a lengthened shadow of pain over life, and the abounding vitality, which would e expended itself in ordinary activities, has, by ession and enforced seclusion, been diverted subjective experiences. When the avenues to soul are broad and many, joy and sorrow mean ch. Miss Weed has an ample nature, which ld have made her quaff eagerly the brimming of life had there been no bitter drops within it. , although it is now two years since she has beyond her own threshold, her fine quick itions keep her in perfect and sympathetic ch with the great pulsating world beyond, in ts varied phases. A natural buoyancy of tem- ament gives no chance for that oft recurring stion: "Is life worth living?"

er first poem was written when she was eleven, her first published work was at the age of four- , since which time she has been a frequent con- utor to some of the most conspicuous journals he country.

he following are random selections from a large ection which will shortly be re-published in book in accordance with the urgent advice of ds, who desire to see them preserved in perma- literary form. The volume will no doubt be a ming and valuable addition to the lyric litera- of the day. M. P.

IF WE ONLY KNEW.

If we only knew the heart-aches,
The struggles and the tears,
That follow like a phantom
The wake of human years.

Could we have known the shadows
That would cloud life's little day;
Known the cruel thorns in ambush
Along the weary way:

How our tired feet would linger
In the flush of early light—
If we knew at early dawning
What we learn so late at night!

But the daylight wanes so quickly,
And the gloaming falls so fast,
We are left with naught but shadows,
Flying backward with the Past.

So with weary hearts and aching,
Reaching out our souls have cried,
"If we only knew at dawning
What we learn at eventide!"

BEYOND THE SUNSET.

We can not know if, after death,
Life's babble through the golden bars
Shall float its doubts to the Far Beyond,
That lies so dim beyond the stars.

In the "After-Day," when our dreams are proved,
Beyond the sunset's golden wall,
If all our dreams of after-life
Are proved but shadows after all,

What dreary blank for all our love,
So unfulfilled, so long to wait,
So like the Peri, doomed to droop,
And trail its wings outside the gate!

What though our waiting patient be,
If naught remains but shadows pale,
In the "Vast Beyond," from which no light
Can pierce the Future's misty vail!

And yet at times there wanders near
The portal of our discontent
A whisper to our dreams of doubt,
A benediction sweetly sent

To teach us that our fairest dreams
Of all that lies beyond the "River"
Are but the faintest gleams of light
That *trusting* souls shall know forever.

MY SAILOR.

How could I know my sailor had lain
Fathoms deep in the ocean blue?
How could I guess he had slept so long,
Lulled by the notes of the sea's low song?
On the coral bed of the ocean plain,
How could I know of my sailor slain?

I had watched each day till the sun's low beams
Touched to gold the snowy sail,
As each came up from the under world
With prow high set, and sheets unfurled,
Up from the sea, bringing golden dreams,
Fair as the sunsets painted gleams.

Out on the beach, I learned it late,
Alone by the waves, in the moonlight pale,
The ceaseless surge that washed the shore,
Sang of the days that could come no more,
Bringing golden dreams and a fairer freight,
And my heart for its sailor forever must wait.

AURORA.

MORN breaks in beauty from the curtained night,
And throws her kisses back,
And sends her silvery smiles of light
Along the eastern track.

The pale stars hide in creeping mist,
And the fair young crescent fades;
Fainter the twinkling train appears,
As fly the ebon shades.

Across the threshold of the night
The golden glory falls;
Aurora kisses all the hills
With rosy shimmering calls.

CHARITY.

LIVE not for self, but strive for others' good,
And if life's rue is dealt with hand unsparing,
Put not the cup in haste, or wrath, away,
Nor droop beneath the cross that thou art bearing.

If for another's woe thy heart shall ache,
One notes thy grief and marks the record true;
And every tear that's wept for other's sake
Is garnered to distill in heavenly dew.

Life's darkened hours may find some ray of light
To shed upon the sorrowing hearts that share them,
If we but bear each other's burdens well,
And lift the clouds of grief from souls that wear them.

Let sunshine in; give all that thou can'st spare;
And all thy bread upon the waters cast
Will come again with life's returning billows,
Laden with blessings from out the clouded Past.

TRANSMUTED.

WHAT set the days to music?
What made the daylight fair?
What waked my heart to singing
Love's melody unaware?

The yesterdays lie hidden
Behind the glad to-day;
The morrows seem to promise
A love to last for aye.

The night is filled with shining
Of stars unseen before;
New beauty gilds the morning,
The shadows come no more.

Dear heart, you hold the magic
That makes December May;
Your soul touched mine with sleeping,
And turned the night to day!

FIDUS ACHATES

WHAT gift from the mist and shadow,
In the hurry and bustle of life,
Do we reach for and long for most,
Out of the dust and strife?
Out of the coming and going,
Amid the losses and gains,
What do we ask as a recompense
For a harvest of tears and pains?

Only a hand to lead us
Over the thorney way,
Some patient heart to whisper
When our feet shall go astray;
Only a rest by the wayside,
When we've grown a-weary of tears,
A tenderness gleaned from the harvest of love,
Best gift for our toilsome years.

SPRING.

The spring is near; I know by the sound
Of the soft wind through the trees;
I know by the scent of the meadow-lands
That is borne on the morning breeze;
I know by the sound of the dancing brook
As it leaps, and ripples, and sings,
And hurries along from the mountain-top
With the moistening life it brings.

—*Returned.*

SORROW.

Will morning break all strangely pale for thee,
And shadows hide thy heart away from dawn,
Because a presence loved has ceased to be,
Because a something out of life has gone?

—*Good Night.*

JOHN STUART BLACKIE.

THE subject of this sketch is a prophet not without honor even in his own country. Indeed, it would be scarcely too much to say that in Scotland no living name is held in greater and more general estimation than that of John Stuart Blackie. The reason is not far to seek, and is to be found partly in the Professor's writings, but chiefly in the Professor himself—in his originality and strength of character, in his broad, human sympathies, combined with all that is wholesome in the sentiment of nationality, in his kindly humor and genial disposition, in his earnest citizenship, always asserting itself by the side of his profound attainments, and in his very presence, which is thoroughly typical and worthy of the man and known almost everywhere in education-loving, lecture-hearing Scotland. It is not often that a really popular poet or a really popular man is met with in academic halls. But if there is a scholar who is the opposite of a Dry-as-dust, it is Professor Blackie: and no one has written verses more true to the best and soundest instincts of every-day humanity than he has done.

The son of a banker, John Stuart Blackie was born at Glasgow on July 28, 1809. While he was yet an infant, his father removed to Aberdeen, and here the embryo preceptor received his earliest training, first at a private school and then at Marischal College. When of the age of fifteen he proceeded to Edinburgh University. At the conclusion of his course at Endinburgh he enlarged his acquisitions by visiting Göttingen, Berlin, and Rome. The two years thus spent were prolific of result. The student obtained a thorough mastery over the German and Italian languages. It now became necessary for him to adopt a profession, and, returning to Scotland, he selected law, being, after due preparation, called to the bar in 1834. He, however, never practiced. Essentially literary in his instincts, he soon discovered a more congenial occupation, and became a contributor of reviews to *Blackwood*, *Tait* and *Foreign Quarterly*. He also published at this period an excellent metrical translation of Goethe's "Faust," with notes and prolegomena, of which a second edition has been issued. In 1841 Mr. Blackie was chosen Professor of Humanity in his old college at Aberdeen; this position he held for eleven years. He was elected (in 1852) to the chair of Greek, at Edinburgh. This position he continued to hold until 1882. For thirty years he applied himself devotedly and enthusiastically to his work, ever broadening his own knowledge while imparting to others, and ever winning the regard and reverence of his pupils. Of the position which he occupies as a Grecian; of the zeal with which he has endeavored to vivify the language by the adoption of the modern Greek pronounciation; and of the views which he advocates in reference to linguistic studies generally, it would be here superfluous to speak. It is with the poetical, rather than with the academical, side of the Professor's versatile genius that we are principally concerned. Mr. Blackie has collected a sum of £12,000, and has been mainly instrumental in founding a Celtic Chair in Edinburgh University, and he has lectured widely both in England and Scotland. H. E. B.

"THE JUNG-FRAU OF THE LURLEI."

(A Legend of the Rhine.)

WHO sails with penant waving gay
  So swift adown the Rhine?
A chief I see with ostrich plume,
  A chief and boatmen nine.

As swallow swift with dipping wing,
  So swift they glide along,
And ever as they lift the oar
  They raise the merry song.

It is the young Count Palatine
  That fares in that swift boat,
And he a deed of strange intent
  Within his heart hath thought.

For he hath heard of the Jung-frau
  That on the Lurlei stands,
And he in haste is coming now
  On her to lay his hands.

By Mary Mother hath he sworn
  The maiden shall be mine—
Now fresh to work, my merry men,
  And row me down the Rhine!

The pilot was an aged man:
  Deep thought with blithe content
Upon his weather-beaten brow
  And cheek was friendly blent.

"I rede thee, young Count Palatine,
  I rede thee well," quote he,
"I am a man of many years,
  Though but of low degree.

"I rede thee well, Count Palatine,
  My spirit bodes no good
Of this strange voyage that we sail;
  We do not as we should.

"The virgin of the Lurlei rock,
We know not what she be:
She may be of the Angel race;
She is no bride for thee.

"Or an Undine she may be,
A daughter of the stream;
Rough mortal hand to touch a maid
So pure may not beseem.

"For ofttimes at calm eventide,
As native fishers tell,
When mellow shines the parting light,
And chimes the vesper bell,

"She beckons with a friendly hand,
And, pointing to the flood,
There, if you fish, she seems to say,
Your fishing will be good.

"And whoso, with the rising sun,
First casts where she hath shown,
The choicest fish that Rhine can boast
That day he calls his own.

"I rede thee well, Count Palatine,
My heart misgives me sore,
I rede thee, turn from this Jung-frau,
And think on her no more."

"Have thou no fear, my pilot true,
Thou know'st I mean no harm,
The maid shall grace my festal board,
Shall rest within my arm.

"And be she of Undine tribe,
Or of the Angel race,
The Heaven that gave the heart to dare,
Shall crown the deed with grace!"

And to his words a loud halloo
His merry comrades shouted;
The pilot strove to smile in vain;
He shook his head and doubted.

And plash, and plash, and hallo-ho!
Still gaily on it goes
Adown the stream, till to their view
The Lurlei rock uprose.

And on that rock there shone a sheen
Of mingled sun and moon,
And as they nigher came, they heard
A strange unearthly tune.

But wondrous sweet. The Jung-frau sate
Beside the silver sand,
And held a string of amber beads
In her uplifted hand.

And her the mellow-setting sun
And mellow-rising moon
Beshone, as moveless there she sate,
And sang her witching tune.

"Now, by high Heaven! that golden hair
That eye of blue is mine!"
So spake, and sprang with sudden leap
The young Count Palatine;

But sprang too soon. His hasty step
Missed the deceiving shore;
The whirling eddy sucked him down;
He sank, and rose no more.

* * * *

BEAUTIFUL WORLD.

Beautiful world!
Though bigots condemn thee,
My tongue finds no words
For the graces that gem thee!
Beaming with sunny light,
Bountiful ever,
Streaming with gay delight,
Full as a river!
Bright world! brave world!
Let cavilers blame thee!
I bless thee, and bend
To the God who did frame thee.

Beautiful world!
Bursting around me,
Manifold, million-hued
Wonders confound me!
From earth, sea and starry sky,
Meadow and mountain
Eagerly gushes
Life's magical fountain,
Bright world! brave world!
Though witlings may blame thee,
Wonderful excellence
Only could frame thee!

The bird in the greenwood
His sweet hymn is trolling,
The fish in blue ocean
Is spouting and rolling!
Light things on airy wing,
Wild dances weaving,
Clods with new earth in spring
Swelling and heaving!

SOW NOT IN SORROW.

Sow not in sorrow,
  Fling your seed abroad, and know
God sends to-morrow
  The rain to make it grow!
A fool is he his woe who feeds,
And seeks the thorn by which he bleeds,
While harmless culled from bloomy meads
    The rose comes to the wise.

The past no prayer can bring again,
The future cheats the scheming brain,
The present with its golden grain
    Is garnered by the wise.
Let each to-morrow
  Do to-morrow's work with power;
But he soweth sorrow
  Who lives beyond the hour.

While mad ambition stints his sleep,
To scale the skies and plumb the deep,
I trim my little plot, and reap
    My roses with the wise.
Dreams you may borrow,
  From the vasty space around;
My work is thorough
  In my narrow bound.

Phrygian Midas prayed of old
That all he touched might turn to gold,
But thus his dinner, we are told,
    Was lost to him unwise.
He found a sorrow
  Where he hoped a golden joy;
From Midas borrow,
  And be a wiser boy.

When storms with wintry muster come,
And Jove beats loud his thunder drum,
I sit beside the fire and hum
    The song that cheers the wise.
Fear bringeth sorrow;
  'Mid the world's confounding din,
Peace you may borrow
  From faith that's strong within.

When friends are false and patrons frown,
And railway shares go swiftly down,
Weep not! the cross becomes a crown,
    By magic of the wise!
Nurse not your sorrow;
  Though the cloud be dark to-day,
God sends to-morrow
  The bright and cheering ray.

When hireling scribes retail their lies,
And keen the shaft of slander flies,
I see a cherub in the skies
    That smiles upon the wise.
Spur not your sorrow;
  Though the tempest rave to-day,
God sends to-morrow
  The peaceful beaming May.

When juggling statesmen trim their sails
To catch a whiff from shifting gales,
I wait the hour when truth prevails,
    And triumph with the wise.
Dream not to borrow
  Peace from faction's battling waves;
He reapeth sorrow,
  Who trusts in fools and knaves.

When things once strong go to the wall,
And creeds decay, and churches fall,
What then? God reigns above them all,
    The Saivor of them all.
Why should we sorrow,
  When a sphere reels into night?
God can to-morrow
  Make new worlds more bright.

Thus when a world a-warring goes,
No fretful thorn my finger shows,
While on my breast I wear the rose,
    The star that decks the wise;
Sow not in sorrow;
  Fling your seed abroad, and know
God sends to-morrow,
  The rain to make it grow.

SOME BOOK-WORMS WILL SIT AND WILL STUDY.

Some book-worms will sit and will study
  Alone, with their dear selves alone,
Till their brain like a mill-pond grows muddy
  And their heart is as cold as a stone.
But listen to what I now say, boys,
  Who knows the fine art to unbend:
All labor without any play, boys,
  Makes Jack a dull boy in the end.

There's Moodie, no doubt he's a fellow
  Of heart, and of head has no lack,
But his cheek, like a lemon, is yellow,
  And he bends like a camel his back.
I tell him the worst of all evils
  Is cram; and to live on this plan

Is to nourish a host of blue devils,
  To plague him when he is a man.

Sure Solomon knew what was fitting
  To keep a man juicy and fresh,
And he says there is nothing like sitting
  O'er books to bring grief to the flesh.
From quarto to folio creeping,
  Some record of folly to gain,
He says that your red eyes are keeping
  Dull watch o'er the night oil in vain.

I guess you have heard many sermons
  Not wiser at all than my rhymes,
But perhaps you don't know what determines
  Their sense to be nonsense sometimes.
Though bright the great truth may be beaming,
  Through dimness it struggles in vain
Of vapors from stomach upsteaming
  Unhealthy, that poison the brain.

Beside her old wheel when 'tis birring,
  A spinster may sit and may croon,
But a mettlesome youth should be stirring,
  Like Hermes with wings to his shoon;
With a club, or a bat, or a mallet,
  Making sport with the ball on the green,
Or roaming about with a wallet,
  Where steamboats and tourists are seen.

Then rise from the lean-visaged study,
  That drains all the sap from your brains;
Give your face to the breeze and grow ruddy
  With blood that exults in the veins.
Trust me—for I know what I say, boys—
  And use the fine art to unbend,
All work, with no season of play, boys,
  Makes Jack a dull boy in the end!

MOONLIGHT.

Thou mystic moon that o'er the dim gray sound
  Ray'st forth a yellow stream of thin, cold light,
If aught thou hast of knowledge more profound
  That told might profit bring to mortal wight,
Tell me: if not, why should I rack my wit
  To shape me what thou art, or whither bound,
Or what strange souls, for fleshly coil unfit,
  Find a meet lodgment on thy spotted round?
Dream dreams who will beneath the glimmering moons,
  And with dim ghosts commune that flit about,
I have no brains to waste on hazy ruins,
  That being read but stir more doubtful doubt;
Shine on me, Sun! beneath thy clear, strong ray
  To live and work is all the bliss I pray.

LEE C. HARBY.

MRS. LEE C. HARBY, now a resident of New York City, was born in Charleston, South Carolina, and is a lineal descendant of the Harbys of that state, many of whom have been distinguished in southern literature and in the naval service of our country. Her father, Mr. Marx E. Cohen, after graduating at the University of Glasgow, in Scotland, married Miss Armida Harby, and settled in their native city of Charleston, South Carolina, where he built a residence, dividing his time between that and his magnificent plantation of "Clear Spring," inherited from his father. Mr. Cohen's children were one son, the eldest, and five daughters, of whom the subject of this sketch was the youngest but one. The brother being generally absent from home, at school, at college, and then in the army of the Confederacy (where he finally met his death near the close of the war), the father's domestic taste led him to his daughters for company. Young Lee, having more taste for out-door life than the occupations of the house, became his companion, walking, riding and driving with him wherever he went—or, at other times, following the bent of her natural inclinations, she wandered alone through the woods which surrounded the plantations, and along the beautiful streams which flowed through them. Thus she grew up a veritable child of nature, imbibing with every breath of her young days a love and appreciation of God's work. She had not even that knowledge of the world which school children acquire from each other, as she never attended school for more than three months. Her education was conducted at home by her father and a great-aunt, a highly cultured lady, who had raised her brother's orphan children, of whom Mrs. Harby's mother was one.

Mrs. Harby married her second cousin, Mr. J. D. Harby, a son of Capt. L. C. Harby, U. S. N. They lived in Galveston, Texas, until 1879. While living in that city one of her first articles, entitled "Christmas Before the War," was published.

In 1879 Mr. and Mrs. Harby removed from Galveston, Texas, to Houston, Texas. Up to this time Mrs. Harby's poetical works had been reserved for private distribution, written on suitable occasions for her friends. Hitherto she had strenuously opposed giving her poetry to the public, but about this time she was invited to write a poem of welcome to the Texas Press Association, which met in Houston during the spring of 1880. The invitation was accepted, and the piece, though far from her best, was so well received and so

widely published that her name became at once known and her work admired in all parts of the state. Soon after this she knocked at the doors of the magazines, and they were opened to her. She is a contributor to the best newspapers and periodicals, contributing poetry, essays and historical sketches in addition to fiction. "The City of a Prince," a historical sketch of a colony of Germans planted in Texas by Prince Sohns Braunfels, of Austria, was published by the *Magazine of American History* in October and November, 1888, and won for Mrs. Harby the honor of an unsolicited election to the American Historical Association. She is also a member of Sorosis, having been elected to that eminently literary woman's club while still a resident of the South—the only such instance, as the writer of this believes.

F. S. B.

DAPHNE.

It happened in the fabled days of old
That from his bow two arrows Cupid sped;
The one was tipped with shining point of gold,
The other, weighted with a barb of lead;
The first its victim's heart would set afire,
The last would stay, forever, all desire.

Apollo, in his god-like beauty dressed,
Within his soul received the golden dart;
While 'neath the warmth of Daphne's swelling breast
The leaded arrow chilled her pulsing heart.
The one consumes with an enduring flame—
The other holds all love as cause for shame!

He woos her with the sweet tones of his lyre,
Reveals to her his high, celestial state;
Sues lovingly—yet can not love inspire,
But grows more ardent as she shows her hate.
The nymph, at last, deserts him as he woos,
Then flies, fleet-footed, when the god pursues.

With shoulders bare and hair upon the wind,
With fear-winged steps she flees from his embrace;
But swifter still Apollo speeds behind
And gains upon her in the length'ning chase;
Then unto Heav'n ascends her hurried prayer:
"Oh! change my form—if *this* he deems so fair!"

'Tis done! Her feet no more obey her will,
But, rooted to the ground, support the height
Her form assumes. The stems with branches fill;—
A laurel tree but greets Apollo's sight!
He throws his arms about the slender bole
And to its swaying boughs pours out his soul:

"O Daphne! thou hast spurned the Sun God's love,
Yet even in this form shall feel my fire!
Thy leaves shall drink my light, thy green blood move,
And bud and blossom answer my desire.
While men shall weave thy foliage in a crown
To speak my praise and Poesy's renown.

"Apollo's own, fair Laurel, thou shalt be—
The high reward for Music, Art and Song;
And, as successful thou eludest me,
To victors shall thy glistening leaves belong;
A sacred thing shall be the laurel wreath
To crown a Poet's life or Hero's death!"

VI AMORIS.

Some time, and who can say of when or where?
I lived in scenes which breathed of Paradise,
And bore life onward with such rushing wings
That all of time seemed compassed in an hour—
An hour wherein was crushed the whole of joy
Which man's existence may dare hope attain—
An hour wherein a tide of ecstasy
Surged o'er the low, waste levels of a life
Made bare and fruitless thro' sheer lack of love!

But in those scenes I lived, yet knew not when
Love came to me,—full handed as the spring
Came soft to me, with largess grand and free
She kissed my eyes with warm, caressing lips,
And pressed to mine the velvet of her cheek;
Turned to my own her gracious, smiling mouth,
Intoxicating with her flower-sweet breath
The current of my blood; wrapped her white arms
Around me, and drew down my brow, pain pale,
Upon the throbbing fairness of her breast,
And straightway in that touch pain turned to bliss!
Low whispered she: "In all the glow of youth
I come to take from thee some stretch of years;
Thro' me thou shalt be young, and from my strength's
Perfection, strength imbibe, till thou dost feel
The lusty riot of the heart's new blood
Astir within thy veins as Earth's great heart
Doth stir when, kissed to fruitfulness by rain
And sun, she thrills with mighty motherhood

And soon gives birth unto the products of
The circling year."
With large embrace she drew
Me close within her arms, infused my soul
With rapture, while my spirits rose to heights
Before undreamed; then, in that hour, to me
All things grew possible and I waxed strong—
Imbued with forceful fire thro' strength of Love!

The scene has passed; I know not if 'twas lived
Or dreamed, to stir my nature's deepest depth
And so evoke the gifts which slumbered there.
But this I know, that surely yet again
Will Love come to me; then, with clinging hands,
Draw me unto the heaven of her breast,
And say, 'twixt kisses, "Thou hast earned this meed!"

MY BOY.

Do you know I have had such a wonderful dream!
It was queer as a vision could be;
And I laughed in my sleep as I saw all the things
That came down from the skies—just for me!

There were garments of lace, with soft socks and wee boots—
Just as cute as they ever were made;
There were caps, and such robes! and a rattle of bells,
With a handle all coral inlaid.

And they fell from a perfectly cloudless blue sky—
Floating down just as though they had wings,
While I puzzled my brain to discover some use
For such very remarkable things.

I was sure they would prove much too small for myself,
And that I, for the bells, was too old—
So I pondered it over; but soon something else
My attention completely controlled.

With a laugh and a shout there came two merry boys,
Who between them a casket upbore;
And they looked like the cupids familiar to us
When we conned mythological lore.

"We have found out a use for those garments," they said—
"For those socks and that coraline toy;"
Then they smiled, and the casket laid low at my feet—
And, behold, in its depths—a wee boy!

Oh! his skin was like pearl, and his eyes darkly brown,
While his lips seemed with strawberries fed;
His soft hair loosely curled and like vine-tendrils clung,
But the shade—would you think it?—was *red!*

Yet his smile was so sweet my heart melted with love,
And I called him my life and my pride,
While I cradled him soft in my covetous arms
And nestled him close by my side.

Why! you seem to imagine this can not be so!
Yet my dream is a truth and a joy;
Would you prove it? Then look in the cradle and see
My magnificent auburn-haired boy.

IN VERNAL SHADES.

At rest upon the dewy lap of earth,
My fancy turns to mythic legends sweet;
My dreaming thoughts to changeful scenes give birth,
Which, fair as visions, are as visions fleet.

Each sight and sound recalls the fabled days
When ruled great Pan o'er forest, stream and vale;
Again fair Syrinx to the Naiad prays,
Then, changed to reeds, gives music to the gale.

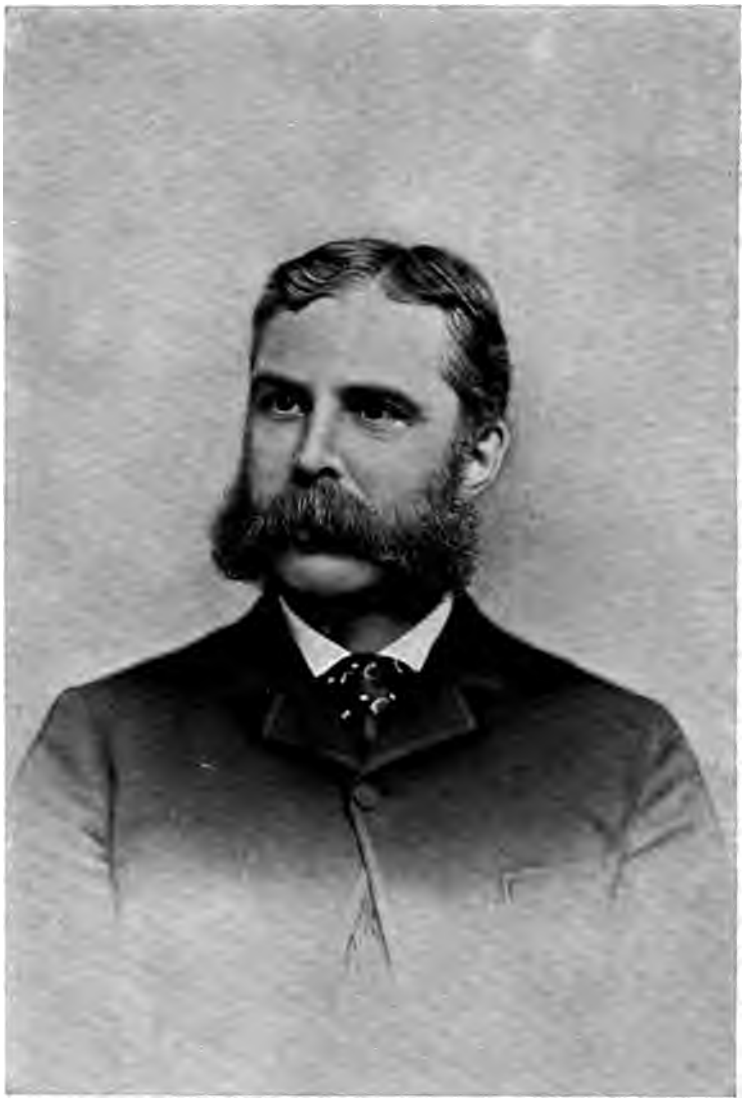
I feel the cooling touch upon my lip
Of purple grapes impearled with dews of morn,
And I, with Bacchus, wine delicious sip,
Then follow Ceres thro' the rustling corn.

In Enna's fields, a-sway on stately stem,
The honeyed lilies tempt the wild bees' kiss;
Persephonë, delighted, gathers them,
But lets the flowers fall when seized by Dis.

A tangled mass of crimson roses sweet
Drops fragrant petals on the verdant sod;
There Love, to shield his mother indiscreet,
With one fair blossom bribes the silent God.

* * * * *

At rest upon a vernal couch of earth,
My senses steeped in spring's soft ecstasy,
These phantasies in glowing dreams had birth,
Which to Olympic heights transported me.



James E. White

JAMES T. WHITE.

"I would be measured by my soul;
The mind's the stature of the man."

THE ethics taught by our Puritanical ancestors, "line upon line and precept upon precept," formed a part of the early training of James T. White, and his success in life is mainly due to his unswerving integrity combined with intense earnestness and energy of character. His grandfather, Rev. George White, a man of literary taste and a minister of the Church of England, came to this country in the early part of the present century and settled in Canterbury, Conn. On his maternal side, Mr. White is descended from the Ashbys, a prominent and distinguished family of England, connected by marriage with Cowper, the poet, and other men of note. The father of Mr. White, who resided in Canterbury, Conn., married the daughter of William Ashby, of Newburyport, Mass., and went to Boston, where he shortly afterward died. The widow returned to her parents in Newburyport, Mass., where she died soon after giving birth to a child—the subject of this sketch—July 3, 1845. He, with his sister, was adopted by a maiden aunt, and to her he is indebted for the moral and physical training which laid the foundation of his success in life. He enjoyed the advantages of a good common school and academic education, graduating with honor at Brown's High School at Newburyport. At the age of seventeen he removed with his aunt to the Pacific coast, and soon after obtained a situation as porter in the publishing house of H. H. Bancroft, San Francisco, Cal. Three weeks following he was promoted to the position of salesman, and at the end of six months he was placed at the head of the retail department, a position second only in importance to that of a partnership interest. He availed himself of the social advantages thus offered, and in 1869 married a niece of his employers, Miss Florence C., daughter of Geo. H. Derby, Esq., of Buffalo, who established the original business of H. H. Bancroft & Co., his employers. He remained with this firm ten years, and in 1873 he severed his connection and became the general agent and manager of Appleton & Co., on the Pacific coast. With increased responsibilities he developed equivalent executive ability, and was soon foremost in the ranks of a large corps of workers employed by this extensive publishing firm. A man of great versatility and unlimited resource, he devised new plans and schemes for developing the business and was soon on the road to wealth. In his intercourse with schools and colleges he observed the imperfect and rather ambiguous methods of teaching the anatomy of the human system. This led to his invention of the Physiological Manikin, one of the most ingenious yet simple devices ever invented for this purpose. Its merits were at once appreciated by the various institutes of learning, and so great was the demand that he decided to close out all his other business interests and devote his attention to the manufacture and sale of his new invention. He came East in 1886 and settled in New York, where, with increased facility and a wider field of operation he soon established a large and lucrative business, of which he is the center and the life.

Mr. White has always evinced an enthusiastic love of literature, a study which served him as a relaxation from the strain incident to an active business life. The peculiar charm of his verse lies in its purity of technique and its happy turn of expression. Most of his work has been in the line of *vers d' occasion*, although he has published two holiday volumes, "Flowers from Arcadia" and "A Bouquet of California Flowers."

In appearance Mr. White is not tall, but is so genial and surrounds himself with an air of such gentle dignity that his presence may be called commanding. His quick sympathies and his keen sense of honor draw him very closely to the hearts of others, while his conversation, sparkling with happy turns, delights all who listen. As a husband he is all that is loyal and true; and as a father earnest and winning. He has four children, and his eldest boy, who is nearly twenty-one years of age, has become his companion and secretary in the publishing business. E. T. Y. P.

ORANGE BLOSSOMS.

ABIDE with me, O gentle guest!
Thy presence brings to me sweet rest:
  Thy hands bring soothing to my brow:
  The words such sympathy avow,
Thy going leaves me all unblest.

Still fairer shall thy bower be dressed;
Anticipated each request;
  One song thy life shall be,
  If thou abide with me.

I would not longer have thee guest;
I can not hold thee uncaressed
  So near my heart: Sweet love, be thou
  My queen; Love's tenderest name allow,
And ever in his happy rest
  Abide with me!

CLEMATIS.

TRUST.

If hearts are dust, hearts' loves remain,
And somewhere, far above the plane
Of earthly thoughts beyond the sea
That bounds this life, they will meet thee
And hold thee face to face again.

And when is done Life's restless reign,
If I hereafter but regain
Heart's love, why should I troubled be
If hearts are dust?

By Love's indissoluble chain,
I know the grave does not detain
Heart's love. The very faith in me
Is pledge of an eternity,
Where I shall find heart's love again,
If hearts are dust.

PLATYSTEMON.

CONFESSION.

Thou hast taught me, my beloved;
Thou hast taught me:
Taught me Life's profounder meaning;
Taught me honor, virtue—weaning
Me from all ignoble things:
On Imagination's wings
Taught me how to soar, and find
Rarest pleasure in the mind:
Taught me Life's dull incompleteness
Without Love's renewing sweetness:
From the height of thy pure soul
Taught me passion to control;
And hast brought me
At thy gentle feet to learn
What thy clearer eyes discern.

Thou hast blessed me, my beloved,
Thou hast blessed me:
Blessed me with thy tender eyes,
Which look on me with such a wise
My faint soul grows strong again,
As the flowers after rain:
And they rest me,
While they more and more enchain.
Thou hast blessed me with thy words:
Sweeter than the song of birds,
They have soothed my weary brain,
Banished every care and pain
That distressed me,
And a new strength put within me
To resist delights that win me
From the duty God commands.

Thou hast blessed me with thy hands,
Which have ever shared my toil,
Heeding neither ache nor soil,
And caressed me,
Making all my burdens lighter,
And the sky of hope still brighter.
Dear hands—only made for smoothing
Restless pillows, and for soothing
Tired hearts—would they were mine
To have and hold by right divine!

Dost thou love me, my beloved?
Dost thou love me?
Thou whom I have from afar
Watched and worshiped, like a star
That above me
Shines, and yet may never know
The blessings that its beams bestow?
Thou hast taught me, thou hast blessed me
And with happiest thoughts possessed me
But to love me
Is the crowning of all blessing;
Making me by thy confession
Rich beyond all power to measure;
Royal—crowned by thy sweet pleasure
Sovereign of a fair domain
I had never thought to gain.
Blessing, honor, rest thou art,
And with undivided heart,
Dear, I love thee—
Love thee more than words can tell:
And I would that my caressing
Could bring thee so rich a blessing,
And forever more compel
Love's peace in thy heart to dwell.

CEANOTHUS.

ABSENCE.

The day is night when thou art gone; the night
Is long, and silence, like a roaring sea
By angry tempest driven, thunders on
My utter loneliness and solitude.
O, friend beloved, how can I part from thee!
How can I say farewell to those bright eyes,
Those eyes which bless me with their tender light
How can I say farewell to those soft hands,
Those hands which hold me in their light caress!
How can I say farewell to those soft lips,
Those lips which teach me Love's divinest law!
How can I say farewell to that dear heart,
That heart which is to me my heaven, my all!
No, no, dear love, I can not part from thee;
My heart on angel wings will follow thee,

And find thee, wheresoe'er thou art; will hold
Thee still in sweet embrace, and whisper Love's
Unwearied story to thy listening ear.
My thoughts in sweet companionship will still
Thy gentle footsteps lead where sunniest skies
Their azure keep undimmed, and genial climes
Perpetual fragrance shed. My thoughts, with Love's
Transforming wand, will touch the wild flowers in
Thy path, and bid them yield a sweeter breath
And wear for thee a brighter face and smile.
They will sweet odors bring of home and friends
And dear remembering hours, if happily they
May tempt a restless, wandering thought, and turn
Remembrance back to homelier scenes and me.
Sweet heart, my thoughts thy guardian angels be,
And bring thee safe to home, and love, and me!

LULLABY.

SLEEP, baby, sleep, while softly I
Sing lullaby, sweet lullaby.

What sweeter song can minstrel sing
Than lullaby, sweet lullaby?
For life's most tender memories cling
To lullaby, sweet lullaby.
With lullaby on mother's breast
Are baby's bright eyes lulled to rest:
With lullaby is Childhood stayed,
Its sorrows soothed, its fears allayed.

With lullaby Love comes to Youth
And wraps him in delicious dreams—
Until a golden lock, in sooth
The only prize worth winning seems:
From Manhood's brow all troubles fly
When loving wife sings lullaby:
Old Age gains strength and comfort when
He hears this lullaby again.

TO ARCADY.

To ARCADY hast thou ne'er been?
Then let me give the mystic key—
The pass-word that shall take thee in
To Arcady.

Love, love that worketh charity;
That holdeth all mankind as kin;
That beareth human sympathy.

Love is the only door therein;
And love, the "open sesame"
Whereby thou may'st an entrance win
To Arcady.

CLIFFORD A. LANIER.

IF CLIFFORD LANIER had never written a line of poetry, his life would have been akin to that of "The Dumb Poet," so beautifully described by Mrs. Margaret Preston. But, happily, Mr. Lanier has not been content with the day-dream of thoughts that never shape themselves into words for others, but has given utterance from time to time to high aspirations and original fancies. In his supremely modest way he has allied himself with those whose delight it is to assist in making, however humbly,

> "Life, Death, and the Vast Forever
> One grand, sweet song."

His poems, as yet, are only "birds of passage" through the periodicals, but it is to be hoped that they will find their way into a volume some day. Their chief characteristics are a blending of spirituality and ideality, a reverence for all that is pure in art and passion, a hopeful outlook, and a quaintness of thought that often clothes itself in quaintness of expression.

There are some charming lines in "The Spirit of Art," "Time, Tireless Tramp," "Love's Reserve" and "Acknowledgment," and these pieces show Mr. Lanier at his best in a lighter vein. "The Power of Prayer" (written in collaboration with his nobly endowed and distinguished brother, Sydney), is full of humorous realism, and is a bright addition to our slender stock of negro dialect poetry, worthy of the name. Sydney and Clifford Lanier were united in sympathy, as well as through the bond of close relationship, and since the deeply lamented death of the former, the latter must ever feel that for him

> "There hath passed away a glory from the earth."

He is, however, blessed by the unfailing consolation of a happy married life. He was born April 24, 1844, at Griffin, Ga., and was christened Clifford Anderson Lanier, after his maternal uncle, the present Attorney-General of Georgia. He was educated at a private grammar school until the age of thirteen, after which he entered into a business clerkship for one year, followed by a course of study at Oglethorpe College. He left there, however, when he was seventeen, and entered the Confederate army at eighteen. This was the second year of the war, and he began his military career as a private in the infantry. He was then transferred to signal service, and the duty of a mounted scout in Virginia, until October, 1864. After that he became the signal officer on a blockade-runner from the port of Wilmington, N. C. The

ship was foundered at sea, January, 1865, and the crew was rescued by the schooner Orville. Clifford Lanier found his way back to join his command by proceeding to Cuba, and running the blockade into Galveston, Texas. There he heard of Lee's surrender, and gave himself up as a prisoner of war to Wilson and Smith's Federal Corps at Macon, Ga., May, 1865. Afterwards he became a hotel clerk, a most uncongenial occupation for a poet, and a man of the gentlest refinement, and kept at his post until 1872. He has since entered into general business in Montgomery, Ala. He has only gratified his earnest delight in literature "by stolen sips," as he aptly expresses it, "until recently." Some years ago he wrote "Thorn-Fruit," which he describes as "a sketch of a novel, youthful folly, literary wild oats!"

Among his published short stories may be mentioned, "The Doctor's Story," and "The Mate's Race With The Banshees." The latter has some dramatic strength, and an eerie element that would have pleased Hawthorne. The story was evidently suggested by the author's experience as a blockade-runner.

W. H. H.

THE SPIRIT OF ART.

SHAPELESS, yet with Ravana's twenty hands!
Invisible weaver of the mighty loom,
Weaving the fabric of humanity's doom,
Whose broidered hem is bright with bord'ring strands
Of color, tone and subtly patterned shapes!
Teach us the secret of thy fingers' skill,
Preach us a truth—"art genius or self-will?"
Weave us a cloak revealing what it drapes!

Unlike the patriarch, thou hast much wine
And art not drunken, Shem, Japheth, we
Must backward grope in trembling modesty
And clothe this shining nakedness of thine;
For who so, son-wise, with a reverent heart,
Will strip himself to lend thee of his dress
Shall know the blessing of thy tenderness
And dwell forever in the tents of Art.

TIME, TIRELESS TRAMP.

O TIME, thou running tramp so fleet,
If thou wouldst only lag awhile!
I pause to ease my weary feet
And thou has sped a mile.

How long a journey may I take
With thee? Is life but just one stage?
Our next inn death? New life the break
Of dawning age on age?

This globe thou sawest in the prime,
When molten, candent from the hand
Of Jah; and when hoar cosmic rime
Englassed the glacial land.

Millennial eons round, like flowers,
Thou must have known in bud and bloom;
And secular days from crescent powers
Waning to sunless gloom.

Didst chat with Luna ere she grew
So chastely sad and ghostly cold,
About her fairness ere she knew
The wrinkle of growing old?

Art come to age's memory yet?
Wilt gossip of thine earliest days?
The middle countless years forget
And sing us primal lays!

A hundred thousand springs eclipse
In blank forgetfulness. Retrace
Some million stades, and on thy lips
And around thy youthful face

Let speak the word, let shine the light
That sang and shone when stars were born
Wert thou Beginning's eremite
Unwed, alone, forlorn?

How old wert thou when Adam played
With Flora and the Fauns and Pan?
What time throned Jah from lustrous shade,
Spake music unto man?

Beyond do vaster oceans roll?
How long canst thou expect to be?
Time for body, Eternity for soul,
Hast reached maturity?

Thou seem'st a Jack-o'-lantern thought,
E'er dancing over fens of fern,
Fitful, afeared of getting caught,
And dark when thou shouldst burn.

Did God exhale thee while he slept,
The very vapor of his breath,
That, Breath of Life, thou yet hast kept
The Elfin-ness of Death?

COURAGE! SOME REMAIN.

(To Fever Heroes of 1888.)

DAY'S timid winds have taken flight
And fluttered thro' cloud lattices of light;
Delays one bolder breath of eve,
As loath to leave.

Yon cloud of doves, now fleeing fast,
Within far western vistas, dim and vast,
Leaves one of more courageous breast
Than all the rest.

In autumn, twilight of the year,
November's icy fingers clutch, and drear
Frost eats all nuts and oaken mast,
Yet one will last.

The maddest blast of winter's rage,
And frail bamboo, with waxen feuillage,
In shivering vigil waits the sun,
A Red Cross nun.

The summer's fiery greed hath dried
The pear tree's sap till scarce one bloom abide
To tell of spring's embroidery.
All do not die.

For some will woo October's grace,
Forgive his moody days and smile apace
At his June-aping ways, and kiss
When his wish is.

When that mysterious plague, the dread
Germ-millioned midge dance, tropic-gendered,
Seethes all the air with ghouls; debauch
His pitchy torch.

Enkindles for the time's despite,
And frenzied refugees thread panic's night;
Then some high soul, affusing Christ,
Bid maelstrom whist.

Such loyal hearts, when all else flee,
And tumult armed throngs hope's Gethsemane.
And faith must die, turn eyes of mist
Toward Him, the Christ.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

(To all who loved S. L.)

As in our planet-mocking globe of dew
May lucent glow the full-spanned arc of blue:

Since one clean stroke of Time's star-guiding bell
Unending woe or happiness may tell:

Since came a world of light from just one word
Of God, and all the stars of morning heard:

Then let one word from mortal now express
A fervent sound of grateful tenderness.

LOVE'S RESERVE.

(To Wilhelmein)

The poet raptured, gazing wifeward, said:
"Thou art the self of beauty to my sight;
From dainty feet to glory-crowned head
Thy figure shapen is in lines of light:
With perfect rhyme those lithe arms upward spread
A pulsing couplet form in rhythm night:
And o'er thy bosom drape the vestments white,
Tenderly, as words by music vestured.
If verse now had the graphic warmth of sun,
If Love would body what his heart would hide,
If thou wert less than very vestaled nun,
Dear love, of thee might yield to Art's fond pride,
And, dressed in poet's breath—these veils aside—
Thou shouldst be wife and poem merged in one."

CARGOES OF LOVE.

The soul is proven every day; each hour
Life holds a mete-wand up to me and you,
To test the spirit's depth and girth and power—
Whether the seasoned timbers hold yet true.

Of amber fineness this divining-rod,
The cargo silken rich, the ballast gold;
The ship-holds swell with freightage dear to God,
Pure samite tinct of heaven in bale and fold.

We are the ships (our unsure voyage, Time);
They sail from Birth, and touch awhile at Death.
Our Coan silk, e'er sought of every clime
To vesture mart and home, airy as breath,

Is given, not bought with aught beneath the sun.
Its consignor hath sure been God above;
The loom is Christ whereon it may be spun,
And all earth's isles be clothed with cloth of Love.

PUELLA LAUREATA.

TO ——

Maker of novels, drama and of song;
Trident-swayer of emotion's trembling sea!
Thou fragile masterdom of ecstasy.
Serenely floating yon high waves among!
Feminine Prospero, whose magic tongue
Doth wing Sprite-Ariels of Poesy
And vassal Calibans of fantasy,
Till seems the sea a charmed isle up-sprung;
And maiden thoughts Mirandas are, whose grace
Appeals to wonder, to our love and praise—
In beauty far out speeding e'en the spite
Of swift detraction! Bide in such high case
The woman still thou art for tenderest ways,
And reign, girl Prospero, an isle's delight.

MRS. E. MAYHEW EDMONDS.

MRS. ELIZABETH MAYHEW (WALLER) EDMONDS is chiefly known in literature for her advocacy of the claims of the modern Greeks to full recognition in the world of letters. This interest in Greece has been shown through various publications from time to time—in *Macmillan's Magazine*, *The Academy*, *Woman's World*, etc.—but chiefly in a volume of translations in verse of the poems of modern Greece. Before the appearance of "Greek Lays," however, Mrs. Edmonds wrote a small volume of poems called "Hesperas." In the "Sonnets of Europe" she also represents Greece in the two sonnets by Provilegios and Rhangabe. A novel called "Mary Myles" is her most recent work. The above, with the exception of some fugitive poems and sonnets, which are scattered in different magazines, are at present the sum of Mrs. Edmond's literary work, which did not commence until the autumn of her life; which circumstance, however, is not to be ascribed to a then awakening of the faculty of authorship, but to the fact of its repression in youth and to other circumstances. Almost in early childhood a talent for verse-making showed itself, which, from many discouragements, seemed to have died out as womanhood approached. She might almost be considered as self-taught, for the education derived from the voluntary tutorship of an elder brother was too often interrupted to be taken much into account. The best part of her life was wholly absorbed by domestic matters, brightened by her devotion to many varied studies.

H. A. T.

THE POET'S WIFE.

My head is weary with a sense of loss,
  Although the summer tide is all aglow;
What e'er I look upon seems turned to dross,
  With thoughts that stifle, and with thoughts that grow.

I knew it was my beauty woke his theme,
  Mine eye that made his verse with passion flow;
And I was proud and happy. Did I deem
  That he would mount, whilst I was left below?

The years have made him famous, and the years
  Have weighed upon me with exceeding weight;
Betwixt us two, there day by day appears
  A deeper valley, and a steeper height.

Did I not see the looks of cold surprise,
  When on his arm amid the courtly hall?
The questioning glances and uplifted eyes,
  As though they whispered, "Does her face recall

Aught that could e'er those glowing lines inspire
  Which on a sudden made the world to pause
And ask with rapture, 'Whence caught he this fire?'
  Who is the maid, and where, that is the cause?"

And so I go no more to clog his joy
  With the sad thought I am no fitting mate
For his ripe years: he was but yet a boy
  When for my "starry eyes" he tempted fate.

All day I sit alone, and on my knees
  His poems lie open, and I strive in vain
To lift my soul to his, my weak brain sees
  Words, words, and only words, and words again.

But yet I will not tell him I have grief,
  For he would seek in some way to atone;
I would not see, for my poor heart's relief,
  My eagle moping by the ingle stone.

HESPERAS.

Hesperas—in the evening, 'neath the arch
  Of thick leaves stirred by the soft western wind,
Where the last gold ray lights the dusky larch,
  And trembles through the beech arms low inclined,
Between the pauses of the throstle's song,
  Between the interchange of loving thought,
In simple rhymes some inner feelings strong,
  I bring to 'guile the hour (yet not unsought);
While, circling round, the blithe bat's filmy wings
  With quick erratic motion fan the face,
In eager hasting, ere swift darkness brings
  The time to seek its shrouded nesting-place.
When Love is speaking, Love will listen long;
  And deep-browed night her dew-damp cloak drew round
Full oft, whilst my dull pipe in lingering song—
  From ears indulgent grateful welcome found.

* * * * *

O, BEAUTEOUS DEATH!

To be beloved, we only need to die
  O, beauteous Death! that giveth us this boon.
However long our hearts in bondage lie,
  Love in its warm embrace will hold us soon;

And they who know us not, or know us wrong,
  Will by degrees come nearer to our side—
Will see the things that unto us belong,
  And, as the shadowing veil is drawn aside
Will note some fairness where they saw a stain—
  Will strive each tone and accent to recall—
And with a sudden tenderness will strain
  Love-longing eyes, then hoping to know all.
Were this thy only gift, this would be why,
O, beauteous Death! methinks, 'tis well to die.

ATHENE SAD.

A bas-relief of "Athene" lately discovered in Athens, exhibits in the face of the goddess an expression of sadness instead of the usual type of intellectual calm.

ATHENE with a cloud upon her brow!
  She who in majesty serene—severe
  We aye have seen with blue eyes gleaming clear
In all the calm of wisdom's strength; and now,
Out from the sculptured marble which below
  The earth hath slumbered many an untold year,
  The goddess looks, but looks upon us here
With all the saddened lineaments of woe!
Came there prophetic vision 'fore the eye
  Of him who felt the joy of Art abound,
That stayed the exultant chisel raised on high
  And carved unwilling record—seeing around
  Fanes desolate, and hearing for resound
Of pæans—an exceeding bitter cry?

THE BYRON CENTENARY.

(January 22, 1888.)

LET not the heart of England grieve to-day
  That by an alien race, in alien tongue,
  The memory of her poet-son was sung
Alone. Than his loved Hellas who could pay
A more befitting homage? No dimmed ray
  Shines round his brow for her who still hath clung
  To him so fondly. Dwells there us among
A greater love than hers? Who, who dare say?
For him, then, who would wish a higher lot
  Than to be thus remembered by her
    To whom he gave the best things of his heart—
  The noblest, purest? Who will now aver
    'Tis not enough that by this better part
He triumphs—that his Greece hath not forgot?

THE AKROPOLIS OWL.

THE nightingale sings in the royal close,
  Where amaranths are carpeting the ground;
Although it doth not woo the musky rose,
  Whose fragrant canopies with buds abound,
But hath its faithful partner nesting near
  The splashing fountains, or the freshet green.
The garden is a sanctuary; fear
  Mars not the joy which goes their love between.
But on the rough Akropolis alone
  The speckled-breasted owl hath still its home,
Making the ruined Parthenon its own,
  Where nightly with soft winging it doth roam
In freedom, yet in danger, and its cry
In shrilly sadness 'plains for memories gone by.

THE SUDDEN CLOUD.

AS ERST I looked upon my dear love's brow,
  Where shone the summer of a sweet content,
Amazed, I saw a sudden shadow grow,
  And all the sunlight in a moment shent.

Taking her hand, "Nay, sweet, whence comes this cloud
  Unheralded, that thus doth bring alloy?"
Her tear-gemmed eyes this rising thought avowed—
  "Grief treadeth still upon the heels of joy."

THE TRYSTING TREE.

THREE EPOCHS.

SOFT is the wind that is stiring the grass
  Where is sleeping the pale anemone;
I heed not the moments which sweetly pass,
  Pink and white blossoms are clust'ring the tree.

* * * * *

Bright is the sun that is gilding each bough,
  Bright are the smiles that are greeting me,
Bright is the golden hair shading a brow,
  Ruddy red apples hang thick on the tree.

* * * * *

I have waited here till the shadows come,
  I have waited long whilst the hours flee,
I am waiting still in the mist and the gloom,
  One by one fall the dead leaves from the tree.

ADAM SCHOLES.

ADAM SCHOLES, of Detroit, Michigan, is a striking example of the gracious workings of a divine creative power, that substitutes, in return for some faculty removed, added delicacy or increased fineness of the soul's outreachings from the material man. Mr. Scholes, a gentleman of stalwart build and in superb health, when nearing the prime of life became bereft of vision; lost not suddenly, but by slow degrees, that added by irresistible encroachments to the mental agony of contemplating the darkened life awaiting him. While holding a responsible position in a leading manufacturing establishment of that city, his eyesight, strained at times by his work, began to weaken, and he became totally blind, over thirteen years ago. And yet his sightless orbs, dark blue in color, give less outward evidence of his affliction than the occasional hesitating step that marks his advent in some unfamiliar spot. In his comfortable home and the adjacent park and diverging avenues, he walks with the assurance of familiarity, but elsewhere this fails him, and the sympathetic friend or stranger meeting him will feel sincere regret for the noble appearing man's irretrievable misfortune.

With this untoward affliction, there came to Mr. Scholes a new gift; an intuitive perception of the inner life and its future possibilities. Thoughts in rhythmical measure were evolved in harmony with the new life of the mind that had suddenly developed. In composing, Mr. Scholes mentally indites, revises and memorizes his productions before calling in an amanuensis, and when read to him from print can note even the displacement of a punctuation mark as promptly as a competent proof-reader.

By birth, Mr. Scholes is Irish, a native of County Westmeath, first seeing the light about fifty years ago in the little village of Moate, some forty miles from Dublin. From that city he reached Detroit twenty-seven years ago. Reared in the strictest orthodox faith, he has, for many years, accepted the more liberal teachings of the times.

W. E. J.

"BLIND."

Oh! can it be I'm blind for life?
No more shall gaze on friends or wife,
Or beauteous nature all around,
Where loveliness doth so abound?

Ah, yes, 'tis so! I bow my head!
I'm blind till numbered with the dead,
Until released from earthly strife,
A spirit free, in spirit life.

It cheers me, though, to think the day
May not be *very* far away,
When I shall join those gone before,
And see the light of heaven once more.

What now to me seems dark and drear,
In coming years may yet be clear,
Quicken, oh, God, my inner sight!
Help me to see thy ways are right!

THANKSGIVING.

With grateful hearts we'd come to thee,
O, thou All Potent Energy!
A song of thanks to Thee we'd sing;
Harvest has crowned the toil of spring,
And plenty reigns o'er all the land,
The gift of thy benignant hand.

The gifts of nature all are thine!
Accept our thanks, O God, divine;
For morning dew and evening rain,
For verdant fields and golden grain,
For countless blessings Thou hast given,
And for the hope at last—of Heaven.

Dear Lord, on this Thanksgiving day,
May hate and anger pass away!
And as we hope for Thy sweet Heaven,
Forgive as we would be forgiven,
And strive to reach that peaceful shore,
Where jars and discord come no more.

This day our thanks we tender Thee!
From slavish passion set us free,
Insure the answer to our prayer,
By giving us a heart sincere;
Lord of the harvest's bounteous store,
We'd praise Thee, now and evermore!

Giver of blessings, all our days
Will not suffice to speak Thy praise!
Our inability's complete;
We bow in silence at Thy feet—
The heart by Thee is understood—
We mourn our past ingratitude.

ERIN.

Oh! Erin, dear Erin, the land of our birth,
The loveliest isle on the face of the earth,
How long shall you groan 'neath the weight of t
rod,
How long shall your prayers be unanswered
God?

Mary E. Ireland

And how long shall it be before you will stand
'Mid the nations of earth, our dear native land!
Oh, Shades of the Martyrs, who died for the right,
Pray with us! Pray with us for Erin to-night!

Oh! England, proud England, now dare to do right!
Be just to poor Erin, be just in thy might,
Thy powerful hand of oppression now stay;
You've crushed her too long, in a merciless way.

Let her make her own laws! The demand is but just,
And sooner or later, proud England, you must!
A storm is brewing that will break forth in wrath,
And woe to the tyrant it finds in its path!

Thy epitaph, Emmet, the world will yet read!
Regardless of country, of race, or of creed,
All men shall be brothers, and all will unite
In defending the weak and upholding the right.

All over the world there is gathering a cloud!
Oppressors and despots, it comes as your shroud;
When it passes away the sun will shine bright,
Oppressors and despots all burried from sight.

Then cheer up, old Erin, for you shall yet stand
'Mid the nations of earth, our dear native land!
Oh! Shades of the Martyrs, who died for the right,
Pray with us! Pray with us for Erin to-night.

POETRY.

THERE's poetry in winning ways,
In every soft and tender tone;
There's poetry in simple lays,
There's poetry in love of home.

There's poetry in rippling brooks,
And in the ocean wild and wide;
There's poetry in loving looks,
When those we love are by our side.

It's in the soft, low whispering breeze,
And in the tempest's fearful roar,
That rend to shred the giant trees,
That dash the wild waves to the shore.

There's poetry in every flower
Dispensing fragrance on the air;
And in the calm, still twilight hour
Where nature seems in silent prayer.

All nature is one varied poem,
Mysterious though the lines may seem;
Throughout the universal dome
The writings of a God are seen.

MARY E. IRELAND.

MRS. MARY E. IRELAND, whose maiden name was Haines, has lived for many years in Baltimore, where her husband, John M. Ireland, is in business; but her native place is in Cecil County, Maryland. There, in the old homestead of her parents, she was born, grew to womanhood, was married and lived for some time afterward. She has had three children, one who died in infancy, and a son and daughter now grown to man's and woman's estate. Mrs. Ireland was educated at the Ladies' Seminary of Jamaica, Long Island. She has talent for music, painting and the cultivation of flowers, beside that for literary work, of which last she has done quite a good deal in both the writing of original stories and translating from the German. "Red Carl," recently published, is one of her translations; others are "Lenchen's Brother," "The Platzbacker of Plauen," and "Betty's Decision." One of her early efforts was an article published in *Scribner's Magazine* for 1876, entitled "The Defoe Family in America." It was quite a success, attracting a good deal of attention. She has written many other magazine articles, short stories and serials, two of her stories taking prizes. "Benard Westerman," a serial, was recently published in the *New York Witness*. Her first book was a collection of her short stories woven into a continuous narrative and entitled "Timothy: His Neighbors and His Friends." Another treating of missions has been accepted by a prominent London firm. She has still another original work nearly ready for publication.

Mrs. Ireland is a blue-eyed, brown-haired, pleasant-faced lady, very agreeable in manner and conversation; is blessed with health and strength, and leads a busy, happy, useful life. M. F.

AT THE PARTY.

I GAVE her a rose, so sweet, so fair;
She picked it to pieces while standing there.

I praised the deep blue of her starry eyes;
She turned them upon me in cold surprise.

Her white hand I kissed in a transport of love;
My kiss she effaced with her snowy glove.

I touched a soft ringlet of golden brown,
She rebuked my daring with haughty frown.

I asked her to dance in most penitent tone:
On the arm of a rival she left me alone.

This gave me a hint; I veered from my track,
And waltzed with an heiress to win my love back.

I carried her fan and indulged in a sigh,
And whispered sweet things when my loved one was nigh.

It worked like a charm; oh, joy of my life!
This stratagem wins me a sweet little wife.

MOTHER AND SON.

POSTMAN, good postman, halt, I pray,
And leave a letter for me to-day;
If it's only a line from over the sea
To say that my Sandy remembers me.

I have waited and hoped by day and by night,
I'll watch—if spared—'till my locks grow white;
Have prayed, yet repent that my faith waxed dim
When, passing, you left no message from him.

My proud arms cradled his infant head,
My prayers arose by his boyhood's bed;
To better our fortunes he traversed the main;
God guard him and bring him to me again.

The postman has passed midst the beating rain,
And my heart is bowed with its weight of pain;
This dark, dark day, I am tortured with dread
That Sandy, my boy, may be ill or dead.

But, hark! there's a step! my heart, be still!
A step at the gate, in the path, on the sill;
Did the postman return? my letter forget?
Oh, 'tis Sandy! Thank God, he loves me yet!

TRANSITION.

SHE is lying in state, this fair June day,
While the bee from the rose its sweetness sips;
Her heart thrills not at the lark's clear lay,
Though a smile illumines her pallid lips.

What glorified form did the Angel of Death
Assume to her view, that it left the bright trace
Of a jubilant welcome? His icy breath
Froze the sunny smile on her fair young face.

Did angels with snow-white wings come down
And hover about her dying bed?
Did they bear a white robe and a starry crown
To place on their sainted comrade's head?

Did her gaze rest on valleys and pastures green,
Where roses in beauty supernal bloom?
Where lilies in snowy and golden sheen
Fill the air with their heavenly, rare perfume?

Did strains of sweet music her senses entrance
While Earth, with her loved ones, receded in air?
Did friends who had left it, to greet her, advance
And joyfully lead her to dwell with them there?

Did she cross the deep Jordan without any fears,
For all were now calmed on her dear Savior's breast?
On pinions of light did she mount to the spheres
Where all is contentment, and pleasure, and rest?

All this we may truly and humbly believe,
For Christ to the Bethany sisters did give
The comforting promise, which all may receive:
"He that believeth, though dead, yet shall live."

THE ANSWER.

"WOULD you live your whole life over,
Grandma, dear?" said I one day
To the sweet-faced aged Christian
Journeying on the heavenward way.

"Would you leave your staff, your blindness,
Your eighty years and ten,
Your wrinkles and your deafness,
To be a child again?"

With a tearful look of terror
At the prospect dark and drear,
"Leave the very gate of Heaven,
For a second sojourn here?"

"No, my darling!" said she meekly;
In her voice a solemn thrill,
"Worlds on worlds could never tempt me,
Save it were my Master's will."

SYMPATHY.

WHY art thou troubled, oh, my cherished friend!
Thy simple pleasures shadowed thy life through
Because the benefactions thou would'st do
Are not within thy reach to give, nor lend,
No sanctuaries found; no treasure send
To foil grim Poverty. In thine own view
Art helpless, useless; longing good to do,
Yet powerless. Let Friendship thee defend.
Thy tender heart ne'er turns from humble needs,
And while thou toilest for the household band
Dependent on thee, blessings crown thy head
For light which thou on somber paths hath shed.
Had God intended thee to do great deeds
He would have placed the means within thy hand.

PRIZE RONDEAUX.

FIRST PRIZE.

FOR MY DEAR LOVE.

(*An Opal.*)

For my dear love I long to bring
Some rare and dainty offering.
I'll steal a rainbow from the sky
To paint my joy when she is nigh;
The fairness of her form to sing,
I'll mount me on a poet's wing;
Through winter frost, each flower of spring
Shall speak and tell her how I sigh
For my dear love.

Nay, nay, this is but loitering;
See, here, a tiny, rounded thing,
Where all sweet shades imprisoned lie,
Her blush, the flowers, the rainbow sky;
Now, I will set this in a ring,
For my dear love.

SECOND PRIZE.

YOU LOVED ME ONCE.

You loved me once. Ah, yes! and though
'Twas not for me aside to throw
Faith, duty, honor, nor to let
Love's seal upon my heart be set—
I smile to think you loved me so!

A bud that Fate forbid to blow—
An airy dream of long ago,
So slight, I almost could forget
You loved me once!

Long since, O friend, time's balmy flow
Your hurt hath mended, and I know
No cruel image haunts you yet,
Save Passion's gentle ghost, Regret,
Who sometimes, happily, murmurs low—
You loved me once!

THIRD PRIZE.

WHERE TIBER FLOWS.

Where Tiber flows to meet the sea
With measured, stately harmony,
Under the mellow, Roman skies
The story of a nation lies,
Traced by Time's finger mournfully.

The air is full of memory,
And, from the pinioning post set free,
Shadows of yesterday arise,
Where Tiber flows.

The Cæsars, robed in majesty,
Virgil beneath the Mantuan tree;
Lucretius, pale with life's surprise,
And Horace, witty, gay and wise,
Praising his prattling Lalage,
Where Tiber flows.

SPECIAL MENTION.

4.

IN WHATELY GLEN.

In Whately Glen the maples glow;
The year's last watch-fires, burning low,
From darkling grove of spruce and pine,
With flash, and glitter, and silver shine,
The hurrying waters downward flow.

And Nature's lovers thither go;
For all their mistress' moods they know,
And they shall see her fair and fine,
In Whately Glen.

Up on the height the breezes blow;
The velvet hills range row on row,
Out to the far horizon line;
Full draughts of Nature's choicest wine,
With lavish hand she doth bestow,
In Whately Glen.

5.

BENEATH THE ELMS.

Beneath the elms one perfect night
In August, when the cool, clear light
Of a white moon made deepest shade,
We lingered, and she shyly laid
Her sweet head on my shoulder, quite
Content to rest; while only flight
Of swift hours cankered our delight,
Whispering soft words, all unafraid,
Beneath the elms.

The shining river on our right
Slid by unheard; while cool and white
Her slim hands pressed mine as we made
Old vows; her sweet lips' touch allayed
The sting of parting; ah, that night
Beneath the elms!

6.

'TIS ALMOST NIGHT.

'Tis almost night; the shadows gray
Creep chill athwart the dying day.
The bird no more its sweet song trills,
And e'en the music-loving rills
With murmured sighs glide on their way.

So in the West, life's parting ray
But faintly glows, nor long can stay.
I feebly whisper, "As God wills,"
'Tis almost night.

Yet sings my soul without dismay,
The shadows soon shall flee away.
His glory all my being thrills,
And floods *beyond* the western hills,
Where pallid lips no more shall say
'Tis almost night.

7.

IF I WERE YOU.

If I were you, if I were you,
My little child with eyes so blue,
So love-enfolded, free from care,
Of evil yet so unaware—
No tear should e'er my eye bedew.

I'd dance and sing the daylight through,
And gather flowerets where they grew,
As if I knew the time were rare,
If I were you.

But yet my foolish thought I rue!
The time were over if you knew.
With childish years the heart must pair.
A shattered toy would be despair
To break my heart with weeping, too,
If I *were* you.

8.

A PERFECT HEART.

A perfect heart! Ah, tell me where
It lies, that I may win and wear!
If in your breast it be not found
I will not search in baser ground,
But yield me up to my despair.

So many hearts, the world around,
Yield to the touch a hollow sound,
I fear me I shall never share
A perfect heart.

I will not look in upper air
If yours is not beyond compare,
Yet mine with yours would fain be bound,
Perhaps the two, in union crowned,
May form that wonder-sweet and fair—
A perfect heart!

9.

THIS YELLOW ROSE.

This yellow rose an hour ago
He bartered for my jacqueminot.
First time we'd met, but in the dance
Friendships with rapid pace advance.
Now shall I keep this flower or no?

I care not for him. Let it go
Into the ruddy fire, although
He gave with tender word and glance
This yellow rose.

I'll keep it! In a year or so
We may be lovers—who can know?
The future's long and full of chance—
Then what a lucky circumstance
To have his gift of long ago,
This yellow rose!

PRIZE AWARD.

For the best Rondeau (on any subject) received by the editor on or before December 1, 1889, one hundred dollars. First prize, $50; second prize, $30; third prize, $20.

First prize won by Margaret A. Logan, Vicksburg, Miss. Second prize won by Julia Ditto Young, Buffalo, N. Y. Third prize won by May Lennox, Canastota, N. Y.

Judges: John Boyle O'Reilly, Florence Earle Coates, Ella A. Giles, Rev. Patrick Cronin, Charles M. Dickinson and N. Leila Michel.

Number of poems sent in competition, 261.

AUTHORS.

1. Margaret A. Logan. 2. Julia Ditto Young. 3. May Lennox. 4. Mrs. Julia Tafft Bayne. 5. J. A. Ritchie. 6. Fannie Pavey McHarg. 7. Selma Paine. 8. Charles H. Crandall. 9. Louise S. Cogswell.

NIAGARA.

SELECTIONS.

NIAGARA.

TITAN of waters! ever hastening on
  Toward where increasing dire confusion breeds;
Magnificent and dread to look upon,
  As some last charge of battle when great deeds
  Grow triumph—like the untamed pampas steeds.
Spurning the turf, and tossing wild and free
  Their foam-flecked manes, bounding the whistling reeds
And brown grass of the broad plateaux—thou sea
Of thunder and turmoil, what power has earth like thee!

Earth trembles 'neath the fury of thy track.
  Woe be to him who meets so fierce a foe!
How the impatient waves crowd back on back,
  Trampling their comrades to the undertow!
  Where on th' upsurge the foam flies to and fro,
Scattering its pearls all prodigal to air,
  Sky-storming mists in billowy squadrons go
Rioting along their bridge of rainbowed air—
What earthly pageant can with thy dread might compare!

How vain man's strength to thine! With daunted eyes
  I watch thy mob of white waves' roaring rout
Wrestling as though for some Olympian prize,
  And changing blows, like champions bold and stout,
  Where the hoarse breakers thronging round about
Spume on the shore, and flaunt their feathery spray,
  The rough swart boulders stand in dumb redoubt,
Shouldering the buffeting, seething waves away
That leap and bound them round like dolphins lithe in play!

Yet ofttimes in their prone, compulsive flight,
  The hard-pressed billows lift, and rally back
As white plumed warriors, swept along a fight,
  Turn, lion-wrathed, at foemen on their track,
  And the heaped field is heaped with wrath and wrack
'Till the round welkin rings—so dauntlessly
  They deal those following many a doughty thwack,
And, swoll'n with might, let their fierce prowess free,
Wild as the Berserk's rage in his death ecstasy!

But where the Island breaks thy slippery storm
  Against its bare defence of gnarléd rock,
Along whose rampart throngs the frothing swarm
  With wildering clamor and tumultuous shock,
  Around whose outposts lift a frenzied flock
Of toiling waves their foiled defying hands,
  Then turn in deadly strife and fatal lock,
And rage in furious and disordered bands—
Even there Heaven's bow of peace its beauteous arch expands!

Thus onward to the brink! there sheer and deep
  The black rock bastions, one wide mountain wall,
Around whose base and storm-confounded steep
  Cloud-mingling terrors hold their carnival,
  Straining their sinews in expectant thrall.
Forced in one straight, impetuous, final charge,
  Thy waves rush headlong, with tremendous brawl,
Far o'er the serried front and shelving marge,
And then are tossed in rout and whelmed in ruin large!

So down uncounted ages, with a roar
  Of whirling chariots and hard-trampling horse,
Thou heav'st along thy breadth of watery war,
  And bravest all things in thy maddening course.
  And so thou speed'st forever! thy blind force
Moves always on, like Life to Death's dull chime,
  Streaming from some earth-wombed primeval source
To the broad ocean, rolling on sublime,
Tireless as fate, the circling spheres, and time!

Well art thou named Niagara! for thou
  Wear'st on thy hoar and naked presence broad
The deep-graved signet of a kingly brow,
  As that of some old heathen river-god
  Stretched by his fountain on the upland sod,
Indifferent as Time to mortal fare—
  Scorning man's might, which on thee never trod,
Still on and on thou dost, increasing, bear
Without a hope, joy, love, ambition, fear or care!

Thou hast for man a lesson, could he know
  What thou art saying in thy thunder tones,
For, like a prophet of impending woe,
  Thou preachest ever to the senseless stones
  One dread account of life; and in thy moans
Thou seam'st to wail and shadow forth thy fate
  When thy vexed waves have gnawed thy rugged bones,
And all thy grandeur shall be out of date,
Spoiled of thy rainbow crown, thy robes, and thy estate!

CRAVEN LANGSTROTH BETTS.

—For *The Magazine of Poetry*.

NIAGARA.

RIVER that runnest with tempestuous note,
With rioting eddies and tumultuous tide,
And maelstroms struggling in the chasm's throat
A thousand tempests in thine onset ride;
A thousand storms, whose thunders never died
When o'er the misty meadows of the air
The volleying clouds were scattered far and wide,
Charge in mad wheel, like furious horsemen, where
Their frothing squadrons plunge around the embattled square.

But, as thy waters throng the sheer decline,
What image in the mind's fantastic world—
Of mighty cavalry down some path malign,
Unseen, unguessed, with trampling turmoil whirled;
Or of innumerable bison hurled
Before the hunters to a cañon's deep,
And myriads on rushing myriads swirled
Over the maddening and horrid steep—
But sinks before thy unimaginable sweep!

Far other is the vision of thy strength
Where the dire tumults fail in murmurs low;
Like level-lying lawns is thy green length,
And meadow-white the great foam-blossoms blow.
Beside thy bank, which evergreens o'ergrow,
Most like a flower-strewn Titan thou dost dream—
After some vast primeval labor's throe—
And the far cataract's snows glide and gleam
Thicker than star-foam on the milky-way's dark stream.

Methinks, brave river, muttering in thy jar
Ponderous syllables of an age-old tongue—
Heir of some boisterous sea once billowing far,
Strength of the old world's loins when time was young,
I hear thee faintlier chant a pæan flung
Along thy footpath, in Eearth's rugged prime,
When from a grander steep thy challenge rung,
And vapors rose on pillars more sublime
To where the rainbow's unsubstantial arches climb.

Emblems of youth eternal, in whose course
A thousand years are as the vasty surge
That every moment crashes, loud and hoarse,
Into the torment of the whelming gurge,
Why do thy floods such march impetuous urge?
No sovereign voice exhorts thy restless tide
In one impatient hour its life to merge,
Lest some unconquered good may yet abide
When thy spent waters in the solemn sea subside.

Thy lips do swallow up my tiny voice;
My thoughts lie baffled in thy torrent's spell.
Yet in thy shock and riot I rejoice,
Type of humanity when life did well
Lavish and buoyant as thy chanting swell,
When all its days to stormy music ran,
Unconscious of the sea-goal seaward fell;
When, laughter-like, thy spray flew in its van,
And as thy chainless flow was the free heart of man.

RICHARD E. DAY.

NIAGARA.

ALMIGHTY voice that callest me from sleep,
Sleepless thyself through all the past of time,
And still unspent, inscrutable, sublime,
What answer can I make thee but to creep
And hide my silence in the all-sheltering deep
E'en of thy music? Clash of rhyme on rhyme
Offends mine ear as't were a futile crime,
Breaking the peace which reverence should keep.
Yet for my worship lacking better way,
And seeing how thy strength is crowned with grace,
And maddened with the beauty of thy face,
I am constrained to cry as best I may
And tell thee with my faint, adoring breath,
That at thy hand I fain would taste of death.

EMILY PFEIFFER.

NIAGARA.

HAS aught like this descended since the fountains
Of the Great Deep broke up, in cataracts hurled,
And climbing lofty hills, eternal mountains,
Poured wave on wave above a buried world?

Yon tides are raging, as when storms have striven,
And the vexed seas, awaking from their sleep,
Are rough with foam, and Neptune's flocks are driven
In myriads o'er the green and azure deep.

Ere yet they fall, mark (where that mighty current
Comes like an army from its mountain home)
How fiercely yon wild steeds amid the torrent,
With their dark flanks, and manes and crests of foam,

Speed to their doom—yet in the awful center,
Where the wild waves rush madliest to the steep,
Just ere that white unfathomed gulf they enter,
Rear back in horror from the headlong leap,

Then, maddening, plunge—a thousand more succeeding
Sweep onward, troop on troop, again to urge

The same fierce flight, as rapid and unheeding—
  Again to pause in terror on the verge.

* * * * *

Oft to an eye half closed, as if in solving
  Some mighty, mystic problem—half it seems
Like some vast crystal wheel, ever revolving,
  Whose motion, earth's—whose axle, earth's extremes.

We gaze and gaze, half lost in dreamy pleasure,
  On all that slow majestic wave reveals,
While Fancy idly, vainly strives to measure
  How vast the cavern which its veil conceals.

* * * * *

Whence come ye, O wild waters? by what scenes
  Of Majesty and Beauty have ye flowed,
In the wide continent that intervenes,
  Ere yet ye mingle in this common road?

The Mountain King, upon his rocky throne,
  Laves his broad feet amid your rushing streams,
And many a vale of loveliness unknown
  Is softly mirrored in their crystaled gleams.

They come—from haunts a thousand leagues away,
  From ancient mounds, with deserts wide between,
Cliffs, whose tall summits catch the parting day,
  And prairies blooming in eternal green;

Yet the bright valley, and the flower-lit meadow,
  And the drear waste of wilderness, all past—
Like that strange Life, of which thou art the shadow,
  Must take the inevitable plunge at last.

Whither we know not—but above the wave
  A gentle, white-robed spirit sorrowing stands,
Type of the rising from that darker grave,
  Which waits the wanderer from Life's weary lands.

How long these wondrous forms, these colors splendid,
  Their glory o'er the wilderness have thrown!
How long that mighty anthem has ascended
  To Him who wakened its eternal tone!

That everlasting utterance thou shalt raise,
  A thousand ages ended, still the same,
When this poor heart, that fain would add its praise,
  Hath mouldered to the nothing whence it came;

When the white dwellings of man's busy brood,
  Now reared in myriads o'er the peopled plain,
Like snows have vanished, and the ancient wood
  Shall echo to the eagle's shriek again.

And all the restless crowds that now rejoice,
  And toil and traffic, in their eager moods,
Shall pass—and nothing save thine awful voice
  Shall break the hush of these vast solitudes.

HENRY HOWARD BROWNELL.

NIAGARA.

THOUGH the dusk has extinguished the green
And the glow of the down-falling silver,
In my heart I prefer this subdued,
Cathedral-like gloom on the water:
When the fancy capriciously wills,
Nor loves to define or distinguish,
As a dream which enchants us with fear;
And scarce throbs the heart unaffrighted.
With a color and voice of its own
I behold this wondrous creature
Move as a living thing,
And joyous with joy Titanic.
Its brothers in sandstone are locked,
Yet from their graves speak to it.
It sings to them as it moves,
And the hills and uplands re-echo.
The sunshine kindles its scales,
And they gleam with opal and sapphire.
It uplifts its tawny mane,
With its undulations of silver,
And tosses through showers of foam,
Its flanks seamed with shadow and sunshine.
Like the life of man is its course,
Born far in some cloudy sierra,
Dimpled and wayward and small,
O'erleaped by the swerving roebuck;
But enlarging with mighty growth,
And wearing wide lakes for its bracelets,
It moves, the king of streams,
As man wears the crown of his manhood.
It shouts to the loving fields,
Which toss to it flowers and perfume;
It eddies and winds round its isles,
And its kisses thrill them with rapture;
Till it fights in its strength and o'ercomes
The rocks which would bar its progress.
The earth hears its cries of rage,
As it tramples them in its rushing,
Leaping, exultant above
And smiting them in derision;
Till at length, its life fulfilled,
Sublime in majestic calmness,
It submits to death, and falls
With a beauty it wins in dying,
Still, wan, prone, till curtains of foam inclose it,
To arise a spirit of mist,
And return to the heaven it came from.

As deepens the night, all is changed,
And the joy of my dream is extinguished:
I hear but a measureless prayer,
As of multitudes wailing in anguish;
I see but one fluttering plunge,
As if angels were falling from heaven.
Indistinctly, at times, I behold
Cuthullin and Ossian's old heroes
Look at me with eyes sad with tears,
And a summons to follow their flying,
Absorbed in wild eerie rout,
Of wind-swept and desolate specters.
As deepens the night, a clear cry
At times cleaves the boom of the waters;
Comes with it a terrible sense
Of suffering extreme and forever.
The beautiful rainbow is dead,
And gone are the birds which sang through it.
The incense so mounting is now
A stifling, sulphurous vapor.
The abyss is the hell of the lost,
Hopeless falling to fires everlasting.

THOMAS GOLD APPLETON.

NIAGARA.

FLOW on forever, in thy glorious robe
Of terror and of beauty. Yea, flow on
Unfathomed and resistless. God hath set
His rainbow on thy forehead; and the cloud
Mantles around thy feet. And he doth give
Thy voice of thunder power to speak of Him
Eternally—bidding the lip of man
Keep silence—and upon thy rocky altar pour
Incense of awe-struck praise.
Ah! who can dare
To lift the insect-trump of earthly hope,
Or love, or sorrow, mid the peal sublime
Of thy tremendous hymn? Even Ocean shrinks
Back from thy brotherhood, and all his waves
Retire abashed. For he doth sometimes seem
To sleep like a spent laborer, and recall
His wearied billows from their vexing play,
And lull them to a cradle calm; but thou,
With everlasting, undecaying tide,
Dost rest not, night or day. The morning stars,
When first they sang o'er young Creation's birth,
Heard thy deep anthem; and those wrecking fires,
That wait the archangel's signal to dissolve
This solid earth, shall find Jehovah's name
Graven, as with a thousand diamond spears,
On thine unending volume.
Every leaf
That lifts itself within thy wide domain
Doth gather greenness from the living spray,
Yet tremble at the baptism. Lo! yon birds
Do boldly venture near, and bathe their wing
Amid thy mist and foam. 'Tis meet for them
To touch thy garment's hem, and lightly stir
The snowy leaflets of thy vapor-wreath,
For they may sport unharmed amid the cloud,
Or listen at the echoing gate of heaven,
Without reproof. But as for us, it seems
Scarce lawful, with our broken tones, to speak
Familiarly of thee. Methinks, to tint
Thy glorious features with our pencil's point,
Or woo thee to the tablet of a song,
Were profanation.
Thou dost make the soul
A wondering witness of thy majesty,
But as it presses with delirious joy
To pierce thy vestibule, dost chain its step
And tame its rapture with the humbling view
Of its own nothingness, bidding it stand
In the dread presence of the Invisible,
As if to answer to its God through thee.

LYDIA HUNTLEY SIGOURNEY.

THE FALLS OF NIAGARA.

THE thoughts are strange that crowd into my brain,
While I look upward to thee. It would seem
As if God poured thee from His hollow hand,
And hung His bow upon thine awful front;
And spoke in that loud voice, which seemed to him
Who dwelt in Patmos for his Saviour's sake,
The sound of many waters; and had bade
Thy flood to chronicle the ages back,
And notch His centuries in the eternal rocks.

Deep calleth unto deep. And what are we,
That hear the question of that voice sublime?
Oh! what are all the notes that ever rung
From war's vain trumpet, by thy thundering side?
Yea, what is all the riot man can make
In his short life to thy unceasing roar?
And yet, bold babbler, what art thou to Him
Who drowned a world, and heaped the waters far
Above its loftiest mountains?—a light wave,
That breaks, and whispers of its Maker's might.

JOHN GARDNER CALKINS BRAINARD.

NIAGARA.

TREMENDOUS torrent! for an instant hush
The terrors of thy voice, and cast aside
Those wide-involving shadows, that my eyes
May see the fearful beauty of thy face!

LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

LEE C. HARBY.

ot all unworthy of thy sight:
›m my very boyhood have I loved,
ng the meaner track of common minds,
k on Nature in her loftier moods.
fierce rushing of the hurricane,
near bursting of the thunderbolt,
been touched with joy; and when the sea,
l by the wind, hath rocked my bark, and
›wed
rning caves beneath me, I have loved
ıgers and the wrath of elements.
ver yet the madness of the sea
noved me as thy grandeur moves me now.

ı flowest on in quiet, till thy waves
›roken midst the rocks; thy current then
onward like the irresistible course
ıiny. Ah, terribly they rage—
arse and rapid whirlpools there! My brain
wild, my senses wander, as I gaze
he hurrying waters; and my sight
would follow, as toward the verge
the wide torrent. Waves innumerable
ıere and madden—waves innumerable
n and overtake the waves before,
sappear in thunder and in foam.

reach, they leap the barrier—the abyss
ws insatiable the sinking waves.
sand rainbows arch them, and the woods
afened with the roar. The violent shock
rs to vapor the descending sheets,
ly whirlwind fills the gulf, and heaves
ghty pyramid of circling mist
ven. The solitary hunter near
with terror in the forest shades.

t seeks my restless eye? Why are not here
the jaws of this abyss, the palms—
delicious palms—that on the plains
own native Cuba spring and spread
hickly-foliaged summits to the sun,
the breathings of the ocean air,
›oft beneath the heaven's unspotted blue?

ıo, Niagara—thy forest pines
ɜer coronal for thee. The palm,
eminate myrtle, and frail rose may grow
lens, and give out their fragrance there,
ıning him who breathes it. Thine it is
a nobler office. Generous minds
thee, and are moved, and learn to rise
earth's frivolous pleasures; they partake
andeur at the utterance of thy name.

* * * * *

JOSÉ MARÍA HEREDIA. *Tr. anonymous.*

NIAGARA FALLS.

THERE's nothing great or bright, thou glorious Fall,
Thou mayest not to the fancy's sense recall.
The thunder-riven cloud, the lightning's leap,
The stirring of the chambers of the deep:
Earth's emerald green, and many tinted dyes.
The fleecy whiteness of the upper skies;
The tread of armies thickening as they come,
The boom of cannon and the beating of drum;
The brow of beauty and the form of grace,
The passion and the prowess of our race;
The song of Homer in its loftiest hour,
The unresisted sweep of human power;
Britannia's trident on the azure sea,
America's young shout of Liberty!
Oh! may the waves which madden in thy deep
There spend their rage nor climb the encircling steep;
And till the conflict of thy surges cease
The nations on thy banks repose in peace.

LORD MORPETH.

NIAGARA.

INTRODUCTION.

FORMED when the oceans were fashioned, when all the world was a workshop;
Loud roared the furnace fires, and tall leaped the smoke from volcanoes,
Scooped were round bowls for lakes, and grooves for the sliding rivers,
Whilst, with a cunning hand, the mountains were linked together.

Then through the day-dawn, lurid with cloud, and rent by forked lightning,
Stricken by earthquake beneath, above by the rattle of thunder,
Sudden the clamor was pierced by a voice, deep-lunged and portentous—
Thine, O Niagara, crying: "Now is creation completed!"

Millions of cup-like blossoms, brimming with dew and with rain-drops,
Mingle their tributes together to form one slow trickling brooklet;
Thousands of brooklets and rills, leaping down from their homes in the uplands,
Grow to a smooth blue river, serene, and flowing in silence.

Hundreds of smooth blue rivers, flashing afar o'er the prairies,
Darkening 'neath forests of pine, deep drowning the reeds in the marshes,
Cleaving with noiseless sledge the rocks, red-crusted with copper,
Circle at last to one common goal, the Mighty Sea-Water.

Lo! to the northward outlying, wide glimmers the stretch of the Great-Lake,
White-capped and sprinkled with foam, that tumbles its bellowing breakers
Landward on beaches of sand, and in hiding-holes hollow with thunder,
Landward where plovers frequent, with the wolf and the westering bison.

Four such Sea-Waters as this, a chain of green land-bounden oceans,
Pour into one their tides, ever yearning to greet the Atlantic,
Press to one narrow sluice, and proffering their tribute of silver,
Cry as they come: "Receive us, Niagara, Father of Waters!"

Such is the Iroquois god, the symbol of might and of plenty,
Shrine of the untutored brave, subdued by an unfathomed longing,
Seeking in water and wind, still seeking in star-glow and lightning,
Something to kneel to, something to pray to, something to worship.

Here, when the world was wreathed with the scarlet and gold of October,
Here, from far-scattered camps, came the moccasined tribes of the red-man,
Left in their tents their bows, forgot their brawls and dissensions,
Ringed thee with peaceful fires, and over their calumets pondered:

Chose from their fairest virgins the fairest and purest among them,
Hollowed a birchen canoe, and fashioned a seat for the virgin,
Clothed her in white, and set her adrift to whirl to thy bosom,
Saying: "Receive this our vow, Niagara, Father of Waters!"

* * * * *

GEORGE W. W. HOUGHTON.

SINGLE POEMS.

A CROON ON HENNACLIFF.

THUS said the rushing raven
Unto his hungry mate,
"Ho, gossip! for Bude Haven!
There be corpses six or eight.
Cawk, cawk! the crew and skipper
Are wallowing in the sea,
So there's a savory supper
For my old dame and me."

"Cawk! gaffer! thou art dreaming!
The shore hath wreckers bold,
Would rend the yelling seamen
From the clutching billows' hold!
Cawk! cawk! they'd bound for booty
Into the dragon's den,
And shout 'For death or duty!'
If the prey were drowning men."

Loud laughed the listening surges
At the guess our grandam gave;
You might call them Boanerges
From the thunder of their wave!
And mockery followed after
The sea-bird's jeering brood
That filled the skies with laughter
From Lundy Light to Bude.

"Cawk! cawk!" then said the raven;
"I am four-score years and ten,
Yet never in Bude Haven
Did I croak for rescued men.
They will save the captain's girdle
And shirt, if shirt there be,
But leave their blood to curdle
For my old dame and me."

So said the rushing raven
Unto his hungry mate:
"Ho, gossip! for Bude Haven!
There be corpses six or eight.
Cawk! cawk! the crew and skipper
Are wailowing in the sea;
Oh, what a dainty supper
For my old dame and me."

ROBERT STEPHEN HAWKE

LYNCHED.

THE tramp of horse adown a shadowed glen
Dark forms of stern, unmerciful, masked mei

The clash of arms, a cloven prison-door,
And a man's cry for mercy! Then, high o'er

The trampled ground, dim outlined in the storm.
The swaying of a lifeless human form.

F. L. STANTON.

THE DEMON OF THE GIBBET.

THERE was no west, there was no east,
No star abroad for eyes to see:
And Norman spurred his jaded beast
Hard by the terrible gallows-tree.

"O, Norman, haste across this waste,
For something seems to follow me!"
"Cheer up, dear Maude, for, thanked be God,
We nigh have passed the gallows-tree!"

He kissed her lip; then, spur and whip,
And fast they fled across the lea:
But vain the heel and rowel steel,
For something leaped from the gallows-tree!

"Give me your cloak, your knightly cloak,
That wrapped you oft beyond the sea:
The wind is bold, my bones are old,
And I am cold on the gallows-tree."

"O, Holy God! O, dearest Maude,
Quick, quick, some prayer, the best that be!
A bony hand my neck has spanned,
And tears my knightly cloak from me!"

"Give me your wine, the red, red wine,
That in your flask hangs by your knee:
Ten summers burst on me accurst,
And I'm athirst on the gallows-tree."

"Oh, Maude, my life! my loving wife!
Have you no power to set us free?
My belt unclasps, a demon grasps
And drags my wine-flask from my knee!"

"Give me your bride, your bonny bride,
That left her nest with you to flee;
Oh, she hath flown to be my own,
For I'm alone on the gallows-tree."

"Cling closer, Maude, and trust in God!
Cling close! Ah, heaven, she slips from me!"
A prayer, a groan, and he alone
Rode on that night from the gallows-tree.

FITZ-JAMES O'BRIEN.

CORPUS DELICTI.

LIPPED by the oozy waters of the tide,
Low in the dank, limp death-fringe of the sedge,
Ghostly and purple in the falling night;
With features swollen beyond all shape of life:
With limbs that show death's horrors in their twists:
With hands that clutch, but hold naught in their grasp:
With hair that swims and fringes to the wave,
And eyes that shine not, save in phosphorous fires,
Through life, through life! It comes, and floats, and lies
Thus ever, It, the Body of the Crime!

God! God! I gaze, I can not flee nor stir:
And gazing, hark! Out in the twilight dim,
O'er the dull sluggish flood of earthy waves,
Sounds a hoarse voice, and plashes a faint oar!

E. HOUGH.

"THE BODY OF AN UNKNOWN MAN."

I CAME at dawn from out the silent house,
(The last night's kisses warm upon my lips)
Wearied the dance, and stilled the revel's rouse;
Done the long joys, where these joys found eclipse,
(The last night's kisses warm upon my lips).

I mind the street; it runneth broad and straight,
(The last night's pressure warm upon my throat)
River to river, dawn's to sunset's gate;
Trees arched it; one bird waked, I heard its note,
(The last night's pressure warm upon my throat).

I mind the wharf, a wharf disused and lone,
(The last night's whispers sighing in my ears)
Gray waters weltered 'round each slimy stone;
Gray waters weltered through its crazy piers,
(The last night's whispers sighing in my ears).

The tide went out. I marked its ebb desist,
(The last night's glances graven on my brain)
I heard, below, great horns shriek from the mist,
Saw ghosts of ships dim drifting to the main,
(The last night's glances graven on my brain).

The city woke. I heard its hum and stir,
(The last night's odors in my nostrils quick)
I said: Thank God, this is no grief to her;
This path she led she strewed with raptures thick,
(The last night's odors in my nostrils quick).

Small travail mine; long-planned and picked my way,
(The last night's kisses warm upon my lips)
I stare at noontide from the glassy bay;
Beneath my head the long swell lazy slips,
(The last night's kisses frozen on my lips).

A. E. WATROUS.

THE ANCIENT "LADY OF SORROW."

HER closing eyelids mock the light;
Her cold, pale lips are sealed; quite
Before her face of spotless white
A mystic veil is drawn.
Our Lady hides herself in night;
In shadows hath she her delight;
She will not see the dawn!

The morning leaps across the plain—
It glories in a promise vain;
At noon the day begins to wane,
With its sad prophecy;
At eve the shadows come again:
Our Lady finds no rest from pain,
No answer to her cry.

In spring she doth her winter wait;
The autumn shadoweth forth her fate;
Thus, one by one, years iterate
Her solemn tragedy.
Before her pass in solemn state
All shapes that come, or soon or late,
Of this world's misery.

What is, or shall be, or hath been,
This Lady is; and she hath seen,
Like frailest leaves, the tribes of men
Come forth, and quickly die.
Therefore our Lady hath no rest;
For, close beneath her snow-white breast,
Her weary children lie.

She taketh on her all our grief;
Her passion passeth all relief;
In vain she holds the poppy leaf—
In vain her lotus crown.
Even fabled Lethe hath no rest,
No solace for her troubled breast,
And no oblivion.

"Childhood and youth are vain," she saith,
Since all things ripen unto death;
The flower is blasted by the breath
That calls it from the earth.
"And yet," she saith, "this thing is sure—
There is no life but shall endure,
And death is only birth.

"From death or birth no powers defend,
And thus from grade to grade we tend,
By resurrections without end,
Unto some final peace.
But distant is that peace," she saith:
Yet eagerly awaiteth death,
Expecting her release.

"O Rest," she saith, "that will not come,
Not even when our lips are dumb,
Not even when our limbs are numb,
And graves are growing green!
O Death, that, coming on apace,
Dos't look so kindly in the face,
Thou wear'st a treach'rous mien!"

But still she gives the shadow place—
Our Lady, with the saddest grace,
Doth yield her to his feigned embrace,
And to his treachery!
Ye must not draw aside her veil;
Ye must not hear her dying wail;
Ye must not see her die!

But, hark! from out the stillness rise
Low-murmured myths and prophecies,
And chants that tremble to the skies—
Miserere Domine!
They, trembling, lose themselves in rest,
Soothing the anguish of her breast—
Miserere Domine!

HENRY M. ALDEN

IN THE DARK.

ALL moveless stand the ancient cedar-trees
Along the drifted sand-hills where they grow;
And from the dark west comes a wandering bree
And waves them to and fro.

A murky darkness lies along the sand,
Where bright the sunbeams of the morning sho
And the eye vainly seeks by sea and land
Some light to rest upon.

No large, pale star its glimmering vigil keeps;
No inky sea reflects an inky sky;
And the dark river, like a serpent, creeps
To where its black piers lie.

Strange salty odors through the darkness steal,
And through the dark the ocean-thunders roll
Thick darkness gathers, stifling, till I feel
Its weight upon my soul.

I stretch my hands out in the empty air;
I strain my eyes into the heavy night;
Blackness of darkness! Father, hear my prayer
Grant me to see the light!

GEORGE ARNOLD

THE ROYAL ABBESS.

IN the Abbey stall, with his vestments old,
And raveled and rent through stress of ti

The haughty bishop, St Ethelwold,
  Sat, waiting the vesper chime.

As he turned the page of his service-book,
  Beside him he heard a soft, low tread,
And, ceasing his Ave, with a look
  Of arrogant scorn, he said:

"Ah, Edith of Wilton! So, they tell,
  Thou hast not heeded me. Knowest thou
My staff is a mace that can compel
  The stattiest head to bow!

"I have bidden thee once, and now again,
  As thy ghostly father, I come to urge
That, putting aside thy royal train,
  Thou clothe thee in simple serge.

"King Edgar's daughter although thou be,
  I charge thee remember the Church allows
No choice for lofty or low degree
  To such as assume her vows.

"And yet in thy hair the diamond glows,
  Thy golden cross hath a chain of pearls;
And see, at thy throat a fresh-blown rose
  As rare as a gay court girl's.

"And under thy veil of costly lace
  Is little, I ween, of penance done;
What right to heighten a beauty's grace
  Belongs to a Wilton nun?

"*My* robe, with its reaved and ragged fray,
  And its knotted girdle of hempen string,
I would not give in exchange to-day
  For the ermine that clothes the king!"

The fair young abbess had stood before
  The priest as he spake, with lowly guise;
But there shown, when the sharp rebuke was o'er,
  A fire in her saintly eyes.

"*God* gave me the beauty that thou dost bid
  Me cowardly lessen, or meanly dim.
Nay! rather that under the rough serge hid,
  I keep it supreme for *Him!*

"My father, the king, to the court still calls;
  But even *his* summons have not sufficed
To lure away from her convent walls
  The virgin espoused to Christ.

"And I, for my holy service' sake,
  As a daughter of princes, choose that He
Who winneth me from the world should take
  My dowry along with me.

"He loved the lilies: He made them fair;
  And sweet as the sweetest incense flows
The stream of its fragrance when I wear
  For Him, on my heart, a rose.

"And, father, I doubt not there may hide
  Beneath the tatters thou bid'st me view
As much of arrogance, scorn and pride
  As ever the ermine knew!"

MARGARET J. PRESTON.

ARE ALL THE CHILDREN IN?

THE darkness falls, the wind is high,
Dense black clouds fill the western sky;
  The storm will soon begin;
The thunders roll, the lightnings flash,
I hear the great round rain-drops dash—
  Are all the children in?

They're coming softly to my side,
Their forms within my arms I hide—
  No other arms are sure;
The storm may rage with fury wild,
With trusting faith each little child
  With mother feels secure.

But future days are drawing near—
They'll go from this warm shelter here
  Out in the world's wild din;
The rain will fall, the cold winds blow,
I'll sit alone and long to know
  Are all the children in?

Will they have shelter then secure,
Where hearts are waiting strong and sure,
  And love is true and tried?
Or will they find a broken reed,
When strength of heart they so much need
  To help them brave the tide?

God knows it all; His will is best;
I'll shield them now and yield the rest
  In His most righteous hand;
Sometimes the souls He loves are riven
By tempests wild, and thus are driven
  Nearer the better land.

If He should call us home before
The children go on that blessed shore,
  Afar from care and sin,
I know that I shall watch and wait,
Till He, the keeper of the gate,
  Lets all the children in.

SUSAN TEALL PERRY.

CURRENT POEMS.

THE POET'S APOLOGY.

No, the Muse has gone away,
Does not haunt me much to-day;
Everything she had to say
Has been said!
'Twas not much at any time,
All that she could hitch in ryme;
Never was the Muse sublime
Who has fled!

Any one who takes her in
May observe she's rather thin:
Little more than bone and skin
Is the Muse;
Scanty sacrifice she won
When her very best she'd done,
And at her they poked their fun,
In Reviews.

"Rhymes," in truth, "are stubborn things,"
And to Rhyme she clung, and clings;
But whatever song she sings
Scarcely sells.
If her tone be grave, they say
"Give us something rather gay;"
If she's skittish, then they pray
"Something else!"

So she's cut the whole concern—
Lute and Lyre, and Torch and Urn,
Thoughts that breathe and words that burn,
Joys or woes;
For Parnasus is "too steep,"
And the only Muse I keep,
And that keeps me, writes a heap,
But—it's Prose!

ANDREW LANG.

—*Murray's Magazine.*

THE BLACKBIRD.

(*A Spring Song.*)

As I went up a woodland walk
In Taunton Dene,
When May was green,
I heard a bird so plainly talk
The twinkling sprays between,
That I stood still,
With right good will,
To learn what he might mean.

No yellow hornéd honeysuckle
Hath e'er distilled
The sweets he spilled
In one long dulcet, dewy chuckle—
The blackbird golden-billed—
As piping plain,
"Hope, hope, again!"
Till my heart's grief be stilled.

ALFRED PERCIVAL GRAVES

—*The Spectator.*

EXPECTATION.

UNDER the trees my Heart and I together
Await the step that nevermore will come;
Await the greeting word forever dumb!
I know not how—whether we dreamed or whether
My Heart and I, seeing the new-blown heather,
Took hope from its full glory; or the sum
Of earth's wide joy, moving our pulses numb,
Drew us abroad into the sweet warm weather.
We conned the lesson well, long, long ago,
My Heart and I—we conned the lesson well
In summer heats, in winter's stubborn cold!
That he will come no more, we know, we know;
Yet we expect him more than tongue can tell,
And listen for his coming as of old!

IDA WHIPPLE BENHAM.

—*The Independent, June 26, 1890.*

A FOOLISH WISH.

WHY need I seek some burden small to bear
Before I go?
Will not a host of nobler souls be there,
Heaven's will to do?
Of stronger hands, unfailing, unafraid?
O silly soul! what matters my small aid
Before I go?

I tried to find, that I might show to them,
Before I go,
The path of purer lives: the light was dim—
I do not know
If I had found some footprints of the way;
It is too late their wandering feet to stay,
Before I go.

I would have sung the rest some song of cheer,
Before I go;
But still the cords ring false; some jar of fear
Some jangling woe,
And at the end I can not weave one chord
To float into their hearts my last warm word
Before I go.

I would be satisfied if I might tell
Before I go,
That one warm word,—how I have loved them well,
Could they but know!
And would have gained for them some gleam of good;

Have sought it long: still seek—if but I could!
Before I go.

'Tis a child's longing on the beach at play:
"Before I go,"
He begs the beckoning mother, "let me stay
One shell to throw!"
'Tis coming night; the great sea climbs the shore—
"Ah, Let me toss one little pebble more
Before I go."

EDWARD ROWLAND SILL.

—*"The Hermitage."*

WHAT IS A RONDELET?

A RONDELET
Is like a breath of coming spring;
A rondelet,
When wild winds 'gainst the windows fret,
Is like the song which robins sing;
Or like the perfume violets fling;
A rondelet.

LILLA N. CUSHMAN.

—FOR THE MAGAZINE OF POETRY.

WHERE SUMMER BIDES.

DOWN through the mountain's silver haze,
Down through the song-thrilled wooded ways,
And 'midst the meadow's drenchéd grass,
The feet of summer swiftly pass.
"Stay! stay!" the yearning mountains cry.
"Stay! stay!" the drowsy grasses sigh.
But on and on the sweet guest flies,
With wind-blown hair and wide, still eyes.
On, on, until her eager feet
Abide amidst the yellow wheat.

LUCY E. TILLEY.

—*Harper's Weekly, June 21, 1890.*

MATER DOLOROSA.

(To Mrs. John T. Mygatt.)

SORROWFUL mother, with tear-wet face,
Thinking perchance of your boy to-day,
Seeing only his vacant place,
Missing the form you have laid away,
Though friends are loving and kindred kind,
What an empty world he has left behind.

'Tis the house of mourning, the children call
In vain for the father that can not come,
The cloud of sorrow hangs like a pall
Over your beautiful, happy home,
So loved, so lovely, your only son,
God help you to say, "Thy will be done."

Look from the sorrow, the darkness and gloom,
Think of the Home where he is to-night,
Not of the form in the silent tomb,
But the glorified spirit, so happy and bright;
Sorrowful mother, you still can say:
'Tis the Lord who has given and taken away.

MAGGIE GRIFFIN NOBLE.

—*Binghamton Republican.*

THE HIRED MAN.

I GIVE my time, my song, my life to Toil,
My brow of bronze, my arms of brawn, are hers,
For her alone each willing muscle stirs;
For her I guide the plow and delve the land,
For her my brow is wet, my face is tanned.
Sweet labor, brown-cheeked as the chestnut burs,
Thy lightest law my lagging spirit spurs,
And under heat and burden bids me stand.
So, in thy name the old line-fence I scale,
Just where the whispering maple shades the place;
I mount the panel with the softest rail,
And let the light winds fan my patient face;
And there where birds and moments idly flit—
I sit, and sit, and sit, and sit.

ROBERT J. BURDETTE.

—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

BEATRICE.

DANTE, sole standing on the heavenward height,
Beheld and heard one saying, "Behold me well:
I am, I am Beatrice." Heaven and hell
Kept silence, and the illimitable light
Of all the stars was darkness in his sight
Whose eyes beheld her eyes again, and fell
Shame stricken. Since her soul took flight to dwell
In heaven, six hundred years have taken flight.

And now that heavenliest part of earth, whereon
Shines yet their shadow as once their presence shone
To her, bears witness for his sake, as he
For hers bear witness when her face was gone.
No slave, no hospice now for grief—but free
From shore to mountain and from Alp to sea.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

—*The Athenæum.*

BEATRICE.

BREATHING through twice three hundred years an air
Of memory fresh as Morning's alter-spice,
Thou, Star of Dante—Star of Paradise,
Hast made the star of womanhood more fair;
For, though thou art now his lofty guardian there,

Victress o'er jealous Sin, who dared entice
His feet from thee—though now the high device
Of wisdom lights the wreath around thine hair—
Those eyes can dim the angels' eyes above
Because they tell what flight was thine below:
No eagle-flight past peaks of fire and snow,
But through life's leaves the flutter of a dove
Whose beating wings soothed Dante's air with love—
Struck music from the wind of Dante's woe.

THEODORE WATTS.

—*The Athenæum.*

THE WONDERFUL PASSION OF LOVE.

SHE is clad in a robe snowy white, like her purity:
Mistily floats from her forhead her hair:
And her dreamy dark eyes, looking into futurity,
Mirror the vision that breaks for her there.
In the tint of her face
And the turn of her form,
Showing never a trace
Of life's struggle or storm,
In the innocence veiling her eyes
The proof of her maidenhood lies.
But the maidenly fancies that daintily play
From her heart to her eyes and her lips,
To a welcoming haven they bear her away
As the sails do the outgoing ships.
More sweet than the olive-leaf joyfully carried by Noah's unchangeable dove.
They tell of the rise of the land that is lit by the wonderful passion of love.

Came a guest when the soul of the summer was glistening—
Stayed when the birds of the summer had flown:
At the door of her heart he stood knocking and listening,
Craving admittance with music and moan.
Ah! the mischievous god,
With his weeping and mirth,
Blighting lives at a nod,
Bringing heaven to earth—
He prevailed, and she opened her heart,
And he entered, alone and apart;
But an image he modeled from passionate life,
And he placed it within on a throne,
And she worshiped and crowned it as maiden and wife,
Till its soul was enwrapped with her own;
Till her heart was fulfilled with the radiant passion that's born in the kingdom above—
Humanity's glory, the bountiful, beautiful, wonderful passion of love.

HOMER GREENE.

—*Kate Field's Washington.*

MAN.

I WAS born as free as the silvery light
That laughs in a southern fountain;
Free as the sea-fed bird that nests
On a Scandinavian mountain;
Free as the wind that mocks at the sway
And pinioning clasp of another;
Yet in the slave they scourged to-day
I saw, and knew—my brother!

Vested in purple I sat apart,
But the chord that smote him bruised me;
I closed my ears, but the sob that broke
From his savage breast accused me;
No phrase of reasoning judgment just
The plaint of my soul could smother,
A creature vile, abased to the dust,
I knew him still—my brother.

And the autumn day that had smiled so fair
Seemed suddenly overclouded;
A gloom, more dreadful than Nature owns,
My human mind enshrouded;
I thought of the power benign that made
And bound men one to the other,
And I felt in my brother's fear afraid,
And ashamed in the shame of my brother.

FLORENCE EARLE COATES.

—*The Century, June, 1890.*

DISCIPLINE.

THE soul that would in beauty bloom,
Some sorrow must endure.
It is the thorn which guards the bud,
That makes the rose more sure.

MARY A. MASON.

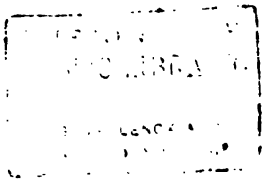
—FOR THE MAGAZINE OF POETRY.

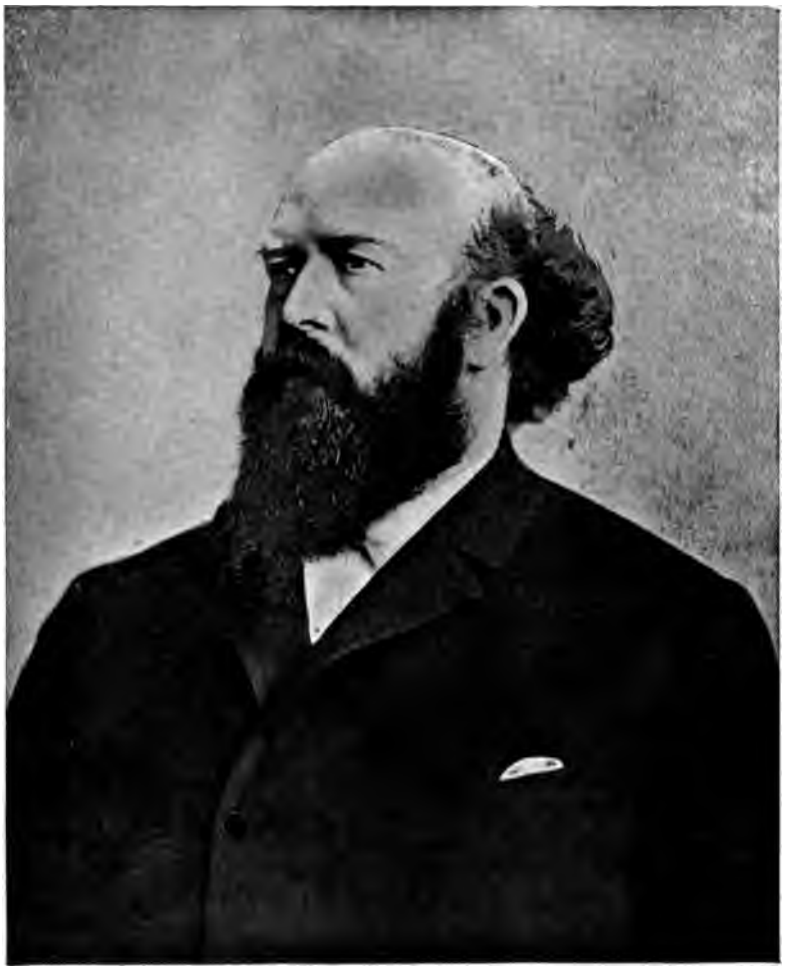
LIFE.

LIFE's a panorama shifting, shifting,
(Prelude) Blackness lapsing into gray,
Grayness, fading, fading, dies away.
Rosy morn with cloudlets drifting, drifting,
Through which sunbeams softly sifting, sifting,
Glint until the zenith of the day.
When, lo! A thunder-bolt! A flash! Oh, stay!
Too late! A heart is rent! (The *curtain's lifting*)
How changed the scene! And e'en while gazing, we
Scarce note the change, 'tis done so dexterously.
Behold! A sweet submissive peaceful haze,
So like the shortening Indian summer days,
And now the end! And if the life be true,
A bank of glory shows the sunset through.

MRS. B. C. RUDE.

—FOR THE MAGAZINE OF POETRY.





ADAM SCHOLES.

NOTES.

LANIER. "The Marshes of Glynn" was Lanier's most ambitious poem, and one which he intended to follow with a series of "Hymns to the Marshes," which he left incomplete.

NOEL. The meters of "Suspiria" and "Thalatta" were suggested to me by the sounds of the sea; that of "Suspiria" is of course a modification of the hexameter, with rhyme in the alternate lines. To my ear it appears that the hexameter ought not to be written with two single words in the last (trochaic) foot, but that in this particular, at least, the structure of the verse in its native sources should be respected.—R. N.

SMITH. The noted poet, Ferdinand Freiligrath, who died in Germany a few years ago, was in his later days reduced almost to penury by the failure of a German banking house. As soon as it became known that he was in need, subscriptions were sent to him from the German people from all parts of the world, amounting to the sum of sixty thousand thalers—a striking illustration of the beautiful sentiment:

> "For doth not song
> To the whole world belong?
> Wherever smiles may light or tears may fall,
> A heritage to all?"

—M. P. S.

ALDEN. The worship of the Madonna, or *Mater Dolorosa*—"Our Lady of Sorrow"—is not confined to the Roman Catholic faith; it was an important feature in all the ancient pagan systems of religion, even the most primitive. In the Sacred Mysteries of Egypt and of Greece *her* worship was the distinctive and prominent element. In the latter her name was *Achtheia*, or Sorrow. Under the name of Demeter, by which she was generally known among the Greeks, she, like the Egyptian Isis, typifying the Earth, was represented as sympathizing with the sorrowing children of Earth, both as a bountiful mother, bestowing upon them her fruits and golden harvests, and in her more gloomy aspects—as in autumnal decay, in tempests, and wintry desolation—as sighing over human frailty, and over the wintry deserts of the human heart. The worship connected with this tradition was vague and symbolical, having no well-defined *doctrine* as to sin, salvation, or a future life. Day and Night, Summer and Winter, Birth and Death, as shown in Nature, were seized upon as symbols of vaguely-understood truths.

BIBLIOGRAPHY.

WORKS CONSULTED IN THE PREPARATION OF THIS NUMBER OF "THE MAGAZINE OF POETRY."

LANIER, SIDNEY. Poems. Edited by his wife. With a memorial by William Hayes Ward. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1889. (c. 1884.) 12mo, pp xlii and 252.

IBID. Poems. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co., 1877. 12mo, pp 94.

MOULTON, LOUISE CHANDLER. Poems. Boston: Roberts Brothers, 1882. 16mo, pp 153.

IBID. In the Garden of Dreams: Lyrics and Sonnets. Boston: Roberts Brothers, 1890. 12mo, pp 170.

CLARK, JAMES GOWDY. Poetry and Song. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co., 1886. 16mo, pp x and 159.

BAXLEY, ISAAC R. The Temple of Alanthur, with Other Poems. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1886. Buffalo: Charles Wells Moulton, 1890. 12mo, pp viii and 136.

IBID. The Prophet, and Other Poems. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1888. Buffalo: Charles Wells Moulton, 1890. 12mo, pp iv and 74.

IBID. Songs of the Spirit. Buffalo: Charles Wells Moulton, 1890. 16mo.

BENTON, MYRON B. Miscellaneous poems.

NOEL, RODEN. A Little Child's Monument. Third edition. London: C. Kegan Paul & Co. Small crown, 8vo.

IBID. The Red Flag and Other Poems. New edition. London: Kegan Paul, Trench & Co., 1883. Small 8vo, pp iv and 250.

IBID. The House of Ravensburg. A Drama. New edition. London: Kegan Paul, Trench & Co., 1886. Small 8vo, pp 147.

IBID. Livingstone in Africa. London: Sampson Low, Marston, Low and Searle. Small 8vo.

IBID. Beatrice and Other Poems. London: Macmillan & Co., 8vo.

IBID. Songs of the Heights and Deeps. London: Elliot Stock, 1885. 8vo, pp viii and 214.

IBID. A Modern Faust and Other Poems. London: Kegan Paul, Trench & Co., 1888. 12mo, pp xviii and 255.

PFEIFFER, EMILY. Gerard's Monument, and Other Poems. Second edition, revised and en-

larged. London: Kegan Paul, Trench & Co. Crown, 8vo.

IBID. Glân-Alarch: His Silence and Song. Second edition, revised. London: Kegan Paul, Trench & Co. Crown, 8vo.

IBID. Quarterman's Grace, and Other Poems. London: Kegan Paul, Trench & Co. Crown, 8vo.

IBID. Poems. Second edition. London: Kegan Paul, Trench & Co. Crown, 8vo.

IBID. Sonnets and Songs. New edition. London: Kegan Paul, Trench & Co. 16mo.

IBID. Under the Aspens. Lyrical and Dramatic. London: Kegan Paul, Trench & Co., 1882. Crown, 8vo, pp x and 311.

IBID. The Rhyme of the Lady of the Rock, and how it grew. London: Kegan Paul, Trench & Co., 1884. Small crown, 8vo.

IBID. Sonnets. Revised and enlarged edition. London: Field & Tuer, 1887. 16mo, pp xviii and 115.

LATHROP, GEORGE PARSONS. Miscellaneous poems.

HORNER, HATTIE. Poems. Topeka: Kansas Publishing House, 1885. 12mo, pp 69.

DAY, RICHARD EDWIN. Poems. New York: Cassell & Co., 1888. 16mo, pp 128.

PINKLEY, VIRGIL A. Miscellaneous poems.

WEATHERLY, FREDERIC E. Miscellaneous poems.

WARRINER, REV. E. A. Kear. A Poem in Seven Cantos. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co., 1882. 16mo, pp 170.

IBID. I Am That I Am. The Philosophic Basis of the Christian Faith. A metrical essay in three parts and nine cantos. Boston: Cupples, Upham & Co., 1887. 12mo, pp 167.

SMITH, JEANIE OLIVER. Day Lilies. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1889. 12mo, pp x and 321.

BAER, LIBBIE C. Miscellaneous poems.

CURRIER, MOODY. Early Poems. Manchester, N. H.: John B. Clarke, 1881. 12mo, pp 181.

IBID. Miscellaneous poems.

HILL, MARY E. Miscellaneous poems.

HARRISON, NARNIE. Miscellaneous poems.

MORTON, ELIZA H. Still Waters, or Dreams of Rest. Portland: Hoyt, Fogg & Donham, 1881. 16mo, pp 208.

IBID. Miscellaneous poems.

RAYMOND, GEORGE LANSING. A Life in Song. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1886. 16mo, pp 325.

IBID. Sketches in Song. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1887. 16mo, pp iv and 156.

IBID. Ballads of the Revolution and Other Poems. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1887. 16mo, pp 194.

WEED, EMILY STUART. Twilight Echoes. Buffalo: Charles Wells Moulton, 1890. 16mo, pp 148.

BLACKIE, JOHN STUART. Lyrical Poems. Edinburgh: Sutherland & Knox, 1860. 8vo, pp xii and 305.

IBID. Musa Burschicosa. A book of songs for students and university men. Edinburgh: Edmonston & Douglas, 1869. 16mo, pp xiii and 135.

IBID. Songs of Religion and Life. Edinburgh: Edmonston & Douglas, 1876. 12mo, pp x and 242.

IBID. The Wise Men of Greece. A series of dramatic dialogues. London: Macmillan & Co., 1877. 8vo, pp xvii and 306.

IBID. Days and Legends of Ancient Greece. Second edition. Edinburgh: William Blackwood & Sons, 1880. 12mo, pp x and 211.

IBID. Messis Vitæ. Gleanings of Song from a Happy Life. London: Macmillan & Co., 1886. 8vo, pp x and 204.

IBID. Lays of the Highlands and Islands. London: Walter Scott, 1888. 16mo, pp 302.

HARBY, LEE C. Miscellaneous poems.

WHITE, JAMES T. A Bouquet of California Flowers. San Francisco: James T. White & Co., 1883. 16mo, pp 40.

IBID. Flowers from Arcadia. San Francisco, James T. White & Co., 1884. 16mo, pp 48.

LANIER, CLIFFORD. Miscellaneous Poems.

EDMONDS, ELIZABETH MAYHEW. Hesperas. Rhythm and Rhyme. London: Kegan Paul, Trench & Co., 1883. 12mo, pp vii and 166.

IBID. Greek Lays, Idyls, Legends, etc. A selection from recent and contemporary poets. Translated with introduction and notes. Revised and enlarged edition. London: Trübner & Co., 1886. 12mo, pp xvi and 288.

SCHOLES, ADAM. Miscellaneous poems.

IRELAND, MARY E. Miscellaneous poems.

PRIZE POEMS.

The Publisher of THE MAGAZINE OF POETRY offers prizes to the amount of Four Hundred Dollars in cash for the best original poems submitted for publication. Other prizes will be awarded hereafter.

QUATRAIN.—For the best Quatrain (subject: Poetry) received by the editor on or before June 1, 1889, one hundred dollars. First prize, $50; second prize, $30; third prize, $20. Award declared in October, 1889, issue.

SONNET.—For the best Sonnet (subject: Life) received by the editor on or before September 1, 1889, one hundred dollars. First prize, $50; second prize, $30; third prize, $20. Award declared in April, 1890, issue.

RONDEAU.—For the best Rondeau (on any subject) received by the editor on or before December 1, 1889, one hundred dollars. First prize, $50; second prize, $30; third prize, $20. Rondeau to consist of fifteen lines only. Award declared in the July, 1890, issue.

MANNER OF AWARD.—Poems offered in competition should be written plainly, with proper punctuation, on one side of note paper only. In forwarding to the Editor the competitor should enclose name on a separate sheet. Upon receipt of poems they will be properly numbered. Type-written copies will be made of each poem and sent to a select Committee who will make the awards. Not more than three poems on the same subject by the same author will be received in competition. The Committee of Award shall consist of not less than five persons of known literary reputation. The names of said Committee will be made public with the published awards. All poems entered for prize become the property of the Publisher.

PRIZE QUOTATIONS.

CASH PRIZES to the amount of Three Hundred Dollars will be awarded by the Publisher to the persons who will name the author of the greatest number of the PRIZE QUOTATIONS.

RULES FOR COMPETITORS.

I. Nineteen prizes will be declared. First prize, $100.00; second prize, $50.00; third prize, $30.00; fourth prize, $20.00; fifth to ninth prizes, $10.00 each; tenth to nineteenth prizes, $5.00 each.

II. Every subscriber to THE MAGAZINE OF POETRY will be entitled to compete.

III. Answers should be arranged and numbered, written legibly in ink, on one side of note paper only, and signed by the full address of the competitor.

IV. The name of the poem from which the selection is made, as well as the author of the quotation, is required. The competitor who answers the greatest number of authors will be awarded first prize, etc.

V. Clubs and Reading Circles are allowed to compete as one individual, but not more than one member of the same club will be awarded a prize. Each winner will be required to furnish a statement that he has neither assisted, nor received assistance from, any other prize winner.

VI. In case of a tie in totals, the combined prizes will be divided *pro rata*.

VII. Prizes will be declared March 15, 1890, and all answers should be received by the publisher on or before that date.

VIII. All answers and inquiries concerning them should be addressed, with postage fully prepaid, to the EDITOR OF "PRIZE QUOTATIONS," in care of C. W. Moulton, Buffalo, N. Y.

Award to be declared in October, 1890, issue.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

FOR ENGRAVINGS in this number of THE MAGAZINE OF POETRY the Publisher wishes to acknowledge the courtesy of Matthews, Northrup & Co., Buffalo, N. Y.; The Art Alliance, Buffalo, N. Y.; James T. White, New York; The Moss Engraving Company, New York, and Jacob Leonard & Son, New York.

FOR COPYRIGHT poems and other selections the Publisher returns thanks to Charles Scribner's Sons; J. B. Lippincott Co.; Roberts Brothers; D. Lothrop Co.; Macmillan & Co.; Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.; Elliot Stock; Field & Tuer; Kansas Publishing House; Cassell & Co.; John C. Clarke; Hoyt, Fogg & Donham; G. P. Putnam's Sons; Walter Scott; William Blackwood & Sons; Trübner & Co.; Houghton, Mifflin & Co.; Harper & Brother.

NIAGARA FALLS

IS JUSTLY conceded to be the most beautiful sight in the world. It is the crowning glory of our country and the American continent.

A very mistaken idea prevails about Niagara Falls. Many people think they can see it by arriving on one train, hurrying about the falls in a hack and departing on the next train.

If this is all one can do, then one can say that Niagara has been *looked* at; but surely not that it has been *seen*, comprehended or understood.

You can not even begin to comprehend the first element of its beauty in a visit of a day by rushing madly about from place to place.

A visit of *two weeks* is the least that should be thought of. Hawthorne says: "Niagara is indeed the wonder of the world and *time* and *thought* must be employed in comprehending it." Harriet Martineau writes: "There is nothing like patient watching and waiting in a place like this. The gazer who sits for hours is sure to be rewarded." Mr. Howells says: "All parts of the prodigious pageant of Niagara Falls have an *eternal novelty*." Rev. Andrew Reed writes: "Days should be spent here in happy seclusion, regaled by lovely scenes of nature, the music of the sweetest waters, and in fellowship at will with the great falls."

There is every inducement to remain that length of time.

The *climate* of Niagara is in the highest degree healthful and invigorating. The atmosphere constantly acted upon by the rushing water and spray, is kept pure, fresh and salutary. There are not near—as there are so often on the sea-shore—stagnant pools or marshes near, to send abroad their noxious miasmas, poisoning the air and producing disease. No pestilential or epidemic complaints ever infest this spot; it is sacred from their approach. Even the cholera has kept aloof from its raging waters.

No place on the civilized earth offers such attractions as Niagara, and yet they can never be fully known except to those who see them, from the utter impossibility of describing such scenes. When motion can be expressed by color, then, and then only, can Niagara be described.

The invalid may here find rest, refreshment, healthful exercise and pure air, and that gentle exhilaration of mental spirits so desirable in all cases and so necessary to a recovery.

The convalescent will here be relieved from the languor of weakness, and much of the danger of relapse, by the pleasurable excitement scenes of extreme beauty and majesty must produce.

The business man, desirous of escaping for a time the troublous round of toil and care in which he moves, can here enjoy his leisure and dignify his relaxation.

The man of science can nowhere else find such an ample field for research, nor a subject which would so much repay investigation; for, destined to be the wonder of all time, Niagara is yet almost entirely unknown, though the world is full of its fame. What chronicles of past ages are niched in those eternal walls? What monuments of mighty changes sculptured in those hoary rocks? Who has the skill to divine its mystic lore—to decipher its time-traced pages—let him come!

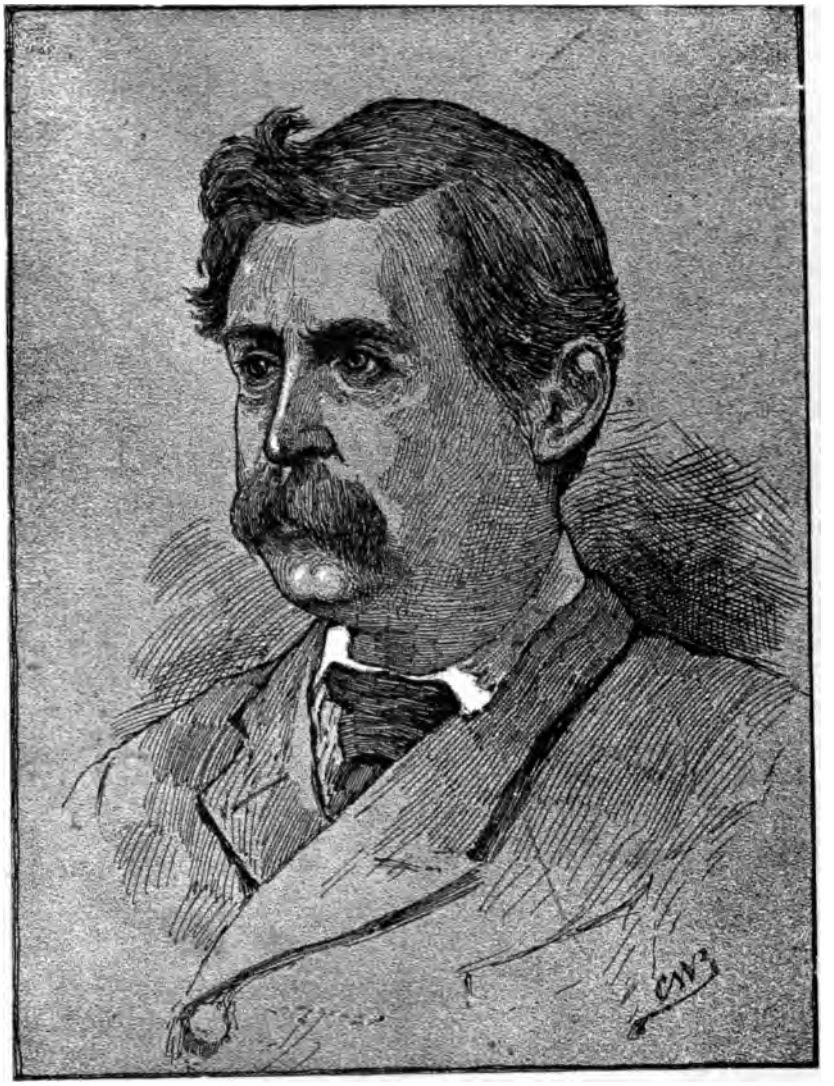
Every one, in short, who has an eye to perceive, a heart to feel, and a soul to realize the grandest exhibition of creative energy, and the mightiest manifestations of Omnipotent power, will here find an answer to his highest aspiration, a favorable response to his desire for the spirit-kindling ectasy of reverence and awe.

To anyone who will but study it aright, Niagara is a great moral tonic. It inspires, it elevates, it refreshes, delights, and sobers men. It is sad that it should be so, but, as a fact, it is too often viewed in a spirit of mere vulgar curiosity—in much the same way as one would view any exceptional freak of nature—a giant, a dwarf, or the Siamese twins. And this is the explanation of one of the saddest sights witnessed about the Falls, the spectacle of a party of apparently refined and cultivated people being driven hastily about this glorious shrine of the Eternal, by a driver whose countenance and language indicate that a noble thought or a lofty conception is as alien to his mind as disinterested benevolence would be to a hungry jackal. The usual theme of all such drivers are the stories of suicides, terrific accidents, horrible deaths and foolhardy adventures, which desecrate Niagara. To even allow oneself to think of such things is profanation, destructive of all reverence and awe. It is as if one should read the "Police Gazette" while pretending to listen to the Oratorio of the Creation.

To expect the ordinary hackman to entertain one while driving about Niagara, is like asking a London cabman to accompany one through and comment upon the historical events associated with Westminster Abbey, or to expect an Italian brigand to define the distinctive elements of sublimity and beauty of St. Peter's, at Rome. If one is compelled by ill health or indisposition to ride, surely silence is the only safeguard.

In no other place in the world should the minds of persons of sensibility and culture experience feelings of equal sublimity, be inspired with more exalted ideas, be more profoundly impressed with the powerlessness of man and the omnipotence of the Eternal Spirit, if the soul is only allowed a fair opportunity to come into its own. At no other spot will one be more inclined to utter a prayer of thankfulness that in his little day he has been permitted to behold this eternal image of the Creator's energy; His power manifest in its terrific might; His goodness in its beauty and sunlight and perpetual bow of promise. To those who come to it aright, such thoughts will arise and become a spring of refreshment forever in the soul. But to experience them the cataract is not to be idly glanced at or stupidly stared at, but to be *studied* in silence, in reverence, in awe, and in love, at leisure and in peace.

In summer, the great hotel—the finest at Niagara—is the International. The magnificent summer home is worthy of a visit for itself. It is four stories high, built entirely of stone, the kitchens, bakeries and furnaces are in an entirely distinct building, so that the odor of cookery—to persons of delicate sensibility sometimes, in summer, very offensive—is never present in the very large, spacious, well-ventilated and richly-furnished apartments. The hotel faces the new park, and its lawn leads down directly to the rapids. From its magnificent colonnades and rooms an unrivaled view may be had of the American Rapids, and the islands and the brink of the falls. Indeed, the lawn itself—interspersed with fine beds of beautiful flowers and with clusters of magnificent forest trees—may be fairly pronounced one of the loveliest spots in the world. It is open from the 15th of June to the 1st of October. Its prices for rooms and board on the first floor are $4 per day per person; on the second floor, $3.50, and on the third floor, $3, and is kept both upon the American and European plan. As the hotel is fire-proof, with fire-escapes from every room, three stairways and two elevators, the rooms on the third floor are almost as desirable as those on the first floor.



Yours very sincerely,
Austin Dobson

THE MAGAZINE OF POETRY.

VOL. II. No. 4.

AUSTIN DOBSON.

HENRY AUSTIN DOBSON, poet and critic, was born at Plymouth, England, in the year 1840. He was educated at Strasburg, and his parents intended that he should become an engineer. At the age of sixteen, however, he entered the civil service.

In the autumn of 1867 Anthony Trollope, the novelist, founded a magazine called *Saint Paul's* (it was edited by the novelist and illustrated by J. E. Millais, R. A.); and among other new writers whom the editor then introduced to the public was Austin Dobson. Among his earliest contributions to *Saint Paul's* were the poems, "Une Marquise," "Avice," and "A Song of Angiola in Heaven." All are signed "A. D." The first-named (with a few slight verbal alterations) now finds a place in "Old-World Spelling;" the second appears among "Vignettes in Rhyme;" while the third is now included among the "Miscellaneous Poems." Mr. Dobson's first volume of verse was published in 1873, under the title of "Vignettes in Rhyme." It was followed by "Proverbs in Porcelain," in 1877; and "Old-World Spelling" and "At the Sign of the Lyre" succeeded at intervals.

Mr. Dobson's literary work conveniently divides itself into two well-defined groups: his contributions to the study of eighteenth-century literature, and his poetry. With the former I may, *en passant*, be allowed to mention his monographs on Fielding, Steele and Goldsmith. These works are noteworthy for careful research, accuracy of statement, and that finished prose style which can be attained only by the assiduous writer of verses.

In the matter of poetry, Mr. Dobson is famous as having been the first English writer to popularize the old French forms of verse; and his name will always remain associated with the ballade, the rondel, the rondeau, the villanelle and the triolet. He employs these tricky and ofttimes beautiful measures with consummate skill; and in his hands, and as written by Andrew Lang, Edmund Gosse, and other acknowledged masters, the old French forms have been found capable of yielding a most varied and refined entertainment.

Two characteristics of Mr. Dobson's verse can scarcely fail to strike the most superficial reader. The one is his minute acquaintance with the customs and life of the eighteenth century—attained, he will modestly tell you, by diligent reading of the newspapers of the time; the other is the grace and polish displayed in every line he writes. The former could only be illustrated by reference to much of his poetry, and to many of his prose works; but the latter will make itself evident to any one who will take the trouble to read his poems. Mr. Dobson, like a true artist, works slowly. All the poetry he has written in twenty years might be compassed within the space of two moderate-sized volumes. He laments the "hurry of this time" in one of his rondeaux:

> Scant space have we for Art's delays,
> Whose breathless thought so briefly stays,
> We may not work—ah! would we might!—
> With slower pen.

Mr. Dobson's ballade entitled "The Prodigals" is usually looked upon as the "pioneer ballade" of our language. It is, at any rate, the first that Mr. Dobson wrote, and, in my opinion, it is the best. It is distinguished from his lighter verse by the serious purpose which underlies it, and fulfills the highest aim of poetry in being a "criticism of life." "The Cradle" is a gem which deserves to be placed at the side of Wordsworth's "She Dwelt Among the Untrodden Ways," and Matthew Arnold's "Requiescat." "He Stands at the Kerb and Sings," exhibits both Mr. Dobson's quaint humor and his perfect mastery of that most difficult of all the French measures, the villanelle. J. U.

BEFORE SEDAN.

> "*The dead hand clasped a letter.*"
> —SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

HERE in this leafy place,
Quiet he lies,

Cold, with his sightless face
Turned to the skies;
'Tis but another dead;
All you can say is said.

Carry his body hence—
Kings must have slaves;
Kings climb to eminence
Over men's graves.
So this man's eye is dim;
Throw the earth o'er him.

What was the white you touched,
There, at his side?
Paper his hand had clutched
Tight e'er he died;
Message or wish, may be;
Smooth out the folds and see.

Hardly the worst of us
Here could have smiled!
Only the tremulous
Words of a child;
Prattle that has for stops
Just a few ruddy drops.

Look! She is sad to miss,
Morning and night,
His—her dead father's—kiss;
Tries to be bright,
Good to mamma, and sweet.
That is all—"Marguerite."

Ah, if beside the dead
Slumbered the pain!
Ah, if the hearts that bled
Slept with the slain!
If the grief died;—But no,
Death will not have it so.

MY BOOKS.

They dwell in the odor of camphor,
They stand in a Sheraton shrine,
They are "warranted early editions,"
These worshipful tomes of mine.

In their creamy "Oxford vellum,"
In their redolent "crushed Levant,"
With their delicate watered linings,
They are jewels of price, I grant.

Blind-tooled and morocco-jointed,
They have Zaehnsdorf's daintiest dress,
They are graceful, attenuate, polished,
But they gather the dust, no less.

For the row that I prize is yonder,
Away on the unglazed shelves,
The bulged and bruised *octavos*,
The dear and dumpy twelves;

Montaigne with his sheep skin blistered,
And Howell the worse for wear,
And the worm-drilled Jesuit's Horace,
And the little old cropped Molière;

And the Burton I bought for a florin,
And the Rabelais foxed and flea'd.—
For the others I never have opened,
But those are the books I read.

THE CHILD-MUSICIAN.

He had played for his lordship's levee,
He had played for her ladyship's whim,
Till the poor little head was heavy,
And the poor little brain would swim.

And the face grew peaked and eerie,
And the large eyes strange and bright,
And they said, too late, "He is weary!
He shall rest for, at least, to-night!"

But at dawn, when the birds were waking,
As they watched in the silent room,
With the sound of a strained cord breaking,
A something snapped in the gloom.

'Twas the string of his violoncello,
And they heard him stir in his bed:
"Make room for a tired little fellow,
Kind God!" was the last that he said.

THE STREET SINGER.

(*Villanelle from my window.*)

He stands at the kerb and sings,
'Tis a doleful tune and low. . .
Ah me, if I had but wings!

He bends to the coin one flings,
But he never attempts to go—
He stands at the kerb, and sings.

The conjuror comes with his rings,
And the Punch-and-Judy show.
(Ah me, if I had but wings!)

They pass like all fugitive things—
They fade and they pass, but lo!
He stands at the kerb and sings.

All the magic that Music brings
  Is lost when he mangles it so—
Ah me, if I had but wings!

But the worst is a thought that stings!
  There is nothing at hand to throw!
He stands at the kerb and sings—
Ah me, if I had but wings!

THE CRADLE.

How steadfastly she'd worked at it!
  How lovingly had dressed
With all her would-be mother's wit
  That little rosy nest!

How lovingly she'd hung on it!
  It sometimes seemed, she said,
There lay beneath its coverlet
  A little sleeping head.

He came at last, the tiny guest,
  Ere bleak December fled;
That rosy nest he never pressed . . .
  Her coffin was his bed.

"ON LONDON STONES."

On London stones I sometimes sigh
For wider green and bluer sky;
  Too oft the trembling note is drowned
  In this huge city's varied sound;
"Pure song is country-born," I cry.

Then comes the spring; the months go by;
The last stray swallows seaward fly;
  And I—I, too, no more am found
    On London stones!

In vain! the woods, the fields deny
That clearer strain I fain would try;
  Mine is an urban Muse, and bound
  By some strange law to paven ground;
Abroad she pouts; she is not shy
    On London stones.

THE PRODIGALS.

(*Ballade. Irregular.*)

"Princes!—and you, most valorous
  Nobles!—and barons of all degrees!
Hearken awhile to the prayer of us—
  Beggars that come from the over-seas!
  Nothing we ask or of gold or fees;
Hurry us not with the hounds we pray;
  Lo!—for the surcote's hem we seize—
Give us—ah! give us—but Yesterday!"

"Dames most delicate, amorous!
  Damosels blithe as the belted bees!
Hearken awhile to the prayer of us—
  Beggars that come from the over-seas!
  Nothing we ask of the things that please;
Weary are we, and worn, and gray;
  Lo!—for we clutch and we clasp your knees—
Give us—ah! give us—but Yesterday!"

"Damosels, dames, be piteous!"
  (But the dames rode fast by the roadway trees.)
"Hear us, O knights magnanimous!"
  (But the knights pricked on in their panoplies.)
  Nothing they gat or of hope or ease,
But only to beat on the breast and say:
  "Life we drank to the dregs and lees;
Give us—ah! give us—but Yesterday!"

ENVOY.

Youth, take heed to the prayer of these!
  Many there be by the dusty way;
Many that cry to the rocks and seas:
  "Give us—ah! give us—but Yesterday!"

"MORE POETS YET!"

"More Poets yet!" I hear him say,
Arming his heavy hand to slay:
  "Despite my skill and 'swashing blow'
  They seem to sprout where'er I go—
I killed a host but yesterday!"

Slash on, O Hercules! You may.
Your task's, at best, a Hydra-fray;
  And though *you* cut, not less will grow
    More Poets yet!

Too arrogant! For who shall stay
The first blind motions of the May?
  Who shall out-blot the morning glow?
  Or stem the full heart's overflow?
Who? There will rise, till Time decay,
    More Poets yet!

"FAREWELL, RENOWN!"

Farewell, Renown! Too fleeting flower,
That grows a year to last an hour;
  Prize of the race's dust and heat,
  Too often trodden under feet—
Why should I court your "barren dower?"

Nay; had I Dryden's angry power,
The thews of Ben, the wind of Gower,
  Not less my voice should still repeat
    "Farewell, Renown!"

Farewell! Because the Muses' bower
Is filled with rival brows that lower;
Because, howe'er his pipe be sweet,
The bard, that "pays," must please the street;
But most . . . because the grapes are sour,—
Farewell, Renown!

WHEN FINIS COMES.

When Finis comes, the Book we close,
And, somewhat sadly, Fancy goes,
With backward step, from stage to stage
Of that accomplished pilgrimage . . .
The thorn lies thicker than the rose!

There is so much that no one knows—
So much unreached that none suppose,
What flaws! what faults! on every page,
When Finis comes.

Still, they must pass! The swift tide flows,
Though not for all the laurel grows;
Perchance in this beslandered age
The worker, mainly, wins his wage;
And Time will sweep both friends and foes
When Finis comes!

KISSES.

Rose kissed me to-day.
Will she kiss me to-morrow?
Let it be as it may,
Rose kissed me to-day.
But the pleasure gives way
To a savor of sorrow;—
Rose kissed me to-day,—
Will she kiss me to-morrow?

—*Rose-Leaves.*

POETRY.

In the work-a-day world,—for its needs and woes,
There is place and enough for the pains of prose,
But whenever the May-bells clash and chime,
Then hey!—for the ripple of laughing rhyme!

—*The Ballad of Prose and Rhyme.*

WISHES.

Let others wish you mere good looks,—
Your sex is always fair;
Or to be writ in Fortune's books,—
She's rich who has to spare:
I wish you but a heart that's kind,
A head that's sound and clear;
(Yet let the heart be not too blind,
The head not too severe!)
A joy of life, a frank delight;
A moderate desire;
And—if you fail to find a Knight—
At least—a trusty Squire.

—*To a Child.*

LOVERS.

The words your voice neglected,
Seemed written in your eyes;
The thought your heart protected,
Your cheek told, missal-wise;—
I read the rubic plainly
As any expert could;
In short, we dreamed,—insanely,
As only lovers should.

—*Ad Rosam.*

POSSIBILITY.

So then—Caps off, my Masters, all;
Reserve your final word,—recall
Your all-too-hasty strictures;
Caps off, I say, for Wisdom sees
Potential possibilities
In most unhopeful pictures.

—*Lines to a Stupid Picture.*

BROWNING.

"Like Browning?" "But so-so." His proof lay
Too deep for her frivolous mood,
That preferred your mere metrical *soufflé*
To the stronger poetical food;
Yet at times he was good—"as a tonic."

—*Incognita.*

INCONSTANCY.

He *may* be true. Yet, Daisy, dear,
That even youth grows colder
You'll find is no new thing, I fear;
And when you're somewhat older,
You'll read of one Dardanian boy
Who "wooed with gifts" a maiden coy,—
Then took the morning train for Troy,
In spite of all he'd told her.

—*Daisy's Valentines.*

FIELDING.

Our English novel's pioneer!
His was the eye that first saw clear
How, not in natures half-effaced
By cant of Fashion and of Taste,—
Not in the circles of the Great,
Faint-blooded and exanimate,—
Lay the true field of Jest and Whim,
Which we to-day reap after him.
No:—he stepped lower down and took
The piebald People for his Book!

—*Henry Fielding.*

CUPID.

His wallet's stuffed with blisses,
With true-love knots and kisses,
With rings and rosy fetters,
And sugared vows and letters;
He holds them out
With boyish flout,
And bids me try the fetters.

—*A Madrigal.*

Robert Burnell Vickery

ROBERT BURNS WILSON.

ROBERT BURNS WILSON was born near Washington, Pa., on the farm of his paternal grandfather, but the family removed within a few months to West Virginia, where his childhood was passed. His mother, from whom he, in a measure, inherited his genius, and who seems to have been the ideal mother of a poet and painter, was his inseparable companion; and her death, by consumption, when he was only ten years old, was a bitter grief to the sensitive child, and changed his whole life.

His affections were with the woods and fields, and when, a few years later, he was sent to Wheeling to school he felt so keenly the change from these beloved companions to the brick and mortar, smoke and dust of a city, that to this day, he says, the sound of bells, usually so suggestive to a poetic mind, is disagreeable to him from association with those first months of misery. After some years at school in Wheeling, and afterwards in Pittsburgh, he settled in the latter place, when about nineteen years old, to begin his artistic labors. Although he had been drawing all his life, his first professional effort was a life-size crayon portrait, which proved a complete success.

About fourteen years ago he embarked with a friend on a canoe voyage down the Ohio River. After some weeks of this adventure, they found themselves one morning stranded in a strange land, near Caseyville, Ky., with their boat and all their belongings stolen. In this unfortunate state of affairs the friend returned to the East, and Mr. Wilson, after some hesitation, cast in his lot with Kentucky. He went first to Louisville for a year or two, where he pursued his profession as a painter, gaining much reputation, also, by a crayon likeness of Mr. Watterson, editor of the *Courier-Journal*.

About twelve years ago he went to Frankfort, Ky., on the invitation of a friend, and was so pleased with its beautiful and romantic surroundings that he has ever since made it his home. He painted a good many portraits in oil and water-colors for the first few years, much to the satisfaction of the subjects. But the sister spirit of poetry in his nature struggled for utterance, and he began to write the poems which have made his reputation. His first poem published was "A Wild Violet in November," which appeared in the Chicago *Current*. This was followed by others, which were promptly accepted by the leading magazines, and he at once took rank with the first poets of the South.

Mr. Wilson is most truly the poet of Nature. He has loved and studied her in all her manifestations, in all seasons, and at all hours. His pen, like his brush, can reproduce not only the color, the light, the form, but the underlying spirit of truth and beauty, which consecrates and animates the whole.

In person, Mr. Wilson is tall, over six feet in height, rather slender, but muscular; and he would be noticeable in any assembly by his marked individuality. He is unmarried, but has hosts of friends in the little city of his adoption, whose pride in his fame was strikingly evinced by the sale in Frankfort of nearly three hundred copies of his first book in the first few days of its appearance.

M. A. B.

IF ONE COULD EASE AN ACHING HEART.

If one could ease an aching heart
  By breathing of the mountain air,
Or woo the wary soul to part
  A little from the path of care,
A little from the beaten road
  To turn away—an hour of grace
To lay aside life's dreary load
  In some forgetful resting place;
To turn and leave the dust and heat,
  The common highway of mankind,
Where all the plodding, weary feet
  Tread down the dust of death—to find,
But once, some dewy, cool retreat,
  In which the fevered heart and mind
Might put their burdens down, and meet
  Some dream long lost, some hope resigned,
Some joy at once complete:—

If one could lose Love's vain regret
  By gazing on the shining sea,
Or still the trembling chords that fret,
  By wandering on the upland lea,
Or find some balm and comfort yet
  In hope of better things to be;
If pale Remembrance did not halt
  To take each faded garland up,
Nor dropped her tears, remorseful salt,
  To mar the taste of Pleasure's cup;
If fickle Fortune's luring smile
  Did not foretell her darkening frown,
And if her touch did not beguile
  The temples with a tinsel crown:—

If there were never maddening sneer
  On Fame's proud-smiling lips of scorn,
To mock the daring soul with fear,
  And leave the broken clay forlorn;
If sweet Religion did not grow
  To be a blind and poisoned thing,
That taints with death the limpid flow

Of kindly Nature's crystal spring—
Then life were not so sad a dream
But that the waking might be pain;
Then hope were not a transient gleam
Like sunlight on the falling rain,
Nor could dear Heaven's descending beam
Rest on the earth in vain.

THE DAYS ARE FEW.

THE days are few, the world is wide;
The skies are fair, but fickle;
Time stalks a-field; Death, at his side,
Gleans with remorseless sickle.

Spring hastes to summer—summer pales;
The autumn's painted glory
Flies with the winter's shuddering gales;
So runs the endless story.

Why do we strive for hopes—to be
Their kings—that we may kill them?
When all the goals are graves, and we
The drifting fools that fill them?

Why do we preach, and lie, and pray,
And fast, and hate each other;
And weep, and fight—to reach the clay,
And make the worm our brother?

THE SUMMER RAIN.

SWEET, blessèd summer rain—ah me!
The drifting cloud-land spills
God's mercy on the dotted lea
And on the tented hills.

Yet is there more than shrouded sky,
And more than falling rain,
Or swift-borne souls of flowers that fly
Breeze-lifted from the plain.

Strange joy comes with the freshening gust,
The whitening of the leaves,
The smell of sprinkled summer dust,
The dripping of the eaves.

The soul stirs with the melting clod,
The drenched field's silent mirth:
Who does not feel his heart help God
To bless the thirsting earth?

Oh, rain—oh, blessèd summer rain!
Not on the fields, alone,
Nor woodlands, fall, nor flowery plain,
But on the heart of stone!

THE PASSING OF MARCH.

THE braggart March stood in the season's door
With his broad shoulders blocking up the way,
Shaking the snow-flakes from the cloak he wore
And from the fringes of his kirtle gray.

Near by him April stood with tearful face,
With violets in her hands, and in her hair
Pale wild anemones; the fragrant lace
Half-parted from her breast, which seemed like fair
Dawn-tinted mountain snow, smooth-drifted there.

She on the blusterer's arm laid one white hand,
But he would none of her soft blandishment;
Yet did she plead with tears none might withstand,
For even the fiercest hearts at last relent.

And he, at last, in ruffian tenderness,
With one swift, crushing kiss her lips did greet;
Ah, poor starved heart! for that one rude caress
She cast her violets underneath his feet.

THE DEATH OF WINTER.

PIERCED by the sun's bright arrows, Winter lies
With dabbled robes upon the blurred hillside;
Fast runs the clear, cold blood; in vain he tries
With cooling breath to check the flowing tide.

He faintly hears the footsteps of fair Spring
Advancing through the woodland to the dell;
Anon she stops to hear the waters sing,
And call the flowers, that know her voice full well.

Ah! now she smiles to see the glancing stream;
She stirs the dead leaves with her anxious feet;
She stoops to plant the first awakening beam,
And woos the cold Earth with warm breathings sweet.

"Ah! gentle mistress, doth thy soul rejoice
To find me thus laid low? So fair thou art!
Let me but hear the music of thy voice;
Let me but die upon thy pitying heart.

"Soon endeth life for me. Thou wilt be blessed;
The flowering fields, the budding trees be thine.
Grant me the pillow of thy fragrant breast;
Then come, oblivion, I no more repine."

Thus urged the dying Winter. She, the fair,
Whose heart hath love, and only love, to give,
Did quickly lay her full, warm bosom bare
For his cold cheek, and fondly whispered, "Live."

His cold, white lips close to her heart she pressed;
  Her sighs were mingled with each breath he drew;
And when the strong life faded, on her breast
  Her own soft tears fell down like heavenly dew.

O ye sweet blossoms of the whispering lea,
  Ye fair, frail children of the woodland wide,
Ye are the fruit of that dear love which she
  Did give to wounded Winter ere he died.

And some are tinted like her eyes of blue,
  Some hold the blush that on her cheek did glow,
Some from her lips have caught the scarlet hue,
  But more still keep the whiteness of the snow.

SUNRISE AND SUNSET.

SUNRISE.

FLAME-HEARTED lover of the earth—great Sun!
  Rise from thy purple couch; stretch forth thine arms
  Through morning's parted curtains; let the charms
Of waiting love—which it were death to shun—
Persuade thy clasp. Now hath the Earth begun
  To loose her robes of mist; with mock alarms
  She yields her beauty, which love's longing warms,
Forestalling the embrace thy kiss hath won.
Arise, great god of light and life; arise,
  Enfold the fond Earth in the deathless glowing
Of thy fierce love; bend from the shimmering skies
  Which burn before thee in thine onward going.
  No cheer have we and not of thy bestowing:
Thou art the joy of all hope-lifted eyes.

SUNSET.

Within thy burning palace in the West
  Thou art awhile withdrawn. Yet doth thy face
  Look from the closing portal for a space
Back to the Earth, which thy dear love hath blessed;
While she with tears and soft sighs half-repressed
  Beholds thee sinking in thy resting-place,
  As with up-gathered folds of dewy lace
She hugs remembrance to her yearning breast.
  Thy glory darkens, and the careful night
Hangs out the moon's pale lamp while yet the flush
  On Evening's face—with thy departing light—
Turns from rose-pink to crimson, till the blush
Dies with the coming stars, and slumber's hush
  Wraps thy warm bride, who waits thy waking might.

WOULD WE RETURN?

WOULD we return
  If once the gates which close upon the past
Were opened wide for us, and if the dear
Remembered pathway stretched before us, clear,
  To lead us back to youth's lost land at last;
  Whereon life's April shadows lightly cast,
Recalled the old sweet day of childish fear
  With all their faded hopes, and brought anear
  The far-off streams in which our skies were glassed;
Did these lost dreams which wake the soul's sad yearning
But live once more and waited our returning,
    Would we return?

    Would we return
  If love's enchantment held the heart no more
And we had come to count the wild, sweet pain,
The fond distress, the lavish tears—but vain;
  Had cooled the heart's hot wounds amidst the roar
  Of mountain gales, or, on some alien shore
Worn out the soul's long anguish, and had slain
At last the dragon of despair—if then the train
  Of vanished years came back, and, as of yore,
The same voice called, and, with soft eyes beguiling,
Our lost love beckoned, through time's gray veil smiling,
    Would we return?

    Would we return
  Once we had crossed to death's unlovely land
And trod the bloomless ways among the dead,
Lone and unhappy; after years had fled
  With twilight wings along that glimmering strand,
  If then—an angel came with outstretched hand
To lead us back, and we recalled in dread
How soon the tears that once for us are shed
  May flow for others—how, like words in sand,
Our memory fades away—how oft our waking
Might vex the living with the dead heart's breaking,
    Would we return—
    Would we return?

DEW.

    Like the glistening dew,
When morning's foot-steps rest upon some knoll
  On which the night hath wept.

—*My Master.*

HAPPINESS.

All is but profitless; I will not dwell
  In mournful musings on a fruitless theme:
Fain would I hear the trumpet—not the knell,
  And find no more the shadow, but the beam.

—*Ibid.*

LOVE

Life is not bounded by fixed rules of art;
If love hath vanished, what is worth the gaining?
—*Ibid.*

SORROW.

Do I remember? Ask me not again:
My heart hath but one passion—to forget.
Oh! is there nothing in the wide world, then,
To take away but once the soul's regret!
Alas! for love is ever more divine;
Immortal is the sorrow love must bring;
The golden cup aches for withholden wine;
Of sun-kissed flight still dreams the broken wing;
The buried jewel seeketh yet to shine,
And music's spirit haunts the idle string;
So doth the heart in sadness ever twine
Some fading wreath that keeps hope lingering.
—*Constance.*

MEMORY.

Remember not, my soul, remember not!
There is a madness lurks in memory,
She hath her music, and the strain once caught,
Forever must the silent wings of thought
Bear to thine ears the mournful threnody.
—*Ibid.*

THE BROOK.

The brook, near-distant, sent its tinkling sound
From where it turned, embroidered like a hem
About the skirting of the sloping ground.
—*Ibid.*

JUNE.

No other days are like the days of June;
They stand upon the summit of the year,
Filled up with sweet remembrance of the tune
That wooed the fresh spring fields; they have a tear
For violets dead; they will engird, full soon,
The sweet, full breasts of Summer drawing near.
—*June Days.*

EVENING.

When evening cometh on,
Across the dotted fields of gathered grain
The soul of summer breathes a deep repose,
Mysterious murmurings mingle on the plain,
And from the blurred and blended brake there flows
The undulating echoes of some strain
Once heard in paradise perchance—who knows?
But now the whispering memory sadly strays
Along the dim rows of the rustling maize
When evening cometh on.
—*When Evening Cometh On.*

SEPTEMBER.

Oh, wistful days of melancholy joy,
That breathe in music tones of sweet despair,
Rich with the beauty that must yet destroy,
Bright with the darkness, languishing but fair.
Days when the spirit, with the vision, turns
From cloud to cloud, from changing tree to tree,
From field to forest, and the full heart yearns
For something, God knows what—that cannot be.
—*In September.*

FAITH.

Could I bring back that faith, once mine,
Which now my soul hath not,
No more would I that gift resign
For all this life hath brought.
But love and truth are all divine
And faith remains unbought.
—*The Child and the Brook.*

LOVE.

Love makes the soul divine;
Love cheers the heart like wine;
Love rears a palace in the desert wild;
Love mocks misfortune's frown;
Love bids the stars look down
With kindlier eyes;
Love makes the child a man, the man a child;
Love paints the arching skies
With tenderer hues;
Love lights our pathway when we fear to choose
Amidst the gloom;
Love makes the brier to bloom
With roses sweet;
Love bindeth sandals on our weary feet;
Then from our wandering ken
Hate's blindness flies;
Love makes the foolish wise;
Love lifts us—gifts us—makes us gods again—
Leads us to Paradise.
—*Christmas Time.*

ART.

Love is not Art.
But Art is love, which works and waits, through patient years of pain.
—*She Cometh.*

OCTOBER.

The bright-robed days sit now at feast, and sup
From golden service heaped with fruits divine.
The waning year drains from October's cup
The melancholy cheer of Autumn's wine.
A ruddier tide fills now the tingling veins,
And life takes on a sturdier-hearted tone.
—*In the October Fields.*

REGRET.

All hearts have once their songs,
Though they be dead;
All souls have known their wrongs—
There is no eye but longs
For something fled.
—*All Hearts Have Once Their Songs.*

Sincerely Yours
Susan Mass Spalding

SUSAN MARR SPALDING.

RN in the beautiful town of Bath, Maine, 'here her early life was passed, she was edu- at one of the best New England seminaries. the death of her parents, which occurred she was quite young, she removed to the City w York and became a member of the family r uncle, a clergyman, and there had the ad- ages of refined and cultured surroundings. vas married early in life to a gentleman of gence and literary tastes. Residing a few in New York, they removed to Philadelphia, , shortly after, her husband died. She still ued living there, alternating between it and ative town. She has taken up many and l subjects, and all that was of value in them ade her own—a refined nature with a fastid- taste, rejecting everything else. She is a n of many accomplishments, and great sim- of manner, gifted with rare conversational s, with a remarkable choice of language and of expression. Simple and entirely devoid ctation, there is an atmosphere of delicacy efinement diffused around her, the charm of is felt by all, as the many delightful hours with her, her numerous friends can attest. ng personality, warm-hearted and generous, oroughly unselfish, has caused her to be lov- regarded by all who know her.

re is in her poems an admirable grace and m, and an attractive reverence, delicacy of tion and beauty of expression. She is ten- assionate, refined and intense—a truly artis- nperament. A singular charm pervades her , with their exquisite art and deep, poetic s. It is, perhaps, as a sonnet writer that palding will find the highest recognition and ost enduring fame. Artistically considered, re very nearly beyond criticism, perfect in ex- n, and of exquisite finish. This peculiar and lt form of poetical composition has always sed for her a fascinating charm. A careful of its artistic requirements and a consci- s and painstaking habit of composition have d so successfully that she is considered by competent critics as one of the best sonnet s of the day, triumphantly refuting the oft- ed assertion that the feminine mind cannot e a perfect sonnet. Aside from the value of tistic expression, workmanship and thought, le poetic essence pervades them all; they are in every essential quality and of the highest Their peculiar charm will especially endear o every lover of the sonnet. H. D. N.

FATE.

Two shall be born the whole wide world apart,
And speak in different tongues, and have no thought
Each of the other's being, and no heed;
And these o'er unknown seas to unknown lands
Shall cross, escaping wreck, defying death;
And all unconsciously shape every act
And bend each wandering step to this one end:
That, one day, out of darkness, they shall meet
And read life's meaning in each other's eyes.

And two shall walk some narrow way of life
So nearly side by side, that should one turn
Ever so little space to the left or right
They needs must stand acknowledged face to face.
And yet, with wistful eyes they never meet,
With groping hands that never clasp, and lips
Calling in vain to ears that never hear,
They seek each other all their weary days
And die unsatisfied—and this is Fate!

A WINTER ROSE.

O WINTER ROSE, by what enchanting power
Was wrought thy shining miracle of bloom?
Who hid from thee the golden, glowing hour
That turns to Summer this December gloom?

What thrilling impulse, like a hidden fire,
Melted the snows wherein thy heart doth hide?
What tender memory, what dear desire
For the fond Sun, thy lover long denied?

Haply the June forgot thee when she cast
Her wealth of riotous bloom o'er hill and field;
Now the poor, beggared earth doth hold thee fast,
Like the last gold a spendthrift's purse may yield.

O sweet, wise flower! Thine is a happier doom,
Though frosts may blight, than Summer blossom knows.
Better be one rose in a world of gloom,
Than 'midst a million roses, but one rose.

O heart, so near love's Winter time, take heed!
Spend thou not all thy wealth at Summer noon;
Keep thou one last, fair flower till time of need
To turn thy drear December into June.

MY FAMILIAR.

I CALLED him "Aspiration" when he came
And whispered softly in my willing ear:
"O, foolish soul, why dost thou linger here,
Wasting thy gifts in sordid toil and tame

That brings thee neither love, nor gold, nor fame?
The path to power and pleasure lieth clear;
Leave this low work to meaner hands and aim
For loftier duties and a nobler sphere."
He took my hand, and where he bade I went,
Till youth and strength and happiness were fled;
And only when my years were nearly spent
In restless longings, and when hope was dead
I saw the wan, sad face of him who led,
And knew at last his true name, "Discontent."

MY BROTHER'S KEEPER.

I CALLED him faint of heart, in spirit poor;
I said, "O brother, for all such as thee
The world is full of snares and subtlety!
How little art thou fitted to endure
The ills thy weakness brings! Let my strength be
Thy constant shield. My vision swift and sure
Shall pierce the darkest depths of every lure
About our paths. I'd lead thee; lean on me!"
But when with subtlest art temptation wove
Round our unwary souls her fairest spell;
When lust of power and wealth, and love as well,
Their keenest shafts against dear Honor drove—
When in her cause I and my brother strove—
Behold! he conquered grandly—but I fell!

THE SINGERS.

ONE, blind, has taught how beauty should be sung;
One, deaf, all silence tuned to music sweet;
From one who wandered homeless in the street
A rapturous, deathless song of home was wrung.
How many a pæan of victory has sprung
From pallid lips, grown nerveless with defeat?
How many empty hearts must sadly greet
Their own love-songs on happier lovers' tongue?
As some rare fabrics are in darkness wrought
Lest light should mar the dainty web, so, too,
The poet, with a golden thread of thought,
Weaves in the shade his fancies fine and true.
So from his sorrow is your pleasure brought,
The joy he hath not doth he give to you!

A DESIRE.

LET me not lay the lightest feather's weight
Of duty upon Love. Let not my own,
The breath of one reluctant kiss be blown
Betwen our hearts. I would not be the gate
That bars, like some inexorable fate,
The portals of thy life; that says, "Alone
Through me shall any joy to thee be known;"
Rather the window, fragrant early and late
With thy sweet clinging thoughts, that grow and twine
Around me like some bright and blooming vine;
Through which the sun shall shed his wealth on thee
In golden showers; through which thou may'st look out,
Exulting in all beauty, without doubt
Or fear, or shadow of regret from me.

AN ANTIQUE INTAGLIO.

GREAT cities that defied Time's power are dust,
And mighty temples ruins; yet this gem,
Seeming a fragile thing, outliveth them.
Its beauty bears no trace of Time's keen thrust,
Undimmed the marvelous luster that doth trust
To none its secret; every delicate line
Glows with immortal freshness and divine,
That fears no ravage of decay or rust.
How infinite is art! A magic glass
This tiny, chiseled disk becomes to me;
Greece and her glories rise and shine and pass
Before my dazzled eyes; then fade to wan
And spectral shores, where the Ægean Sea
Guards the lone ruins of the Parthenon.

A VICTORY.

FOR all life's joys my proud heart uttereth
No vain desire. For, since I am denied
The one great bliss, I will have nought beside.
Yet I am fain to conquer life with death;
And so, O Love, when I am done with pride,
Come thou and kiss to stillness my last breath;
Let the last voice I hear be thine, that saith
"I love thee!" so shall I die satisfied.
Then, when on my dead face some sad eyes dwell,
Some loving hearts make bitter moan, and some,
More loving yet, smile, saying, "It is well!"
How will all marvel at the sweetness come
So strangely to my lips, not knowing this:
It is the radiance left by thy last kiss!

STORM SIGNALS.

GRAY clouds flit to and fro above the sea,
Pale phantoms of wrecked ships that seek in vain
Forgotten ports. Back from the darkening main
A hundred white sails to the harbor flee
As frightened children to their mother's knee.
Deep calleth unto deep with cries of pain;
While the imprisoned billows strive and strain
Wildly against their rocky boundary.

The rising fog its mighty shadow flings,
Quenching the last foam-light that marks the bar;
The wild winds rave; the storm-flag from its spar
Weaves a fierce menace to all living things
Save one undaunted bird, whose flickering wings
Gleam through the darkness like a falling star.

TWO SINGERS.

SOMETIMES, dear Love, you murmur, "O, could I
But snare with words the thoughts that flutter through
The thickets of my heart! Could I, like you,
Bind with sweet speech the moods of earth and sky;
Or turn to song a smile, a tear, a sigh!
Alas! My springs of thought but serve to do
The mill-stream's common work. I may but view
Afar the heights of song to which you fly."
For me, I shape from all my heart's best gold
These skill-less cups of verse. They have, I know,
No grace save this,—unto your lips they hold
Love's dearest draught. I hear your praise, but, lo!
One smile of yours, one kiss all-eloquent,
Shames my poor songs to silence. *Be content!*

DEATH'S FIRST LESSON.

THREE sad, strange things already death hath shown
To me who lived but yesterday. My love,
Who loved to kiss my hands and lips above
All other joys,—whose heart upon my own
So oft has throbbed,—fears me, now life has flown,
And shuddering turns away. The friend who strove
My trust to win, and all my faith did prove,
Sees, in my pale, still form, a bar o'erthrown
To some most dear desire. While one who spake
No fond and flattering word of love or praise,
Who only cold and stern reproof would give
To all my foolish, unconsidered ways—
This one would glad have died that I might live,
This heart alone lies broken for my sake.

LOVE.

In the heart where Love doth dwell,
Palace, cot or prison cell,
Every care with joy doth blend,
Toil is welcomed as a friend.
Sorrow's face a smile doth wear,
Death the name of Peace doth bear.
Grief may come, but all is well
In the heart where Love doth dwell.

—*Love's Presence.*

STEPHEN HENRY THAYER.

UPON a hill overlooking the Hudson, where it broadens into the Tappaan Zee, stands an Elizabethan cottage which is ideal even among the many attractive homes on that noble river; a house which fits, with a sense of homelikeness, into the serene beauty of its surroundings. Around lies the landscape which Irving loved so well,—Sleepy Hollow, with its quaint Dutch church and its "drowsy, dreamy influence which seems to hang over the land, and to pervade the very atmosphere;" the village, stretching away towards Sunnyside; the primeval, undesecrated forest, and the Pocantico, forever trolling its mysterious song.

It is not strange that the poet whose home this is should bend often to listen to "the murmuring laughters, soft and low," which "elude the alien ears of men." Born at New Ipswich, in the hills of New Hampshire, December 16, 1839, his heritage was not alone the gift to feel the beauty of woodland, the sensuous music of the song bird, but also the Puritan instinct which sees in the leaf, and hears in the note, the inspiration of him without whom nothing is. Indeed, if I were to designate that which seems to me the dominant impulse pervading the poems of Stephen Henry Thayer, I should say it is a restful, religious feeling, or, perhaps more properly, aspiration, rather than the more apparent affection for nature which usually dictates the theme. The bells of Nyack, faintly tolling across the star-lighted sea, come laden with a hymn.

"Songs of Sleepy Hollow," published in 1886, is a selection of poems which had appeared prior to that date in various leading publications. It was favorably received both in America and England. Frequent contributions since that time now aggregate enough for another volume. Nearly all Thayer's poems are subjective, reflective, descriptive; many are in the minor key. They have a quiet restraint, a simple lesson to tell, a message from a soul who loves the things that are good and pure and true. Various critical articles in the *Andover Review* and elsewhere have shown an ability to handle prose as well as verse, and a power of discriminating and appreciative analysis.

The old Appleton Academy of New Ipswich was a famous school in its day, and a typical New England institution. Here, in 1858, Thayer was the valedictorian of his class. Facing the world with Yankee resoluteness, and with a business acumen not lost in his love for books, he commenced a preliminary clerkship in a counting room in Boston, but after two years went to New York,

where he spent six years in a banking house. In 1864 he was admitted to the New York Stock Exchange, and, in 1865, in connection with his present partner, established the banking and brokerage house which for a quarter of a century has enjoyed undiminished prosperity, and is now one of the oldest firms in Wall Street, if not the oldest. He removed to Tarrytown in 1867, where he has since lived. A portion of each day is given to the details of a complex and successful business, and to the affairs of the corporations of which he is a director; but it needs no ghost to tell us that he counts as golden only those hours spent in his ample library or under the cathedral arches of the forest. He is a member, and treasurer, of the Authors' Club of New York, and a member of the Players' Club, lately founded by Edwin Booth. He is also prominently identified with the Fortnightly Club of Tarrytown, an organization of local renown. C. H. P.

THE HOME OF "THE POCANTICO."

Down from the cliffs of Ossining,
  Into the hollows below,
Vexed as with alternate passion and pain,
  Flows the river Pocantico.
Surging, eddying, veering in vain,
  It dances and delves, a thing of life;
  It sleeps in pools, it bickers in strife,
And turns on itself again and again
Over the cliffs of Ossining,
  Into the hollows below.

Far from the cliffs of Ossining,
  Out of the hollows below,
Down through fallow and glen it glides,
  Heavy with sighs, as loth to go;
Hushed in the haunted wood it hides,
  Lonesome for love of its springs afar
  Up in the hills, where the evening star
Drops fire-threads over silvery slides—
Down on the cliffs of Ossining,
  Down in the hollows below.

O for the cliffs of Ossining!
  O for the hollows below!
The stones uprise in watery guise,
  And build their mimic bars arow;
The drift-wood rallies, yeomanwise,
  As if to stay the helpless river
  That downward flows forever and ever—
That whispers, and moans, and faintly cries,
" O for the cliffs of Ossining!
  O for the hollows below!"

Far from the cliffs of Ossining,
  Far from the hollows below,
It lags through marshy meadow and lea
  With leaden feet, and heart as slow,
As if in dread of the thirsty sea—
  The sea that drinks and drinks for aye,
  Through all the centuries and a day—
The waters that flow eternally
Down from the cliffs of Ossining,
  Down from the hollows below.

MIDSUMMER ODE TO INDOLENCE.

Sweet loiterer thou—O Indolence,
  Becalmed guest of soul and sense!
    I crown thee as my happy chance,
    Thou easer of all circumstance.
Too lax art thou to laugh or sigh,
  Too listless with inert content
To ask the world for what, or why,
  Or on whose mission thou art sent.

Unhappy questioners may haste,
With tireless word and will, to waste
    Their prying craft on strange inquests;
    Thou heedest not such stern behests—
Or grim philosophies, designed
To vex the current of the mind;
    Thou hast no heart of bitterness,
    Nor dost thou tax thee more or less
With yes or no; wise reasoners keep
  In sufference just outside thy gate;
For sorrow thou might haply weep,
  Or lightly mourn at darker fate.
Still, still thou hast no poignancy,
Nor passion, save in mild degree.
    What'er betide, thou fain would gaze
    With hermit's eyes on troubled ways,
Or stretch thy limbs, or sleep, or eat,
Or watch the trip of blithesome feet,
    Or sit in drowsy aisles and dream
    On summer days—entranced seem,
And hear the lapsing brooklet sing
To throstle on its wizard wing,
    And hear the austere note reply
    From out the dizzy dome of sky,
Sufficed—though all the world be rife
With wakenings of death and life—
    To hush thy tongue, to seal thine ear,
    Or sing a song of careless cheer
To lounge in scented fields, to climb
    The lower hills, to roam the vale,
    Or watch the sunsets pale and pale,
Unmoved to span the heights sublime

H. Butterworth

In fallow thoughts to take thine ease,
Nor envy others their degrees,
But just to live, and breathe, and rest,
And deem thyself supremely blest.

Sweet loiterer thou—O Indolence,
Becalmed guest of soul and sense!
I crown thee as my happy chance,
Thou easer of all circumstance.

FAITH.

ALONE she bears the mystic flame,—
A torch that like a star doth gleam;
A leader, she, without a name;
Alone she bears the mystic flame.

A darkness falls across her way;
Her face is wrapt as in a dream.
Perchance she murmurs, "Where is day?"

She walks afar;—none other near,
Yet by her side speed silent feet;
Strange voices fall on her fine ear.

She leads the way that man shall tread,—
Whose centuries time the ceaseless beat
Of living following the dead;
She leads the way that man shall tread.

INFINITO.

COULD I but grasp the vision, make it mine,
In one full masterly embrace possess
The splendor of my dream, its joy enshrine,
And hold it as some trophy-crown, to bless
With perfect calm and peace the conquest won;
Or could I clear the mist, and fairly face
The high beatitudes of radiant morn,
That reach through infinite degrees of space;
What then—ah, what? The heart would sigh for more;
The longings of a great unrest would send
Swift-winged messengers far on before;
Such glory undefined could only lend
A depth to height, a sadness to desire,—
A voice forever calling, "Come up higher."

NIGHT WATCHES.

ONLY the shrouding gloom can unfold
The skyey chart with its worlds of gold;
Only the darkness can make the night
A fathomless miracle of light!

Only the shadow of night in the heart
Reveals to the soul the heavenly chart;
Only the darkness that falls at our feet
Can make the meaning of God complete!

HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH.

HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH was born in Warren, R. I., on December 22, 1839. The family were among the founders of Rhode Island; liberal Baptists of the Roger Williams views. In early life he began to contribute to the leading papers, among them the New York *Independent*. In 1870 he became connected with the *Youth's Companion*. He wrote "Zig-Zag Journeys," twelve volumes, for a Boston publishing firm, which are stories of places, of which some 250,000 copies have been sold. He wrote, in 1875, the "Story of the Hymns" for the American Tract Society, and won for it the George Wood Gold Medal. He has since prepared a companion volume, called "The Story of the Tunes." He has prepared several cantatas for George F. Root's music, and one of these, "Under the Palms," has had a great popularity in England. He has written for the *Atlantic Monthly*, Harper's publications, the *Christian Union*, and other periodicals. Two volumes of his poems have been published, "Poems for Christmas, Easter and New Year's," and "Songs of History."

Mr. Butterworth is one of the editors of the *Youth's Companion*, and one of the hardest workers. He owns an old farm on the famous Mt. Hope Lands, Bristol, R. I., and has a cottage at Belleview, Fla. C. W. M.

LINCOLN'S LAST DREAM.

(President Lincoln, just before his assassination, is said to have remarked to Mrs. Lincoln, "When my cares of State are over, I wish to go to Palestine.")

I.

APRIL flowers were in the hollows; in the air were April bells,
And the wings of purple swallows rested on the battle shells.
From the war's long scene of horror now the nation found release;
All the day the old war bugles blew the blessèd notes of peace.
'Thwart the twilight's damask curtains
Fell the night upon the land,
Like God's smile of benediction
Shadowed faintly by his hand.
In the twilight, in the dusklight, in the starlight, everywhere,
Banners waved like gardened flowers in the palpitating air.

II.

In Art's temple there were greetings, gentle hurryings of feet,
And triumphant strains of music rose amid the numbers sweet.

Soldiers gathered, heroes gathered, women beautiful were there:
Will he come, the land's Beloved, there to rest an hour from care?
Will he come who for the people
Long the cross of pain has borne,—
Prayed in silence, wept in silence,
Held the hand of God alone?
Will he share the hour of triumph, now his mighty work is done?
Here receive the people's plaudits, now the victory is won?

III.

O'er thy dimpled waves, Potomac, softly now the moonbeams creep;
O'er far Arlington's green meadows, where the brave forever sleep.
'Tis Good Friday; bells are tolling, bells of chapel beat the air
On thy quiet waves, Potomac; Arlington, serene and fair.
And he comes, the nation's hero,
From the White House, worn with care;
Hears the name of "Lincoln!" ringing
In the thronged streets, everywhere;
Hears the bells,—what memories bringing to his long-uplifted heart!
Hears the plaudits of the people as he gains the Hall of Art.

IV.

Throbs the air with thrilling music, gayly onward sweeps the play;
But he little heeds the laughter, for his thoughts are far away;
Was it not that recent vision, when he said: "A Form I see,
Walking calmly 'mid the people on the shores of Galilee;
Oft I've wished his steps to follow,
Whom all men as brothers met;
When the cares of State are over,
Let me go to Olivet;
And the paths the Blessèd followed I will walk from sea to sea,
Follow him who healed the people on the shores of Galilee."

V.

Hung the flag of peace before him; and his eyes with tears were dim,
Though a thousand eyes exultant lifted oft their smiles to him.
Forms of statesmen, forms of heroes, women beautiful were there,
But it was another vision that had calmed his brow of care:
Was it Tabor glowed before him,
Carmel in the evening sun;
Faith's strong armies grandly marching
Through the vale of Esdralon;
Or the sun-lit Horns of Huttim on the shores of Galilee,
Where the Sermon of the Blessèd made the world forever free?

VI.

Now the breath of light applauses rose the templed arches through,
Stirred the folds of silken banners, mingled red and white and blue;
But the Dreamer seemed to heed not: rose the past his eye before,—
Armies guarding the Potomac, flashing through the Shenandoah;
Gathering armies, darkening navies;
Heroes marching forth to die;
Chickamauga, Chattanooga,
And the Battle of the Sky;
Silent prayers to free the bondmen in the ordeal of fire,
And God's angel's sword uplifted to fulfill his heart's desire.

VII.

Thought he of the streets of Richmond on the late triumphant day
When the swords of vanquished leaders at his feet surrendered lay;
When, amid the sweet bells ringing, all the sable multitudes
Shouted forth the name of "Lincoln!" like a rushing of the floods;
Thought of all his heart had suffered;
All his struggles and renown;
Dreaming not that just before him
Lifted was the martyr's crown;
Seeing not the dark form stealing through the music-haunted air;
Knowing not that mid the triumph the betrayer's form was there.

VIII.

Flash! what scymetar of fire lit the flag with lurid light?
Hush! what means that shuddering silence, what that woman's shriek of fright?
Puff of smoke! the call bell ringing! why has stopped the airy play?
Why the fixed looks of the players that a moment past were gay?

Why the murmurings, strange, uncertain,
Why do faces turn so white,
Why descends the affrighted curtain
Like a white cloud 'thwart the sight?
Why the brute cries? why the tumult? Has Death found the Hall of Art?
Hush! what say those quivering whispers, turning into stone each heart?

IX.

April morning; flags are blowing; 'thwart each flag a sable bar.
Dead, the leader of the people! dead, the world's great commoner.
Bells on the Potomac tolling; tolling by the Sangamon;
Tolling from the broad Atlantic to the Ocean of the Sun.
Friend and foe clasp hands in silence,
Listen to the low prayers said,
Hear the people's benedictions,
Hear the nations praise the dead.
Lovely land of Palestina! he thy shores will never see,
But, his dream fulfilled, he follows Him who walked in Galilee.

IN BAY CHALEUR.

THE birds no more in dooryard trees are singing,
The purple swallows all have left the eaves,
And 'thwart the sky the broken clouds are winging,
Shading the land-slopes, bright with harvest-sheaves.
Old Hannah waits her sailor-boy returning,
His fair young brow to-day she hopes to bless;
But sees the red sun on the hill-tops burning,
The flying cloud, the wild, cold gloominess
Of Bay Chaleur.

The silver crown has touched her forehead lightly
Since last his hand was laid upon her hair;
The golden crown will touch her brow more lightly
Ere he again shall print his kisses there.
The night comes on, the village sinks in slumber,
The rounded moon illumes the water's rim;
Each evening hour she hears the old clock number,
But brings the evening no return to him
To Bay Chaleur.

She heard low murmurs in the sandy reaches,
And knew the sea no longer was at rest;
The black clouds scudded o'er the level beaches,
And barred the moonlight on the ocean's breast.
The night wore on, and grew the shadows longer;
Far in the distance of the silvered seas
Tides lapped the rocks, and blew the night-wind stronger,
Bending the pines and stripping bare the trees
Round Bay Chaleur.

Then Alice came; on Hannah's breast reclining,
She heard the leaves' swift whistling in the breeze,
And, through the lattice, saw the moon declining
In the deep shadows of the rainy seas.
The fire burned warm,—upon the hearth was sleeping
The faithful dog that used his steps to follow.
"'Tis almost midnight," whispered Alice, weeping,
While blew the winds more drearily and hollow
O'er Bay Chaleur.

No organ stands beneath a bust of Pallas,
No painted Marius to the ruin clings,
No Ganymede, borne up from airy Hellas,
Looks through the darkness, 'neath the eagle's wings.
But the sweet pictures from the shadowed ceiling
Reflect the firelight near old Hannah's chair,—
One a fair girl, with features full of feeling,
And one a boy, a fisher young and fair,
Of Bay Chaleur.

The boy returns with humble presents laden,
For on the morrow is his wedding morn;
To the old church he hopes to lead the maiden
Whose head now rests his mother's breast upon.
Now Hannah droops her cheek, the maiden presses,—
"He will return when comes the morning hours,
And he will greet thee with his fond caresses,
And thou shalt meet him diademed with flowers."
Sweet Bay Chaleur.

Gray was the morning, but a light more tender
Parted at last the storm-cloud's lingering glooms;
The sun looked forth in mellowness and splendor,
Drying the leaves amid the gentian blooms.
And wrecks came drifting to the sandy reaches,
As inward rolled the tide with sullen roar;
The fishers wandered o'er the sea-washed beaches,
And gathered fragments as they reached the shore
Of Bay Chaleur.

Then Alice, with the village maidens roaming
Upon the beaches where the breakers swirl,
Espied a fragment 'mid the waters foaming,
And found a casket overlaid with pearl.

It was a treasure. "Happy he who claimed it,"
A maiden said, "'tis worthy of a bride."
Another maid "the ocean's dowery" named it;
But gently Alice, weeping, turned aside,—
Sad Bay Chaleur!—

And went to Hannah with the new-found treasure,
And stood again beside the old arm-chair;
The maidens stood around her, radiant with pleasure,
And playful wove the gentians in her hair.
Then Hannah said, her feelings ill dissembling,
"Some sailor-lad this treasure once possessed;
And now, perhaps," she added, pale and trembling,
"His form lies sleeping 'neath the ocean's breast,
In Bay Chaleur!"

Now on her knee the open box she places,—
Her trembling hand falls helpless on her breast;
Into her face look up two pictured faces,
The faces that her sailor-boy loved best.
One picture bears the written words, "My mother,"—
Old Hannah drops her wrinkled face in pain;
"Alice," sweet name, is writ beneath the other—
Old Hannah's tears fall over it like rain.
Dark Bay Chaleur!

The spring will come, the purple swallows bringing,
The green leaves glitter where the gold leaves fell;
But nevermore the time of flowers and singing
Will hope revive in her poor heart to dwell.
Life ne'er had brought to her so dark a chalice,
But from her lips escaped no bitter moan;
They, 'mid the gentians, made the grave of Alice,
And Hannah lives in her old cot alone,
By Bay Chaleur.

THE BIRD THAT SANG TO COLUMBUS.

"PADRE,
As on we go,
Into the unknown sea,
The morning splendors rise and glow,
In new horizons still.—Padre, you know,
They said in old Seville 't would not be so;
They said black deeps and flaming air
Were ocean's narrow bound;
Light everywhere
We've found,
Padre.

"Behold!
The fronded palms
That fan the earth, and hold aloft
Their mellowed fruit in dusky arms
Above these paradises of the sea.
Hark! hear the birds.—A land bird sang to me
Upon the mast on that mysterious morn
Before the new world rose:
Sang, and was gone,
Who knows,
Padre?

"But he,
That joyful bird,
Was sent by Heaven to me
To sing the sweetest song man ever heard!
He came amid the mutiny and strife,
And sang his song in these new airs of life
Sang of the Edens of those glorious seas,
Then westward made his flight,
On the land breeze,
From sight,
Padre."

THE CYPRESS GATES.

SLOWLY, boatman, slowly go;
Swift the leafy currents flow,
And I cannot see or know
What beyond yon dark wood waits,
Drifting toward the Cypress Gates
Of the Ocklawaha.

We have passed funereal glooms,
Cypress caverns, haunted rooms,
Halls of gray moss starred with blooms—
Slowly, slowly, in these straits,
Drifting toward the Cypress Gates
Of the Ocklawaha.

In the towers of green o'erhead
Watch the vulture for the dead,
And below the egrets red
Eye the mossy pools like fates,
In the shadowy Cypress Gates
Of the Ocklawaha.

Clouds of palm crowns lie behind,
Clouds of gray moss in the wind,
Crumbling oaks with jessamines twined,
Where the ring-doves meet their mates,
Cooing in the Cypress Gates
Of the Ocklawaha.

High the silver ibis flies—
Silver wings in silver skies;
In the sun the saurian lies;
Comes the mocking-bird and prates
To the boatmen at the gates
Of the Ocklawaha.

Ella Higginson.

Nearer now, we're drawing near,
Naught but cypresses appear.
Hark! what song is that I hear!
'Tis a bird that love elates—
Some sweet bird beyond the gates
Of the Ocklawaha.

Slowly—awful shades are these!
Seas of mosses, seas of trees!
Currents viewless as the breeze;
Half the boat is in the straits,
Half is through the Cypress Gates
Of the Ocklawaha.

On—the sunlight drops a ray!
On—the current knows the way!
On—the bird still sings its lay,
And a sun-flood fills the straits;—
Shadows—shadows—were the gates
Of the Ocklawaha.

Lo! a shower of golden rain!
Lo! the ibis flies again!
Runs the river toward the main,
Fades the dark air, fade the straits,
Fade the unlocked Cypress Gates
Of the Ocklawaha.

Now the broader waters gleam—
Seems my voyage upon the stream
Like a semblance of a dream,
And the dream my soul elates;
Life flows through the Cypress Gates
Like the Ocklawaha.

Will the ibis fly again?
Will the ring-dove sigh again?
Sunsets fall in golden rain?
Boatman, boatman, what awaits
Us beyond the Cypress Gates
Of Life's Ocklawaha?

Boatman, boatman, oft I hear
Falling, falling, on my ear,
One sweet voice that once was dear;
And I think God's love awaits
My poor faith beyond the gates
Of the Ocklawaha.

Ibis, thou wilt fly again,
Ring-dove, thou wilt sigh again,
Jessamines bloom in golden rain;
And a loving song-bird waits
Me beyond the Cypress Gates
Of the Ocklawaha.

ELLA HIGGINSON.

ELLA RHOADS HIGGINSON was born near Council Grove, Kansas, in the beautiful valley of the Neosho, in the year 1862. Her birth-place was the typical log-cabin prairie home of those days, with morning glories blooming about its humble door, and miles of waving, flower-lit prairie —Nature's own lawn—stretching further than her baby-eyes could reach. When she was two years of age her parents joined the westward-flowing tide of emigration, and thus the far-off land "where rolls the Oregon" came to be the home of her girlhood.

The early development of a poetic temperament found vent in short stories of romance, written in a desultory fashion, at the fitful dictation of girlish fancy, many of which were published in various Pacific Coast periodicals, long before she dreamed of achieving a literary career. Humble birth and surroundings and imperfect educational advantages were obstacles that should not be overlooked when considering the literary achievements of Ella Higginson. After her marriage, in 1882, to Russell C. Higginson, and prior to June, 1888, she had written but little poetry; but about that date she wrote one or two strikingly beautiful poems that, when published in an eastern journal, at once attracted favorable notice, and thenceforth she gave herself up to the sway of the rhythmic Muse. In the brief space of two years she has written more than one hundred poems, which have appeared in all parts of the United States, and have been widely copied and read.

Whatever of success has come, or is destined yet to come, to Ella Higginson has been won by her own unaided efforts. With few to encourage and but little to inspire her, she has worked on, and by sheer force of will has overcome obstacles and risen above failures beneath which many a woman would have sunk, disheartened. She has nobly earned the rewards she is now gathering, and that, perchance, makes them doubly welcome.

Her present home is at Sehome, on the shores of Puget Sound, which fair land has been fitly described in her sonnet, "Winter on Puget Sound."

C. B. M.

WINTER ON PUGET SOUND.

I know a land all rich with purple bloom,
Where waters sleep, agleam with opal's fire,
And white-winged sea-gulls dip, and never tire,
Into the sea's great, fruitful, yielding womb.
Here rose-blue mists, like sunlit thistles, loom
Upon their mother's breast, disdaining sire,
Yet, like the immortal soul, rise ever higher,
Or sink into that passion-heaving tomb.

Here sap runs riot in the proud fir's veins
  And banks of tender green slope to the sea;
    Willows and wild rose-bushes burst to leaf,
And western birds peal forth their glad refrains;
  Here is no snow, no frost, no frozen lea;
    This is the sunset land—sweet past belief.

BELLINGHAM BAY.

One broad, blue sweep of dancing, sunlit sea,
Fleck'd here and there with blown sails, white as foam.
Here, warm lights die and restless sea-gulls roam,
And winds steal in from ocean wantonly.
Southward, the chaste Olympics, snow-washed, free,
Gleam through the purple mist; eastward, the dome
Of all the Cascades guards our western home.
Here, wild birds pour their souls out, mad with glee,
And, downward dipping in the blue wave's crest,
Fling opalescent drops from wings and breast:
From cool, marsh-meadows, where lies dim the light,
Soft-toned frogs make sweet the solemn night
And violet-scented morn; and ebbs and flows
The tide forever, with its joys and woes.

HER WAY.

There is within a western wood a place
  Where spring doth wanton as she dallies by,
  With many a warm, voluptuous kiss and sigh;
Her bare soft arms she twines with nameless grace
About the fir's strong throat. In his embrace,
  With yielding bosom, she doth strive to lie,—
  With wiles the passion of his life to buy.
At her soft touch hot saps do leap and race
  Along his swelling veins; his strong limbs thrill
  Beneath the force of her seductive will;
At first he but submits to her caress,—
  As one might smile at some sweet child at play:
Then, passions, bursting into bloom, confess
  His will is her's—Spring has regained her sway.

MIDSUMMER NIGHT.

Down thro' the field in the fading light,
The milkmaid goes with her tin pails bright;
Stoops by the spring underneath the pines,
And pushing aside the clustering vines,
Plunges them into the bubbling pool,
And holds them, waiting, till drenched and cool;
Then rises and goes thro' the long, wet, grass,
By the narrow path where the cattle pass,
Cheerily calling, strong and free,
"So-ook-e! So-ook-e! So-ook-e-e!"

Over the hill where the dying sun
Lingers a moment when the day is done,
And flushes the west with a flood of light,
The plowboy goes into the fragrant night;
Singing and whistling right merrily,
For his heart is clean and his soul is free;
Switching the flowers and taking no heed
How far in the distance the horses feed;
And they sidle away with a long, slow lope,
When he calls, "Co'p, Fan! Co'p, Bill! Co'p! Co'p!"

Out to the barnyard the farmer goes,
Where the stream steals thro' and sings as it flows,
Wearily plodding with soil-worn feet,
He yet finds something vaguely sweet
In the low, soft murmur of myriad frogs,
And the noisy welcome of well-kept hogs;
He counts them—and one is away or lost!
So quick in the trough the food is tossed,
While the farmer calls loudly and anxiously,
"Po-oo-e! Po-oo-e! Po-oo-e-e!"

Out to the orchard the housewife goes,
Where the dews fall thickly on pansy and rose,
Chases the chickens from roost on the trees,
And invites them into their coops, if they please;
Counts and re-counts them, but one is gone,
She searches the orchard, the garden, the lawn,
Even in the grass that is deep and wet,
She looks for the place where "Speckle" has "set;"
Rattling the wheat, she calls, coaxingly,
  "Ch-uck-e! Ch-uck-e! Ch-uck-e-e!"

In a little white chamber where all is still,
And the roses peep in at their own sweet will,
The young mother sits with a child at her breast,
Tenderly trying to lull it to rest;
Dimpled hands fondle her bosom of snow,
And wet lips press kisses—while she sings low,
"O—hush thee, darling,—and go to sleep,
There's time enough—time, dearie—left to weep;
O—hush thee—hush"—she croons dreamily—
"Hush thee—Hush thee—Hush thee-e-e!"

THE ANGEL IN HELL.

The devil he stood at the gates of hell
  And yearned for an angel above,
And he sighed:—"Come down, sweet siren, and learn
  The lesson of passion and love!"

The angel she leaned from the gates of gold,
(The devil was fair in her eyes),
And she thought it would be very nice if she
Could lift him up to the skies.

"My dear Mr. Devil," she softly replied:
"My home is of comfort and ease,
And I'm very well satisfied where I am—
And so—if you'll pardon me—please,

"I hardly dare venture to go so far;
Do you, sir, come up to me,
For I am an angel in heaven, while you
Are only the devil, you see."

"Too well I know that an angel you are,"
The devil with cunning, replied:
"And that is the reason I covet you,
For a safe-guard at my side.

"You'll find the atmosphere balmy and warm,
And a heart that is wholly thine;
Here are red, red roses, and passionate bliss,
And kisses, and maddening wine.

"O, come! angel, come! I'll stretch out my arms,
And draw you to infinite rest,
And all the delights of this beautiful hell,
Asleep, you shall drink on my breast!"

The angel she leaned from the gates of gold,
And she clasped him with arms of snow;
But the while she was striving to draw him up,
The lower she seemed to go.

"Don't struggle, sweet angel," the devil he cried,
As he bore her on passion's swell;
"When an angel's arms have embraced me but once,
She belongs to the devil—and hell."

WHERE THE DIFFERENCE LIES.

("*Sin is no worse in woman than in man.*")

It may be; yet I would not have it so:
There are thoughts and passions in the heart of man
That I would not have in hers; for I know
Woman forgives each day what no man can.

It may be; yet I feel it is not so;
Man loathes in her the sins he calls his own.
And I believe that each man lives to know
That one pure woman holds his heart alone.

And still they say: "It may be!"—yet I *know*,
That man may sin, and rise to honors great;
While God's unwritten law has made it so,
That *she* who *sins* forever yields to fate.

Ten thousand furies rise to crush to earth,
Her hope of reformation in its birth;
And this is why I think it is God's will,
That she who yields must suffer and be still.

A FANCY.

This thought my fancy doth impart,
As birds strange music troll;
The blossom is the thistle's heart,
And the white down is its soul.

LIFE AND DEATH,

As one may breathe without a sigh,
Yet cannot sigh without a breath,
So Love may life to passion be,
While Passion unto Love is—death.

THE OLD STORY.

A spirit, looking backward, sighed,
"How strange that now you find no flaw
In one whose faults, alone, you saw,
Before she died."

REGRET.

I thought I did not care till you had gone,
And I heard the wind grieving through the leaves,
And the plaintive rhythm of the soft rain drops,
As they dripped, dripped, dripped from the time-worn eaves.

The while I danced with tireless feet, and light,
You held no place within my care-free mind;
Nor when, upon my dappled mare, I raced,
Flushed, triumphant, buoyant, with the wind.

For then, my very soul was full of life
That throbbed and pulsed and raced my being through;
And I was all-sufficient to myself,
And gave no lightest thought or care to you.

But when I crossed a field, one winter's day,
And heard a little brook go singing by;
When a pale, wet crocus bloom looked up at me,
Some vague remembrance moved my heart to sigh.

And when I hear the restless, wind-vex'd leaves,
And the soft rhythm of the winter rain,
Through all my being thrills the vain desire
That I might have you here with me again.

CHARLES WASHINGTON COLEMAN.

THE subject of this sketch was born November 22, 1862, at Richmond, Va., his father being stationed there at that time as a surgeon in the Confederate hospital. Mrs. Coleman is a niece of John Randolph, of Roanoke, and daughter of Judge Beverley Tucker, sometime professor of law at William and Mary College, an eminent man, distinguished alike as jurist and litterateur. Judge Tucker's father was no less well and favorably known as author and jurist than his son, and fought gallantly in the Revolution, attaining the rank of Colonel, and was afterwards Judge of the United States Court. The Colemans and the Tuckers had, from the first, lived in or near Williamsburg, Va., that quaint old town at which for many years the social, literary and political life of the Old Dominion centered.

Reared in a highly cultured family, it is no wonder that young Coleman should promise to shine as brightly among his co-laborers in the new Southern literature as did his talented ancestors in Southern politics. Mr. Coleman's first effort was the natural result of his environment and ancestry. In 1881, while rummaging among some old papers, he came across letters written by his great grandfather, St. George Tucker. The letters were addressed to the Colonel's wife, and, along with sparkling bon-mots, jests and bits of doggerel, contained much valuable historic information concerning the events just preceding the surrender at Yorktown. These were put together into a perfect whole, forwarded to *The Magazine of American History* and were accepted. Even at this early period the seventeen-year-old boy showed he had inherited the poetic talent of the Tuckers.

The next year Mr. Coleman went to the University of Virginia, remaining there three years, and in the meantime contributing to the *University Magazine* and, less frequently, to *The Century* and other periodicals. He studied law at the same institution, and since his return to Williamsburg he has devoted much time to literary work, contributing to all the prominent periodicals.

Harper's Magazine for May, 1887, contained an article by Mr. Coleman entitled "The Recent Movement in Southern Literature," which attracted much attention all over the country. The only unfair part of the article consisted in the fact that Mr. Coleman's writing it prevented his name from being placed along with those of the other rising young southern writers, among whom he is prominent as a poet.

Although Mr. Coleman has produced some highly creditable prose, his talent, and a most decided talent it is, is in the field of poetry. H. S. B.

THE PASSING OF THE SINGER.

He came alone, the pale singer,
'Long the dusty road to the town;
His feet were worn and his heart was torn,
His eyes were wide and brown.

He paused in the street of the city,
And hope sprang up amain;
To the surging throng that hurried along
He sang a plaintive strain.

But some had to buy in the market,
And others to sell in the shop,
And many to play, and a few to pray,
And none had time to stop.

So they did not hear the music,
They did not turn to look,
Save a woman worn, and a lover lorn,
And a student over his book.

Men had no time to listen,
And he no heart to wait;
So he hushed his song and passed along
Out through the city gate.

He went alone, the pale singer,
'Long the dusty road from the town;
His cheeks were thin and tears stood in
His eyes so wide and brown.

And the woman's lip was trembling,
As she turned from her work to look;
The lover lorn forgot to mourn,
And the student closed his book.

When the sunset gates were opened,
And the western skies aflame,
From over the hill to the city still
A magical music came.

Men cried, "Do you hear the music?"
(They were resting after the day),—
"That singer sweet to our city street
Shall come and dwell for aye!"

Far over the land they sought him,
Sought till the night grew late;
But the weary feet of the singer sweet
Had passed the sunset gate.

Then back to the streets of the city,
Back to its tire, they came;
And eyes were wet with a vain regret,
As they spoke the singer's fame.

He passed alone, the pale singer,
And no one turned to look,
Save a woman worn, and a lover lorn,
And a student over his book.

Now ever in hush of evening
Men sit with lips grown dumb,
As over the hill to the city still
The songs of the singer come.

LOVE'S GOING.

Sestina.

LOVE lies a-sleeping; maiden, softly sing,
Lest he should waken; pluck the falling rose
A-brushing 'gainst his cheek, her glowing heart
Ope'd to the sun's hot kisses—foolish thing
To list the tale oft told! but summer goes,
And all the roses' petals fall apart.

Love lies a-sleeping; let the branches part
So that the breeze may lightly to him sing
A lullaby—the changeful breeze that goes
A-whisp'ring through the grass, where'er it rose,
Where'er it listeth bound, a wilful thing,
Low murmuring sweets from an inconstant heart.

Love lies a-sleeping; press the pulsing heart
That beats against thy bosom; stand apart
And stay thine eager breath, lest anything
Should mar his rest—the songs that lovers sing,
The tale the butterfly tells to the rose,
The low wind to the grass, and onward goes.

Love lies a-sleeping; ah, how swiftly goes
The sweet delusion he hath taught thy heart,
Fair maiden, pressing to thy breast the rose
Whose sun-kissed petals sadly fall apart
With thy quick breath. That rhyme wouldst hear him sing
Which yesterday seemed such a foolish thing?

Love lies a-sleeping; nay, for such a thing
Break not his slumber. See how sweetly goes
That smile across his lips, that will not sing
For very wilfulness. Love hath no heart!
If he should wake, those red-ripe lips would part
In laughter low to see this ravish'd rose.

Love lies a-sleeping; so the full-blown rose
Falls to the earth, a dead unpitied thing;
The grasses 'neath the breeze deep-sighing part
And sway; and as thy warm breath comes and goes
In motion with the red tides of thy heart,
The song is hushed which Love was wont to sing.

Love lies a-sleeping; thus in dreams he goes;
Strive not to waken him, but tell thy heart,
"Love lies a-sleeping, and he may not sing."

A BRUISED ROSE.

THE revelry that fill'd the night is done;
Hushed is the patter of once dancing feet,
The rustle of rich fabrics, laughter sweet;
The music still'd and morning, newly born,
Hears but its echo.
One poor bruised rose,
Let fall upon the floor from some fair breast,
Is all that tells it was no cunning jest
Wrought by the deft romancer of repose;
The music, laughter, all a fitful gleam,
Press'd from the pillow of a broken dream.

JUNE COMETH.

O LOVER bird, haste to thy wooing,
Break forth into bloom, red rose;
For the east doth flush with an eager blush
And June thro' the garden goes.

She is white like the tall white lilies
That sicken the air with sweet,
And the yellow hair o'er her bosom bare
Falls down to her sandal'd feet.

Her eyes are as deep as the ocean,
And calm as a forest pool;
Her breath is as free as the sea winds be
And her lips with the dew are cool.

She comes from the daisied meadows,
By tender winds o'erblown;
For May, the child who erst ran wild,
Is now to a woman grown.

Behold! like a queen she cometh,
So stately and fair and meek;
And the lilies swoon in their own perfume
To touch her fairer cheek.

O birds, be no cease to your singing;
Break forth into bloom, red rose;
For day's high-priest cometh out of the east,
And June thro' the garden goes.

Her eyelids droop with the passion
Her trembling lips would own;
And the kiss of the sun her brow upon
A rose in her cheek has blown.

Her long white arms to her lover
She lifts, and her parted lips
Drink the light of his kiss, as a bee, I wis,
The sweet of a lily sips.

Sing loud, O ye birds, of loving,
Till all the world gives ear;
For the sun is in love in the heavens above,
And June, the queen, is here.

IN THE GERMAN.

She stood upon the polish'd floor,
Amid the ball-room's blazing light,
And slowly scan'd the circle o'er,
That form'd the dance that night.

(The waltz they play'd was Woman's Love—)
She stood and stroked her long white glove.

The creamy silk her form caress'd,
A bunch of plumes hung o'er her heart,
Her bosom by soft lace was press'd,
Her rich red lips apart.

(The German was the dance that night—)
One high-heeled shoe was just in sight,

She held a favor in her hand—
A dainty, perfumed, painted thing,
A tiny heart—yet he would stand,
Who won that prize, a king.

(The waltz they played was Woman's Love—)
How fast my throbbing heart did move!

Men watched her there with eager eyes,
The light upon her curls did shine;
Then with a look of sweet surprise,
Her great gray eyes met mine.

(The German was the dance that night—)
She smiled—her smile was wondrous bright.

She waved her fan coquettishly,
And half inclined her well poised head,
As, in a tone part coy, part shy,
"Here take my heart," she said.

(The waltz they play'd was Woman's Love—)
Her hand in mine lay like a dove.

I felt love in my pulses start,
She was my own for that brief space—
Her heart was beating 'gainst my heart,
Her breath play'd o'er my face.

(The German was the dance that night—)
The dawn broke slowly into light.

Has she who gave forgotten quite?
I wear that heart my own above.
(The German was the dance that night;
The waltz they played was Woman's Love.)

HARRIET McEWEN KIMBALL.

HARRIET McEWEN KIMBALL was born in Portsmouth, N. H., in 1834, and to this day her home has been the beautiful old mansion where she first saw the light, and where, surrounded by a most delightful atmosphere of culture, her life has been passed. Not being, as a child, very robust, her education was chiefly given her in her own home, and by her mother, a lady of unusual acquirements and accomplishments. Miss Kimball's father, Dr. David Kimball, was a gentleman of the old school, a man of great refinement of thought and feeling; and in the midst of these rare home-surroundings both the practical and poetical qualities of his daughter's nature were developed. Full of interest, and helpful in all domestic cares and responsibilities, her years have been devoted to good works in the church which she ardently loves, and in charities, of which the "Cottage Hospital" in her native city is one of the crowning glories.

Literature has been with Miss Kimball rather a pastime than a profession, although she has always given her best thought and care to whatever she has written, and never allows anything to go from her hand unless it is as well done as she is capable of doing it.

Her first volume was solicited by the publishers (E. P. Dutton & Company) in 1867. Since then she has published two others, and in November of 1889 there appeared a full and complete edition of her poems from the house of Anson D. F. Randolph & Company.

Of her poems Mr. Edmund C. Stedman says:

"Her religious verse always displays, besides great purity and feeling, the artistic grace which marks her secular lyrics. The lack of such a grace has often made the poetry of faith seem rather barren; but Miss Kimball's song is the natural utterance of the poet, the woman and the saint."

Dr. Peabody, Bishop Huntington, Mr. Stedman, Mr. Whittier and others assign Miss Kimball a unique place among the poets of America. Many of her longer devotional poems have been likened to those of Faber.

Extremely modest and unassuming, Miss Kimball possesses a most interesting personality, and has the affection and admiration of many friends. She has avoided, as far as possible, all publicity, shrinking always from anything that would make her conspicuous; but in her church relations and neighborhood she is known and valued for her unselfish devotion to the interests of suffering humanity, for her poetical talent, and for her noble and generous nature. M. L. B. W.

ALL'S WELL.

THE day is ended. Ere I sink to sleep
My weary spirit seeks repose in thine:
Father! forgive my trespasses, and keep
This little life of mine.

With loving kindness curtain Thou my bed;
And cool in rest my burning pilgrim feet;
Thy pardon be the pillow for my head—
So shall my sleep be sweet.

At peace with all the world, dear Lord, and Thee,
No fears my soul's unwavering faith can shake;
All's well, whichever side the grave for me
The morning light may break!

THE CRICKETS.

PIPE, little minstrels of the waning year,
In gentle concert pipe!
Pipe the warm noons; the mellow harvest near;
The apples dropping ripe;

The tempered sunshine and the softened shade;
The thrill of a lonely bird;
The sweet sad hush on Nature's gladness laid;
The sounds through silence heard.

Pipe tenderly the passing of the year;
The Summer's brief reprieve;
The dry husk rustling round the yellow ear;
The chill of morn and eve!

Pipe the untroubled trouble of the year;
Pipe low the painless pain;
Pipe your unceasing melancholy cheer:
The year is in the wane.

THE GUEST.

Behold, I stand at the door and knock: if any man hear my voice and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me.—*Rev. iii. 20.*

SPEECHLESS Sorrow sat with me;
I was sighing wearily;
Lamp and fire were out; the rain
Wildly beat the window-pane.
In the dark I heard a knock,
And a hand was on the lock.
One in waiting, spake to me,
Saying sweetly,
"I am come to sup with thee."

All my room was dark and damp;
"Sorrow," said I, trim the lamp,
Light the fire, and cheer thy face,
Set the guest-chair in its place."

And again I heard the knock;
In the dark I found the lock;
"Enter I have turned the key,—
Enter, Stranger,
Who art come to sup with me."

Opening wide the door he came,
But I could not speak his name;
In the guest-chair took his place,
But I could not see his face.
When my cheerful fire was beaming,
When my little lamp was gleaming,
And the feast was spread for three,
Lo, my Master
Was the guest that supped with me!

WHEN I AWAKE.

Ps. xvii. 15.

WHEN I awake shall I Thine image bear,
O Thou Adored?
The image lost, in some pure Otherwhere
Oh, shall it be restored?
Already stealeth o'er my trembling soul
Some semblance sweet,—
The wavering outline of the perfect whole
Thy touch shall yet complete?

When I awake shall I indeed cast by
All earthly taint,
And walk with Thee in white, Thy white, on high,
As seraph walks and saint?
Through endless, blessed ages shall I know
Thy will alone
Its all-pervading, perfect motions grow
More than mine own mine own?

The glories that no vision can forestall
With crystal gleam
The peace, the rapture, and the holy thrall
Of love that reigns supreme;
The death of all that meaneth self and time;
The gain of Thee,
My Lord, my God the victory sublime
When only Thou shalt be,—
Thou, all in all,—all in Thy fullness lost,
And all, all found
Dear beyond price, no aspiration crossed;
Thou, only Thou our bound;—
Shall I behold, receive, possess, attain
All this and more
To tell whereof all tongues would strive in vain,
In vain all language pour?

Shall the Great Vision that transcends our dreams
At last unfold?
Thy face, Thy glory, whence all glory streams
Shall I indeed behold

When I awake? Oh can it ever be,
All joys beside,
That I shall gaze and gaze, my God, on Thee?
I shall be satisfied.

SUMMER-TIME.

SUMMER's breath has kissed the lovely bloom
From the apple-trees:
Out of flower-cups, dripping with perfume,
Sip the honey-bees.

Where the vines are strung with roses red
Dart the humming-birds;
Winds like lovers, in the boughs o'erhead
Whisper tender words.

Clover-crested are the waves of grass
Where the little feet
Frolic, deep in coolness, as I pass
From the sunny street.

When at eve o'er field and fen and brake
Misty curtains fall,
Fire-flies, in their meteor dances, make
Nightly carnival.

GOOD-BY.

BID me good-by! No sweeter salutation
Can friendship claim;
Nor yet can any language, any nation
A sweeter frame.

It is not final; it forbodes no sorrow
As some declare
Who born to fretting are so prone to borrow
To-morrow's share.

"Good-by" is but a prayer, a benediction
From lips sincere;
And breathed by thine it brings a sweet conviction
That God will hear.

"Good-by!" Yes, "God be with you;" prayer and blessing
In simplest phrase;
Alike our need and His dear care confessing
In all our ways.

However rare or frequent be our meeting,
However nigh
The last long parting or the endless greeting,
Bid me good-by!

WHITE AZALEAS.

AZALEAS—whitest of white!
White as the drifted snow
Fresh-fallen out of the night,
Before the coming glow
Tinges the morning light;
When the light is like the snow,
White,
And the silence is like the light;
Light, and silence, and snow,
All—white!

White! not a hint
Of the creamy tint
A rose will hold,
The whitest rose, in its inmost fold;
Not a possible blush;
White as an embodied hush;
A very rapture of white;
A wedlock of silence and light.
White, white as the wonder undefiled
Of Eve just wakened in Paradise;
Nay, white as the angel of a child
That looks into God's own eyes!

MY NAMESAKE.

FROM silvery clouds the silvery showers
Fell o'er the earth;
Stole softly forth the faint, sweet flowers
Of April birth.

An April babe, my namesake, came
One April day;
Just claimed on earth her place, her name,
And fled away.

A few soft sighings of the breath
And it was spent;
Too frail for life, too sweet for death,
She came and went.

So brief a stay, so swift a flight,
Could scarce be felt;
Thus snowflakes falling light as light
Touch earth and melt.

If, verily, she hath been here
We hardly know;
The frailest blossoms of the year
Her days outgrow.

Sweet month of soft unsorrowing sighs
And fragrant breath;
Of tender, showery, brooding skies;
Of life, not death;

Lyman Whitney Allen

Her faint, sweet memory entomb
In violets,
The pathos of whose faint perfume
Breathes no regrets!

How strange to enter Paradise,
As she to-day,
With not one tear in those sweet eyes
To wipe away!

MY FIELD.

I WILL not wrong thee, O To-day,
With idle longing for To-morrow;
But patient plough my field and sow
The seed of faith in every furrow.

Enough for me the loving light
That melts the cloud's repellant edges;
The still unfolding, bud by bud,
Of God's most sweet and holy pledges.

I breathe His breath; my life is His;
The hand He nerves knows no defrauding;
The Lord will make this joyless waste
Wave with the wheat of His rewarding.

Of His rewarding! Yes; and yet
Not mine a single blade or kernel;
The seed is His; the quickening His;
The care unchanging and eternal.

His, too, the harvest song shall be
When He who blessed the barren furrow
Shall thrust His shining sickle in
And reap my little field to-morrow.

CHRISTMAS.

O happy earth, whose darkest night
The angels flood with song and light!
O happy shepherds, first to hear
The tidings meant for every ear!
O happy night, O happy morn,
A Savior, Christ, the Lord is born!
O happy heaven, among whose spheres
The Christ-Child's blazing star appears!
O happy magi, from afar
Led by the Christ-Child's blazing star!
O Bethlehem! O spot most fair,
For Mary and the Child are there!

—*Christmas Carol.*

FAITH.

The Way, the Truth, the Life Thou art!
This, this I know; to this I cleave;
The sweet new language of my heart—
"Lord, I believe."

—*My Knowledge.*

LYMAN WHITNEY ALLEN.

LYMAN WHITNEY ALLEN is both poet and preacher, and those who know him as a clergyman will surely aver that it has been the fire of his poetic nature that has greatly heightened and intensified his discourses. He was born in St. Louis, Mo., in 1854. From his father, a native of Boston and of true Puritan stock, he inherited his gift of verse. From his mother, through a double line of ancestors, the historic Thorntons of Virginia and the well-known Whitneys of New England, he became possessed of those qualities which have placed him in the front rank of the younger ministry of the church. He pursued his collegiate studies at Washington University, graduating there in 1878. He afterwards took a partial post-graduate course at Princeton College, and prepared for the ministry at Princeton Theological Seminary. He now resides in Newark, N. J., as pastor of the South Park Presbyterian Church, one of the largest and most important churches in the vicinity of New York City.

From his early years Mr. Allen has manifested a creative as well as appreciative love of poetry. In later life, in the midst of arduous duties, he has not neglected his art, but has found time for its cultivation. Although constantly urged by his friends to publish in book form, he has purposely refrained from doing so, waiting, as did Rosetti, that thought and form might be more truly wedded. His poems, however, have appeared from time to time in various magazines and newspapers, most notably *The Independent*, of New York. One of Mr. Allen's poems, "The Coming of His Feet," originally published in *The Independent*, has earned an enviable popularity and has had a wide circulation in various newspapers. It has gained for itself a permanent place in the sacred literature of this country.

While Mr. Allen is chiefly known as a writer of religious verse, he retains for future publication much that has been written purely for art's sake.

H. A. T.

THE COMING OF HIS FEET.

IN the crimson of the morning, in the whiteness of the noon,
In the amber glory of the day's retreat,
In the midnight, robed in darkness, or the gleaming of the moon—
I listen for the coming of his feet.

I have heard his weary footsteps on the sands of Galilee,
On the temple's marble pavement, on the street,
Worn with weight of sorrow, faltering up the slopes of Calvary—,
The sorrow of the coming of his feet.

Down the minister-aisles of splendor, from betwixt the cherubim,
Through the wondering throng, with motion strong and fleet,
Sounds his victor tread, approaching with a music far and dim—
The music of the coming of his feet.

Comes he sandaled not with silver, girdled not with woven gold,
Weighted not with shimmering gems and odors sweet,
But white-winged and shod with glory in the Tabor light of old—
The glory of the coming of his feet.

He is coming, O my spirit! with his everlasting peace,
With his blessedness immortal and complete.
He is coming, O my spirt! and his coming brings release—
I listen for the coming of his feet.

SUBMISSION.

I CANNOT count the ways my soul has tried
To slip the leash of God's redeeming grace;
Nor measure His long suffering, nor trace
His ways to draw me nearer to His side:
By tender calls, by warnings amplified,
By sharp rebuke in loud and sterner phrase,
By chastenings dire, which time cannot efface,
By scourgings with fierce thongs of fire applied.

Thus has the Lord made effort for my life,
And never for one moment loosed his hold.
And now, with broken heart, worn out with strife,
I lay myself down at His feet controlled,
And through glad tears, that will not cease to flow,
I thank my Father that He loved me so.

BEETHOVEN'S SEVENTH SYMPHONY.

(Poco Sostenuto.)

THE dead Christ starts, the shadows lift, the light
Lengthens across the Galilean's face;
Death flees before impetuous hosts that chase
With swords of sunshine and white spears to smite
Grim wraiths of agonies and lingering sight
Of scarred Golgotha in divine disgrace.
The light beats swift and swifter, and the space
Stirs with the passion of immortal might.

(Allegretto.)

The dead Christ arises; the grave is defeated; the stone
Is rolled away by the angels. An Easter pæan!
The air is a tumult of tremulous wonderings.
The sweet winds are weighted with spirits from Paradise flown.
On one mighty billow of song the strong Galilean
Moves into the light and the rapture and flutter of wings.

(Presto)

Waking Easter lilies lift their eyes
To the weeping eyes of Magdalene;
Sounds, bewildering, agitate between
Earth and sky, and all things seem to rise.

Mystery casts off its dark disguise,
Life and power leap from the Nazarene:
Earth and sky are filled with radiant sheen,
Flash of wings and surge of Paradise.

(Finale: Allegro con brio.)

Heaven is emptied of angels; the jubilant legions,
Wild with tumultuous rapture and breathless despair,
Whirling and swirling, encircle with song and with laughter.
Strong with the infinite strength to the infinite regions,
Rises the Crucified, swift on the tides of the air,
Drawing the worshiping ages in ecstasy after.

THE BIRDS SING HALF THE YEAR.

(Rondel.)

THE birds sing half the year;
But love is never still;
Her tremulous accents thrill
The light from sphere to sphere.

O, wondrous messenger!
My soul with rapture fill.
The birds sing half the year;
But love is never still.

O, sweet bewilderer!
Sing on with siren skill;
My brain and heart and will
Are all attent to hear.
The birds sing half the year;
But love is never still.

IN THE ORCHARD.

The cattle wander home from the purple clover fields,
Where the bees are drunk with honey and perfume;
And my love trips on behind them, my meadow sweet that yields
Sweeter honey than the clover's purple bloom.

It was here I wooed my love as the Winter woos the Spring,
In the orchard, when the trees are green and white:
While the birds built nests above, and the daisies blossoming
Filled the air with sweetest fragrance and delight.

It was here I won my love as the glowing sun slid down,
And the red light stole my kisses from her cheek;
And the apple blossoms shook with an angry glance and frown,
And the jealous robins vowed I should not speak.

In the ripe October days, when the apples change to red,
And the mellow fragrance floats upon the air,
In the swaying, laughing orchard my love and I shall wed,
With the yellow sunset shining through her hair.

The cattle wander home from the purple clover fields,
Where the bees are drunk with honey and perfume;
And my love trips on behind them, my meadow sweet that yields
Sweeter honey than the clover's purple bloom.

TO A WATER-LILY.

Thou naiant flower,
That liest so placid on yon crystal sheen,
Thou pure of heart, the dower
Of Paradise serene!
White as the alabaster of God's throne,
Thou Heaven's own!
Chaste as the virgin kiss
That sealed the human on the brow divine,
Redemption's genesis,
In thee combine
The sweet memorials of that tenderness,
Which, from unfathomed deeps,
O'er-reaching climbless steeps,
Bent low in love's caress,
And with supernal art,
Fashioned thy chaliced heart
For heavenly wine.

Blossom immaculate!
Defenseless and alone;
Yet naught shall harm thee,
For angels arm thee
With their own strength confederate
In Heaven grown.

Thou lilied star
That floatest outward in the wind's unrest;
And yet not far,
For the returning crest
Bears thee upon its breast,
Sign of love's covenant,
A shining avatar
In resurrection radiant.

O, flower of Heaven!
O, nature's mystery!
Were it but given
To frail humanity
Thy wondrous birth to know,
How myriad hearts would glow,
And we should be,
As they who see
Beyond the sunrise and sunset's rim,
One glorious face betwixt the cherubim.

Thou lily pure!
Thou shalt endure
The emblem of the soul's diviner life:
Of chastity, serenity,
And sacred immortality
Through earthly strife.
And, gazing on thy petals white,
Our hearts shall yearn to grow
As pure as thine, until the light
That shines with Heaven's glow
Shall fall upon them, and a hand,
Reaching across the strand,
Shall lift them from the lake of time,
And in a sunnier clime,
As lilies of eternity,
Where dew and light conspire,
Shall float them on the luminous sea
Of crystal mixed with fire.

WILLIAM CANTON.

MR. CANTON was born in the island of Chusan, off the coast of China, in 1845, a specially exciting and interesting period of British history in the East. To the psycho-physiologist we leave it to conjecture how much of his future development was due to the circumstances of the time and to the strange scenes and stranger people associated with this eastern birthplace. By a startling freak of fortune we find him, still a child, spirited away from the far east to the far west. The early years of his boyhood were spent in the island of Jamaica, and among the most vivid of his boyish recollections are visions of the Blue Mountains—far away beyond which, he was told, there was a dear old England, where the ground in winter was covered with snow—and rambles up country in a tropical forest, beneath the high green arches and among the gnarled roots of which flowed a broad, shallow expanse of clear water, wherein he took his first rememberable bathe. He has since recognized with delight the brilliant pictures of these and kindred scenes in Michael Scott's admirable novel, "Tom Cringle's Log." Re-crossing the Atlantic, he was educated in France, and there he fell under the spell of that remote antiquity which has inspired some of the longest and most original of his poems. The occasion was a visit to a so-called Druidical cromlech in a corn-field on a hill-top overlooking a chain of swampy lakelets. The gloomy oak forests have vanished in smoke ages ago, and the blond Gaul with his golden torque had been replaced by the peasant in his blouse, but sufficient remained to set the youthful imagination in a blaze. As a rule, a poet's biography is divided into two portions—the story of his boyhood and the story of his poems; and in this instance it is only necessary to add that after some years of literary and educational work in England and Scotland he was appointed editor of the Glasgow *Weekly Herald*, and this was followed by promotion to a sub-editorship on the Glasgow *Daily Herald*.

That Mr. Canton is a prolific writer is shown by the fact that, in addition to furnishing a very large and extended circle of the reading public with columns of matter, evincing the application to every subject of fullness of knowledge, aptness of illustration, and felicity of quotation, he has contributed to *St. Paul's*, *Once a Week*, *Good Words*, *Scottish Church*, *All the Year Round*, *Cassell's Magazine*, *New Quarterly*, *Contemporary Review*, etc. He is also the author of a three-volume novel and several novelettes that have appeared in the columns of the Glasgow *Weekly Herald* and other newspapers. His volume of prose entitled, "The Shining Waif and Other Stories," was published in 1879, while in 1887 Mr. Canton issued in handsome form the work from which we take our extracts, "A Lost Epic and Other Poems."

I. A. K.

THE WATERS.

AROUND the globe one wave from pole to pole
Rolled on, and found no shore to break its roll.
One awful water mirrored everywhere
The silent, blue, illimitable air,
And glassed in one same hour the midnight moon,
Sunrise and sunset and the sun at noon.

Beneath the noontide sun 'twas still as death,
Within the dawn no living thing drew breath.
Beneath the cold white moon the cold blue wave
Sealed with an icy hush the old world's grave.
But hark! upon the sunset's edge were heard,
Afar and faint, the cries of beast and bird.

Afar, between the sunset and the dark,
The lions had awakened in the Ark.
Across the great red splendor white wings flew,
Weary of wandering where no green leaf grew;
Weary of searching for that unfound shore
From which the Raven had returned no more.

And as the white wings labored slowly back,
And down the huge orb sank, a speck of black
Stood fluttering in the circle of the sun—
While the long billows, passing one by one,
Lifted and lowered in the crimson blaze
A dead queen of the old and evil days.

One gold-clasped arm lay beautiful and bare;
The gold of power gleamed in her floating hair;
Her jeweled raiment in the glassy swell
Glittered; and ever as she rose and fell,
And o'er his reddened claws the ripple broke,
The raven fluttered with uneasy croak.

BLOSSOM AND BABE.

O HAPPY little English cot! O rustic-sweet vignette
Of red brick walls and thatchéd roof, in apple blossom set!
O happy Devon meadows, how you come to me again!
And I am riding as I rode along the cool green lane,
A-dreaming and a-dreaming; and behold! I see once more
The fair young mother with her babe beside the shaded door.

How bright it was! No blossom trembled in the hot blue noon,
And grasshoppers were thrilling all the drowsy heart of June!
O babe upon the bosom, O blossom on the tree!

And as I passed, the stridulous incessant jangle ran
Along the hedgerow following me, until my brain began
To mingle in a waking dream the baby at the breast,
The woman and the apple-bloom, the shrilly sounding pest,—
To blend them with that great green age of trees which never shed
A bell of gold or purple or a petal of white or red,
When all the music of the world—a world too young to sing—
Was such a piercing riot made by such an insect wing.
O babe upon the bosom, O blossom on the tree!

And then I thought of all the ages, all the waste of power,
That went to tinge one pulpy fruit, to flush one little flower:
And just in this same wise, I mused, the Human too must grow
Through waste of life, through blood and tears, through centuries of woe,
To reach the perfect flower and fruit; for Nature does not scan,
More than the individual tree, the individual man;
A myriad blossoms shall be lavished, if but one shall give
The onward impulse to the thought that Nature means to live.
O babe upon the bosom, O blossom on the tree!

O fair young mother, far removed from visions of unrest,
Be happy in the baby blossom flushing at thy breast!
The blesseder condition thine, that thou canst never see
The strife, the cruel waste, the cyclic growth in man and tree;
That thou canst trust a heart, more kind than ever Nature shows,
Will gather each baby bloom that falls, will cherish each that blows;
Can'st need no solace from the faith, that since the world began
The Brute had reached the Human through the martyrdom of man.
O babe upon the bosom, O blossom on the tree!

MORNING.

Oh, glad and red, the light of morn
Across the field of battle broke,
And showed the waste of trampled corn
And smouldering farmsteads wrapped in smoke;
And cold and stark the soldier lay,
Shot down beside his shattered gun;
And grimly splashed with blood and clay,
His face looked ghastly in the sun.

Oh, glad and red, the morning shone
In happy England far away,
Where knelt a bright-haired little one
Beside her mother's knee to pray;
And prompting each fond faltering word,
The soldier's wife was glad and smiled—
She knew not 'twas a widow heard
The prattle of an orphan child.

Oh, glad and red, oh, glad and red
The morning light glowed everywhere;
And one beam touched the father dead,
And one the child who knelt in prayer;
And from the trampled corn and clay
A skylark sprang with joyous breast—
For shot and shell had spared that day
Its four brown eggs and little nest.

TWO LIVES.

Among the lonely hills they played:
No other bairns they ever knew;
A little lad, a little maid,
In sweet companionship they grew.

They played among the ferns and rocks
A childish comedy of life—
Kept house and milked the crimson docks,
And called each other man and wife.

They went to school; they used to go
With arms about each other laid;
Their flaxen heads, in rain or snow,
Were sheltered by a single plaid.

And so, and so it came to pass
They loved each other ere they knew;
His heart was like a blade o' grass,
And hers was like its drap o' dew.

The years went by; the changeful years
Brought larger life and toil for life;
They parted in the dusk with tears,
They called each other man and wife.

They married—she another man,
And he in time another maid;
The story ends as it began—
Among the lonely hills—they *played!*

DAY-DREAMS.

BROAD August burns in milky skies,
The world is blanched with hazy heat;
The vast green pastures, even, lies
Too hot and bright for eyes and feet.

Amid the grassy levels rears
The sycamore against the sun
The dark boughs of a hundred years,
The emerald foliage of one.

Lulled in a dream of shade and sheen,
Within the clement twilight thrown
By that great cloud of floating green,
A horse is standing still as stone.

He stirs nor head nor hoof, although
The grass is fresh beneath the branch;
His tail alone swings to and fro
In graceful curves from haunch to haunch.

He stands quite lost, indifferent
To rack or pasture, trace or reign;
He feels the vaguely sweet content
Of perfect sloth in limb and brain.

BIRTH AND DEATH.

SHE came to us in storm and snow—
The little one we held so dear—
And all the world was full of woe,
And war and famine plagued the year;
And ships were wrecked and fields were drowned,
And thousands died for lack of bread;
In such a troubled time we found
That sweet mouth to be kissed and fed.

But oh, we were a happy pair,
Through all the war and want and woe;
Though not a heart appeared to care,
And no one even seemed to know.

She left us in the bright increase
Of glowing fruit and ripening corn,
When all the nations were at peace,
And plenty held a brimming horn—
When we at last were well to do,
And life was sweet, and earth was gay;
In that glad time of cloudless blue
Our little darling passed away.

And, oh! we were a wretched pair
In all the gladness and the glow;
And not a heart appeared to care,
And no one even seemed to know.

LAUS INFANTIUM.

IN praise of little children I will say
God first made man, then found a better way
For woman, but his third way was the best.
Of all created things the loveliest
And most divine are children. Nothing here
Can be to us more gracious or more dear.
And though when God saw all his works were good,
There was no rosy flower of babyhood,
'Twas said of children in a later day
That none could enter heaven save such as they.

The earth which feels the flowering of a thorn,
Was glad, O little child, when you were born;
The earth, which thrills when skylarks scale the blue,
Soared up itself to God's own heaven in you;
And Heaven, which loves to lean down and to glass
Its beauty in each dewdrop on the grass—
Heaven laughed to find your face so pure and fair,
And left, O little child, its reflex there!

AN APRIL GRIEF.

WITH little breast that wildly heaved,
With streaming eyes and hair uncurled,
She sat and sobbed, as if she grieved
For all the woes of all the world.

A sudden pause! She raised her head
In puzzled thought, and still a tear
Hung, like a dewdrop, as she said:
"Why was I crying, mamma dear?"

"Because I took poor Pussy's part."
Then all the woes beneath the skies
Once more convulsed that little heart
And rained from those despairing eyes!

Oh, never in the coming years,
My darling, may it be your lot
To know a grief too deep for tears,
Or one that *cannot* be forgot!

ACTION.

Insatiable, we know not what we would,
We would not what we know!
The best of life
Is action—not the dream of action, thought.
—*Comfort on Pelion.*

ADA LANGWORTHY COLLIER.

ADA LANGWORTHY was born on the 23d of December, 1843, in the first frame house ever built in Iowa. Her father, a man of New England race, was among the very first to explore the lead regions of Iowa, and found the city of Dubuque. Her mother was a beautiful and stately lady of an old Baltimore family. None of the hardships and privations that we associate with pioneer life were known to the little Ada. The lead mines were a source of wealth to her father and his brothers, and soon a group of spacious brick mansions arose on a beautiful bluff above the city, wherein dwelt the various Langworthy households. In one of these Ada grew up, a strong, vigorous, attractive child. In early girlhood she was for a time a pupil in an excellent girl's school taught by Miss Catharine Beecher in Dubuque. Afterward she went to Lasell Seminary, at Auburndale, Mass. Having always found she could accomplish anything she chose to undertake, she now thought she could do the last two years' work in one year—and had nearly succeeded—when she was struck down by brain fever. In spite of this, she graduated in 1861, at the early age of seventeen. In 1868 she was married to Mr. Robert Collier, and has since lived in the pleasant home where she has ever since dispensed a gracious hospitality. She has one son, a fine young collegian of twenty-one, so that she has not missed the crowning experience of womanhood; nor has she been so occupied with maternal cares as to leave no time for literary work. She began writing for periodicals in her girlhood. She is the author of many sketches, tales and short poems, of several novels, and of one long narrative poem, "Lilith." The latter, published in book form in 1885, is indisputably her greatest work; nor can there be any doubt that she should be accounted a poet rather than a novelist. There is nothing morbid or odd about Mrs. Collier. She is a wholesome, handsome, generous, high-souled and high-spirited woman; one of those whose very presence brings with it health, happiness and hope. MRS. C. C. S.

HIGH, HIGH, BOLD EAGLE, SOAR.

HIGH, high, bold Eagle, soar;
I watch thy flight above the craggéd rock.
Below thee torrents roar,
Down-bursting wild with angry shock
Upon the vales. O proud bird, free!
My spirit, mounting, follows thee,
Still follows thee, still follows thee.

O Sea, O Sea so wide!
Far roll thy waves ere yet they find thy shore.
I hear thy sullen tide
Break 'neath the beetling cliffs with muffled roar.
Afar, afar, O moaning Sea,
My roving soul still follows thee.

O Whirlwind black, O strong!
Thy scorching breath fierce burns the crouching land,
And thou dost sweep along
The raveled clouds. O Whirlwind, see,
My spirit rising, follows thee,
Still follows thee, still follows thee.

Nay, nay! My dauntless soul,
Still higher than thy wing, O Eagle, soars,
And wider still than roll
Thy waves, and farther than thy shores,
My spirit flees—O Sea, O Sea,
No more it follows, follows thee.

Whirlwind, more strong than thou
My soul, that fearless leaps to thine embrace,
And thy stern, wrinkled brow
Doth tender touch and soothingly,
And vassal art thou still to me,
That no more, Whirlwind, follows thee.

—*Lilith.*

AH, LINGER NO LONGER.

AH, linger no longer 'mong blooms of the mangoes,
Nor pluck the bright shells by the low sighing sea,
Swift, swift through the groves of the palms and acacias
Comes Lilith, the childless one, seeking for thee.
She will bind thee so fast in her yellow-gold hair—
Ah, hasten, my children, of Lilith beware!

Cold, cold are her cheeks as the spray of the wild sea,
Red, red are her lips as the pomegranate's bloom;
Cold, cold are the kisses the phantom will give thee,
Ah, cruel her kisses, that smell of the tomb.
Hist, hist! 'tis the sorceress with yellow-gold hair—
Oh! lullaby, baby—of Lilith beware.

She flies to the jungle, with false tales beguiling,
Ah, hear'st thou her elfin babes scream overhead!
Close, close in her strong arms she bears my babe, smiling;
She hath sucked the soft bloom from the lips of my dead.
Now far speeds the vampire, with yellow-gold hair—
Oh! lullaby, baby—of Lilith beware.

Art frighted, my babe? Nay, then, thy mother,
Low singing, enfolds thee all safe from the snare;
Afar flit the elf-babes 'mid gray, misty shadows,
Afar flees the temptress with yellow-gold hair.
Ah, heed not her songs in the still slumbrous air—
Oh! lullaby, baby—of Lilith beware!

—*Lilith.*

LILIES.

I BRING the simple children of the field—
Lilies with tawny cheeks all crimson-pied;
The vagrant clans, that thriftless-seeming yield
Their scented secrets to the wind, yet hide
In dewy cups their subtler lore. More sweet
Than red-breast robin pipes, the strain they sing
Of youth and wayside lanes, where childish feet
Went glancing merrily through some dead spring.
Glad is the gift I bring at Love's behest,
The gypsy lilies of the wide-eyed West.

Lilies I bring—shy flowers that nodding grew
O'er river-beds, whereto the night-winds low
Cling odorous. Still droop these buds of blue
In tender dreams of the cool water's flow
Past gleaming crafts, among lone sunless nooks;
Of moonshine white athwart the bending trees;
Of scattered mists above brown, mottled brooks;
Of spring-time perfumes; summer's vanished bees.
A dawning hope beneath the starry crest
Of trysting lilies trembles on thy breast.

Lilies I bring that once by Nile's slow tide
From snowy censers 'neath a lucent moon
With faint, rare fragrance steeped the silence wide.
O stainless ones! The night-bird's broken tune
Falls 'mong thy pallid leaves. And fainter still
And sweeter than cold Dian's music clear
The night's far, failing murmurs, wildly thrill
Thy golden hearts. Love, pitying draw near!
An ended dream, unuttered, unexpressed,
With vestal lilies, mocks my hopeless quest.

Lilies I bring thee—languorous, passionate—
Neglected odalisques that scornful stand
Voiceless and proud, without the silent gate
That bars the dawn in some dim morning land.
'Gainst creamy chalices soft drifts the air
Of sun-kissed climes; and viols throb, and shine
The twinkling feet of dancing girls, lithe, fair,
Upbeating wafts of wasted yellow wine.
O fated flowers to hot lips fiercely pressed,
The siren lilies of weird lands, unblessed.

Stoop down, O Love—and nearer—for I bear
The phantom buds that ope for weary hands
When toil is done. O fragrant blossoms, fair
As shadowy asphodels, ye lean o'er lands
Wrapped in unchanging dusk. O cold and frail,
From brows more waxen than your blooms, how light
Ye slip! Yet low, sweet chimes through your lips pale
Echo from heavenly shores. O flowers white,
Of realms celestial—Love's last gift and best!
The clustered lilies of perpetual rest.

A COUNTRY GARDEN.

JUST as of yore! Let me not think of that old time;
Rather behold these marigolds, all velvet-brown,
With courtly and old-fashioned grace, here leading down
In stately minuet
The slender mignonette.
And thronging groups of poppies, dusk-browed, crimson-veined,
Deep to their glowing hearts, with love's fell poison stained.
Fie! flaunting hussies, fie! For shame! With drooping throats
O'er bachelor-buttons bent, in shining green surcoats
And bonnets plumed with blue!
Dun bird 'neath wrinkled yew.
Cease! Voice reiterant, cease thy ghost-like chiding
Of one more sad, yea, sadder far than thou. Ah me.
Far lieth from covert cool where thou art hiding
Beyond these musky beds, the grave of Dorothy.
With fragrance coldly fine, sweet-clover there! and thyme;
And wall-flowers flecked with shimmering dust anear
The close-ranked hollyhock's upthrusting brazen spear;
O'er clumps of gay heart's-ease,
With clinging feet, sweet-peas
Upclambering to the sunflower's disc of gold;
In snowy drifts, faint flame-streaked roses lie; and stoled
In azure, aconite. Th' cock's-combs blaze together;
And o'er forget-me-nots waves th' gay prince's-feather;
Shining nasturtiums here,
Sleek Creoles of the year!
Oh bearded moth, close shut within the lily sheaves,
Furl yet thy purple wings. For if thou stay or flee,
Thou sybarite, the night beyond thee lies; and grieves

MRS. GEORGE ARCHIBALD.

ELLA A. GILES.

EMELIE TRACY Y. SWETT.

HARRIET McEWEN KIMBALL.

This garden lone. Ah, would one might forget,
beneath its spicery
And sweet moist shadows hid, the grave of Dorothy.

Methinks these should be birds to mount within
the blue,
That loitering beside this trim-kept garden wall,
Lean idly, clanking, merry spurs—these larkspurs
tall.
Daffodil, wan and gray,
Phantom like, slipped away
Ere April morns were dead. (Ah, but old days were
sweet).
Why, here's allysum, too, thick clustered at my
feet,
And myrrh still grows in the self-same spot; and
look, between
The canterbury bells, her mildewed eglantine!
Heigh, ho! four-o'-clocks wise,
Open your sleep-brimmed eyes!
O dragon fly, atilt 'mong bending jasmin sprays,
Rover through distant realms, bide but a space
with me;
For thee day-dawn yet waiteth in calm garden
ways;
For me, for me, only the grave of Dorothy.

HOME.

So greets the weary wanderer once more
His early home. The lintels worn, the door,
Age-stained; the iris clumps, in sheltered nook;
The mill-wheel rotting o'er the shrunken brook;
The sunny orchard, sloping west; and far
And cold, above his mother's grave, a star—
Then quick unbidden tears, the heart's warm
rain,
O'erflow his soul, and leave it pure again.

—*Lilith.*

NATURE.

All forms of life she saw; with tenderest care
Uplifting humblest sprays, or blooms most rare.
Pierced the deep heart of Nature's subtlest love,
Touched highest knowledge, probed the inmost
core
Of hidden things. She traced each circling world
And the wide sweep of billows lightly curled.
Each page the Master writ she read, close-furled
In lotus blooms, or, 'mong the storm-clouds
whirled;
Or traced, star-lettered, on the flaming scroll
The night unwinds towards the southern pole.

Ibid.

MRS. GEORGE ARCHIBALD.

A PHYSICALLY slight and delicate woman, with a profusion of brown hair, large blue eyes that are of the kind called "talking eyes;" an interesting, if not a beautiful face, active but not restless manners, like quicksilver in tin-foil, as though the spirit within was stronger than that which contains it, and you have what your eyes will tell you of Mrs. George Archibald Palmer, born Annie Campbell, and known so well to the reading world by the first two names of her husband.

Of course she is of Scotch ancestry; her name tells that. She has all the earnestness and intensity of purpose of that race, and their humor, enlivened and quickened by an infusion of Irish and Yankee blood. She was born in Elmira, N. Y., about thirty years ago, and with the exception of four years spent in the neighboring city of Ithaca during her childhood, she has always lived in the beautiful Chemung valley. Her literary life is but a reflection of her own every-day life, and one could almost build up the one from the other. Her first printed effort was achieved at the age of ten years, appearing in the *Ithaca Journal*, and receiving the commendation of the editor of that newspaper. Mrs. Archibald was an orphan at fourteen, and it is probable that her passionate love of children and tender care for them makes a large portion of her literary work arise from this lack of parental care and fondness in her own childhood. This deprivation led her naturally directly toward the care of children, and at sixteen she became a teacher in the public schools of Elmira, an avocation that she followed with the utmost success for ten years.

Mrs. Archibald was married in September, 1883, and is the mother of two bright girls, of whom she is passionately fond, and who absorb a great share of her attention. The family live quietly but pleasantly, Mrs. Archibald's literary labors giving her little time to indulge in social amenities that await her at every turn could she accept them.

Mrs. Archibald has been an industrious worker. Disliking publicity, she wrote constantly under a great number of *nom de plumes*, adopting a new one when she began to be identified. Sometimes she had intervals of complete silence, distrustful of her powers and displeased with her efforts. On her marriage, however, she assumed the pen name, now so well known, and with it has won her place in the world of letters.

Mrs. Archibald has published "The Summerville Prize," a book for girls, and a charming little brochure, "Verses From a Mother's Corner," and another work is in prepartion of a similar character.

There is a sincere religious vein running through Mrs. Archibald's character that influences strongly her life and her works. Her only inheritance was a Scotch stiffness of purpose, and her gentle mother's influence, whose last words to her were the simple ones: "Be a good girl." The aspiration has been literally obeyed. Early in her girlhood Mrs. Archibald became a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and has ever continued active in its work and consistent with its teachings in her life.

A. T.

A VISION.

PERCHANCE my thought was wide awake,
  Or I was dreaming, may be,
As I sat rocking to and fro,
  My arms around my baby.
I felt along my cheek and throat
  Her rosy fingers playing,
And stooped to kiss the sunny curls,
  About her forehead straying.

The foolish rhymes of Mother Goose
  In tune and time came springing
To lips, not made for song—and yet
  My children like my singing.
And as I sang a mystic spell
  Changed all the world completely—
Another woman singing sat,
  And rocked her baby sweetly.

The woman's face—a look it wore
  Like mine, and yet the rather,
'Twas like my baby's larger grown,
  'Twas like my baby's father.
And as she, swaying, softly sang,
  I saw some tear-drops falling;
I knew her thought, I knew her heart,
  Her heart to mother calling.

A sudden passion filled my soul,
  I longed to soothe the weeping;
My baby stirred upon my breast,
  My baby gently sleeping!
The vision fled, yet well I know—
  Though I was dreaming, maybe—
Far down the future sits my child
  And rocks my baby's baby.

THE OLD HYMN.

TO-DAY, with quiet heart I heard,
  The prayer, the anthem and the psalm,
And gently, on my spirit fell
  The sweetness of the Sunday calm;
Till, at the reading of the hymn,
With sudden tears my eyes were dim.

That old, old hymn! Its sacred lines
  Had fallen on my childish ears;
My life turned back, unhindered by
  The stretch of intervening years;
Near me my little daughter smiled,
And yet I was again a child.

Outside, the winds were fierce and rough
  The winter's chill was in the air;
But I could hear the bonny birds,
  And humming insects everywhere,
And feel, in spite of frost and snow,
A summer breeze from long ago.

To find the place, I took the book,
  And held it with a woman's hand,
While all my soul was moved with thrills
  No other soul could understand;
For quite unseen, with love divine,
My mother's fingers folded mine.

And not because the music rose
  Exultingly, I held my breath,
Lest I should lose its sweet delight—
  Upon her lips the hush of death
For years has lain!—and yet I heard
My mother's voice in every word.

Full well I know the dead are dead,
  But sometimes at a look or tone,
With short relenting will the past
  One moment, give us back our own;
Oh, happy pain! too quickly done—
As swiftly ended as begun.

THE OLD MILL.

WHERE blossoms bend and grasses sway,
  A silver stream comes singing down,
Along a wild and wooded way,
  That shuns the tumult of the town,
    Nor pauses as it runs until
    It finds the shadow of the mill.

But there it tarries in its course
  With slow and slower sweep, as though
It longed to lend its shining force
  Once more to make the old mill go;
    But swift or slow beneath the hill,
    It cannot move that silent mill.

For there no more with cheerful strength
  Comes busy labor, day by day,
To guide along the shivering length
  Of log and plank the saw's rough way.
    Henceforth no trembling sounds shall thrill
    To swift response the throbbing mill.

Flow on, your work is done, bright stream!
  Like his, the master standing by
Ofttimes, to view your water's gleam
  With wistful, retrospective eye;
    This strong and secret wish, to fill
    Again with life the lifeless mill.

No more! The smoke has floated far
  That curled a-cloud above your sheen;
The trees no woodmen's axes mar;
  No toiler hastens to the scene;
    The master rests, while weird and still,
    Deserted stands the ruined mill.

TO MY DAUGHTER'S LIPS.

Has any one done a good deed
To any; if you know about it,
That others may know of it too,
Go tell it, go sing it, go shout it!
Has any one yielded to wrong?
However the world may defame him,
O young and O red little lips,
Speak never a word that shall blame him.

Has any one tenderly stopped
To comfort the weak and the wounded?
Then let the sweet story of love
Be swiftly and cheerily sounded.
Have any been spiteful to you?
Hush, hush, lest another should hear it!
Be sure that the wicked can hurt
But slightly the generous spirit.

The knowledge of sin or disgrace,
Within your own bosom conceal it;
The shame of your bitterest foe,
O never, O never reveal it.
But anything sunny and glad,
Or gentle, if you know about it,
That others may know of it too,
Go tell it, go sing it, go shout it!

TRUE ECONOMY.

A thrifty and most economical dame
Owned a pair of fine fowls whose fair qualities came
Through a line of fine fowls of an eggsellent fame.

And madam, the hen, had a musical way
Of duly announcing an egg every day,
While Sir Cockolorum would join in the lay.

And, once on a time, in the cold of the year,
When eggs they were scarce and when eggs they were dear,
Still daily their cackle was truthful and clear.

And ere their commendable labors did cease,
A bountiful basketful showed the increase,
All fresh and all fair and worth four cents apiece.

Since eggs they were scarce and since eggs they were high,
The thrifty old dame, with a natural sigh,
(For she liked a good egg) put the basketful by.

"In the list of my sins," with decision, said she,
"The sin of eggstravagance never shall be—
Such eating is quite too eggspensive for me."

It chanced when the far-away farmers had heard
The price of good eggs, that their spirits were stirred
To send in by car-loads the fruit of the bird.

And long ere their efforts for profit did cease
An overstocked market had felt the increase,
And eggs, they were selling for one cent apiece.

The thrifty old dame, with a heart that was gay,
Brought forth her full basket without a delay,
From where she so lately had stowed it away.

"The price has come down while the eggs are yet sweet,"
She said, "which will give me a plenty to eat,
At twelve cents a dozen they're cheaper than meat."

AN APPRECIATIVE WIDOWER.

The monnyment's up, and it's offen my mind,
As hantsome a stone as you'll commonly find;
What an ornyment 'tis to the berrial lot,
But Becky deserved one—as good as she's got.

I can't help a-wishin' that Becky could see
It, standin' above her, as tall as a tree;
Fer sometimes she us't, when a-livin', to err,
Consatin' I didn't appreciate her.

An', yit, I don't think 'twould 'ave entered her head,
If 'twan't fer some things that her family said;
But all of her folks was unfriendly to work,
And meddled with Becky to git her to shirk.

An' so it ain't strange 'at she sometimes 'ud say
Some things, in a fretful and womanish way,
That life it wan't nothin' but workin' to save,
An woman wa'n't nothin' but only a slave.

They's one thing I'm glad of: that is, as a rule,
I never sassed back, but kep' quiet an' cool;
I'know'd she'd git over it after a spell,
An' sense that I used her uncommonly well.

Fer alwuz I give her what money she earned
From chickens she raised or from butter she churned,
An' urged an' advised her to lay it away
In case of bad luck or a fewcher wet day.

An', anxious she shouldn't be caught by the banks
That fail, without leavin' you even their thanks,
I took what she got, jest as fast as it come,
An' give her my personal note for the sum.

I paid her the int'res', as all her folks knows,
Fer housekeepin' things, an' to keep her in clo'es,
An' told her how rich she wuz gettin' to be
By havin' a forehanded husbun' like me.

An', so I incouraged and helped her along,
An' pullin' together we pulled purty strong,
An' prospered unusual in all that we tried,
Exceptin' the children, that most of 'em, died.

What Becky'd a-done I am sure I don't know
If twan't for her workin'—she grieved for 'em so;
An' knowin' their weak constitutions, of course,
Wuz owin' to her, must a-made her feel worse.

When Becky wuz married I wouldn't a-dreamed
She wa'n't jest as strong as she allwuz had seemed,
Or that she would be—as the preacher 'ud say—
In the midst of her usefulness taken away.

But sense she is dead I have done what I could
To show how I mourn fer a creacher so good;
An' most of the money she labored to save
I've spent fer a stone to the head of her grave.

There ain't any hantsomer nowheres around,
It shows from all parts of the berrying ground.
They's some would a-thought that a cheaper 'ud do,
But when I am gone it 'll answer fer two.

I can't help a-wishin' that Becky could see
It, standin' above her, as tall as a tree;
Fer sometimes she us't, when a-livin', to err,
Consatin' I didn't appreciate her.

THE IDEA.

I HAD it a minute ago,
An idea, brilliant and new,
I hastened for paper and pen,
Determined to write it for you.
But when, all equipped for the work,
I sat here, rejoiced and alone,
I found, to my utter dismay,
The beautiful fancy had flown.

Disappointed and vexed then I turned,
Unwilling to lose it, and sought
With a diligence worthy reward,
Up and down through the chambers of thought,
'Mid countless forgotten resolves
Of every kind and degree;
Intentions I've never fulfilled,
And other and kindred *debris*.

'Tis gone—such a matchless conceit,
So airy, so fairy, so bright—
Just ready to spring from my pen
And carry my name in its flight.
'Tis gone—yet its laughter and song
Still linger coquettishly near,
With echoes elusive to tease
The yearnings of Memory's ear.

A MODERN SUCCESS.

THE editor returned my verse
And told me it was commonplace;
"The thing you say has been remarked
Full many times with better grace;
Also, my friend, the thing you say
Is far from clever, anyway."

But being a persistent soul,
All undismayed, with judgment shrewd,
I hit upon a little plan
To circumvent my censor rude;
For well I knew he'd not object
To lack of worth in dialect.

And so again, with heart elate,
I wrote in cloudy phrase and coarse,
With such gymnastic spelling as
Disguised the want of mental force,
The self-same thoughts, if thoughts they be,
So curtly posted back to me.

Behold! of praise and other pay,
Henceforth I have not any dearth;
The papers now quote all I say,
And send my spelling round the earth;
For sudden fame, with due respect,
Has writ my name—*in dialect*.

EPITAPH ON A LAWYER.

THIS lawyer died! How brief is life!
And with a solemn face,
The undertaker gravely said:
"Lie still and try my case."

I am yours truly.
Mrs E V Wilson.

MRS. E. V. WILSON.

MRS. E. V. WILSON, whose maiden name was Jane Delaplane, was born in Hamilton, O., and educated at the young ladies academy then in existence at that place. Married very early in life to E. V. Wilson, a rising young lawyer, she removed with him to Southeast Missouri, where she has since resided. Her home is in Edina. Her husband rose rapidly in his profession, and the name of Judge Wilson soon became a familiar one throughout his judicial district. His amiable wife was no less favorably known. Her home duties—numerous and always faithfully performed—required much of her time. Society had its claims upon her, hence leisure hours for the cultivation of a literary taste were few. This fondness for literary pursuits she developed in childhood, and wrote verses and stories at school for the usual "composition." Amid home and social duties much reading was done, and occasional writing, but a poem, finished and read, having served its purpose, was often destroyed.

About ten years ago Mrs. Wilson began contributing poems and short stories to various magazines and papers under the *nom de plume* of "Mrs. Lawrence." This name, however, she used but a short time, and has since written under her husband's initials. Mrs. Wilson's prose writings are marked by that strongest characteristic of American womanhood—common sense. Her style is natural, and her pictures of western life are vivid and correct. Some of her poems have been widely circulated by the press. MRS. E. J. B.

HIS MOTHER'S SONGS.

BENEATH the hot midsummer sun
  The men had marched all day,
And now beside a rippling stream
  Upon the grass they lay.

Tiring of games and idle jests,
  As swept the hours along,
They called to one who mused apart,
  "Come, friend, give us a song."

He answered, "Nay, I cannot please;
  The only songs I know
Are those my mother used to sing
  At home, long years ago."

"Sing one of those," a rough voice cried,
  "We all are true men here,
And to each mother's son of us
  A mother's songs are dear."

Then sweetly sang the strong, clear voice
  Amid unwonted calm:
"Am I a soldier of the cross,
  A follower of the lamb."

The trees hushed all their whispering leaves,
  The very stream was stilled,
And hearts that never throbbed with fear
  With tender memories thrilled.

Ended the song, the singer said,
  As to his feet he rose,
"Thanks to you all; good night my friends,
  God grant you sweet repose."

Out spoke the captain: "Sing one more."
  The soldier bent his head,
Then smiling as he glanced around,
  "You'll join with me," he said.

"In singing this familiar air,
  Sweet as a bugle-call,
'All hail the power of Jesus' name,
  Let angels prostrate fall'."

Wondrous the spell the old tune wrought;
  As on and on he sang,
Man after man fell into line,
  And loud their voices rang.

The night winds bore the grand refrain
  Above the tree-tops tall,
The "everlasting hills" called back,
  In answer "Lord of all."

The songs are done, the camp is still,
  Naught but the stream is heard,
But ah! the depth of every soul
  By those old hymns was stirred.

And up from many a bearded lip
  Rises, in murmurs low,
The prayer the mother taught her boy
  At home long years ago.

THE ONE I WOULD RATHER MEET.

I THINK of all the disciples,
  Who sat at the Master's feet,
Impetuous, loving Peter
  Is the one I would rather meet.

I mind how the sturdy fisher
  On storm-tossed Galilee,
When he saw the dear Lord coming,
  Sprang into the raging sea.

I know how his spirit fainted
When he felt the yielding wave,
And I know whose hand was ready,
The sinning soul to save.

I know on that last, sad evening
When the Master prayed and wept,
He with the other disciples,
Instead of watching, slept.

But oh! when "they all forsook Him,"
Even dearly beloved John,
It was Peter who "followed afar off,"
To see where his Lord had gone.

I know that he denied Him
With a coward, lying tongue,
But I also know the anguish
With which his heart was wrung.

And I think the tender Savior,
Who knows our worst and best,
Loved reckless, headstrong Peter
As much as he did the rest.

And reading how he questiond
And talked with Peter apart,
I think the weakest who love Him
Is nearest the Master's heart.

So of all the dear disciples
Who gathered about his feet,
Poor, sinning, repenting Peter
Is the one I would rather meet.

A REQUIEM.

THE day is gone, alas! the lovely day,
That came among us, as a blushing bride
Led by her lover, the enamored sun,
Whose golden largess fell on every side.

All nature greeted her with rapturous joy,
The forest birds broke forth in sweetest song,
And dainty buds, awaking from their sleep,
Burst into blossoms as she passed along.

And everywhere the children welcomed her,
In country lanes, and in the city street,
The music of their laughter kept glad time
To the swift measure of her flying feet.

The restless sick man tossing on his couch
Beheld her, and awhile forgot his pain;
Her presence cheered the laborer at his toil,
And brought to wrinkled age his youth again.

And, as she smiling hurried on her way,
Even sad mothers, weeping o'er their dead,
Looked upward to her clear blue skies and felt,
Somehow, their aching hearts were comforted.

But now, alas! the day herself is dead;
Before us, pallid in the dim twilight,
She lies, forsaken by the fickle sun,
And o'er her bends the dusky sexton, night,

Covering her slowly with his sable pall,
While the pale, trembling stars look sadly on,
And Nature's tears are falling silently,
For the sweet day that is forever gone.

ONE WORD.

How much of grief one word can tell!
Ah me! my poor heart knoweth well.
And in the elm tree by the gate
Sitteth a bird disconsolate.
I hear him calling mournfully,
"Phebe! Phebe!"
I know he calls his absent mate:
"Phebe! Phebe!"
Alas! I too am desolate.

How much of joy one word can tell!
Ah me! my poor heart knoweth well.
And in the elm tree by the gate
Sitteth a bird with heart elate.
I hear him murmuring joyfully,
"Phebe! Phebe!"
I know beside him is his mate:
"Phebe! Phebe!"
Alas! I yet am desolate.

SPRING BEAUTIES.

WHAT are these you ask? these delicate things
With petals as airy as fancy's wings,
And daintily pink as a maiden's cheek
When she thinks of the love she cannot speak.
Why, these—I'll whisper a secret to you.
Nature is dreaming of flowers. It's true,
These are her dreams. When she wakens and shows
Her marvelous lily, her perfect rose,
Do you think such thrills to our hearts they'll bring
As these little dream-flowers found in spring?

IRELAND.

MAD with despair a wretched woman stands
Lifting to heaven weak, imploring hands,
Her children flee her, forced by famine's frown,
Or staying, starve, clutching her ragged gown.
Men pass with silent scorn or jeering cry,
And white-souled women go unseeing by.
A queen discrowned, a mother desolate,
O Innisfall! how piteous thy fate!

MRS. ISADORE GILBERT JEFFERY.

MRS. JEFFERY, who is of English parentage, was born in Waukegan, Illinois, where her parents resided for a time, though for many years their home was in Chicago, where her father had extensive business interests. In a letter to a friend Mrs. Jeffery says: "Those who knew my sainted parents will accentuate the utmost words of praise a loving daughter's heart could prompt. Noble and true in every possible relation, their record in life is a priceless inheritance to their children. They made a perfect home for fifty years, and when mother was taken suddenly away in 1878, father, then a hale and hearty man of unshaken intellect, said he couldn't live without her, and died within the year. No briefest notice of me would seem anything to me that contained no reference to the parents who were my confidants in all things up to the day of their departure."

Although having written and published ever since girlhood, over twenty years, for a large number of papers and periodicals, Mrs. Jeffery has never published a book. She writes for the joy of it, and should do so always, if there never was a dollar's return therefrom.

Upwards of eleven years ago she was married to Mr. W. J. Jeffery, then superintendent of the American District Telegraph and Telephone Service, Chicago, Ill. One morning about two years after their marriage, while driving to business, he was run over in the tunnel by a run-away team, and brought home to a time of suffering, precluding any active life for three years. When he finally began to get about on crutches the faithful wife, who had watched and waited beside him so long, accepted the responsible position of stenographer in the office of the Chicago *Advance*, which she occupied for nearly six years, to the praise and satisfaction of all concerned.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Jeffery is a childless one, though both are intensely fond of children. But it is a place that one man and woman find the happiest spot on earth. E. M. S.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

BLIGHT.

LIFE hath its barren years,
When blossoms fall untimely down;
When ripened fruitage fails to crown
The summer toil; when nature's frown
Looks only on our tears.

Life hath its faithless days;
The golden promise of a morn,
That seemed for light and gladness born,
Meant only noontide wreck and scorn,
Hushed harp instead of praise.

Life hath its valleys, too,
Where we must walk with vain regret,
With mourning clothed, with wild rain wet,
Toward sunlit hopes that soon may set,
All quenched in pitying dew.

BLOOM.

Life hath its harvest moons,
Its tasseled corn and purple-weighted vine;
Its gathered sheaves of grain, the blessed sign
Of plenteous reaping, bread and pure rich wine;
Full heart for harvest tunes.

Life hath its hopes fulfilled;
Its glad fruitions, its blest answered prayer,
Sweeter for waiting long, whose holy air
Indrawn to silent souls breathes forth its rare,
Grand speech by joy distilled.

Life hath its Tabor heights,
Its lofty mounts of heavenly recognition
Whose unveiled glories flash to earth munition
Of love and truth and clearer intuition.
Hail, mount of all delights!

SISTE VIATOR.

"At eventide it shall be light."

My little, one-life power in the great sum of things
Makes its small pause—a broken day, whose zenith sun
Climbs not in earthly skies. No finished offerings
My altars hold; and yet, my half-day's work seems done.

Through all my soul a hush holds me with mighty hand;
With gates ajar to'ard every possible delight,
My silent, darkened sick-room grows enchanted land;
And yet, a helpless waif, I lie upon the night.

I cannot reach or open wide one unlocked gate;
I cannot stand upon the strangely-lighted floor;
I only float on wondrous waves of thought, and wait,
And send a voiceless yearning toward the inner shore.

Hushed on this night of sharp, of almost conq'ring pain,
Just on the unlit edge of vast realms unexplored,
Both quiv'ring flesh and unillumined brain
Make darkness, where the tangling shadows wait a sword

Whose name is Dawn! What shall the patient watcher see?
A rosy East look down where one shall slowly rise,
And yet go forth to useful years? Or shall it be
The all sufficing day of God shall light these eyes?

The dripping ice that on my burning forehead lies
Is not more grateful to the parched and aching sense
Than these soul-ministrings I faintly recognize,
Striving to fill an inner thirst still more intense.

Once let me feel the pressure of those shad'wy lips,
Once let me, groping, find the dear, magnetic hand,
Avant-couriers of heav'nly-sweet companionships,
Flying from Heart, Home, Temple of the Better Land.

My head, so tired, thought-tangled with the warring creeds,
Here rests! I only know and feel that God is just—
With pow'r omnipotent to fill all human needs,
Our needs, the only things that sometimes are not "dust."

Who is that other watcher waiting in my room?
I feel him, but I cannot see his shrouded face;
Is it the strange, mysterious one they miscall *Doom*—
The only earthly one maligned of all our race?

So wise, so patient, Death, who, who so unreplying,
Who with such grand appeal to the event sublime?
Death can be tender, too; if aught like this were dying,
'Tis passing sweet where 'er Eternity nears Time.

INCOGNITO.

We meet each other, fellow-princes in disguise,
Pass coldly, with averted, unbelieving eyes—
Ah me! king's children all,
Despite the Eden fall,
A Father within call!
And yet, our Father's image question so, the while
His royal road we measure with our daily mile.

We live upon the plain, there tend our flocks and herds,
Walk well-worn paths to daily ends, speak trivial words.
But, oh, a smile divine
Bends o'er each human shrine,
A presence, without sign
To outward sense, a something that makes all things sweet;
Leaves each day hallowed ground for busiest earthly feet.

No life is common life, what seems so is because
We see not deep, far, high enough. Great nature's laws
Fulfill divine behests.
Each life or law hath crests
Where eagles build their nests.
Most solid crag is but a point of poise for flight.
Not home! Outcome of act or law is beyond sight.

The elements of all to each of right belong,
The power to love, see beauty, hear the poet's song,
The soul that can adore,
And toward its maker soar
Forever and forevermore—
This is the blessed wondrous being that we sing
Uncrowned Immortal, with thy pinioned wing.

THOUGHT.

A hidden thought,
That's fraught
With value to mankind,
In some prophetic mind
Inviolate
May wait.
It knows neither fear, nor haste,
It can nothing lose or waste.

Yet nature holds no surer thing
Than that such thought shall live and grow,
The waiting thought mates unfledged wing,
Than that truth's wing strong flight shall know.

Brood silently, O waiting Thought,
A human soul, thy God-built nest!
Supremest love for both hath wrought
To teach thee of thy best.

And when, some gracious morn,
Is born
The thought to living speech,
What gospels it shall preach,
And teach.
Such apostles vindicate
Truth's long waiting at Life's gate.

Out on life's transition seas,
Bearers of "sealed orders" these.

—*A Song of Wings.*

Yours sincerely,
Frederic W. Pamphon.

FREDERIC WERDEN PANGBORN.

FREDERICK W. PANGBORN, son of Zabina K. and Hattie W. Pangborn, was born at St. Albans, Vermont, March 7, 1855. His father, a graduate of the Vermont University, and afterwards a Vermont editor, entered the army at the beginning of the Civil War. When at the close of the war he returned to the North with the rank of major, he was induced to establish a Republican paper in Jersey City. In that city, at Hasbrouck Institute, Frederic was fitted for Yale College, where he entered in 1872. His literary ability was early shown in college and led to his election as one of the editors of the *Yale Courant*. After graduation he married Mary C. Clark, of Jersey City, and engaged in joint editorship with his father in the *Evening Journal*, in the interests of which he has since been identified. As secretary of the Republican State Committee he was early introduced to the world of politics, and his management of the leading newspaper of New Jersey has been a powerful factor in the advancement of Republican ideas in that state.

But it is Mr. Pangborn's poetry that we have to consider. The happy domestic surroundings of his life are favorable to the development of a talent which he modestly denies, but which friends and utter strangers recognize. From time to time he has ventured to print some of his pieces, and whether in his own publications, or in others, they have been widely copied. It is only the odd moments of his life that he can give to the muse, as the demands of practical journalism require his first and best efforts.

Mr. Pangborn has written two novels and published one. His first, "Alice," has had a reasonable success as a first effort. It is a truism, no doubt, to say that one's literary work is a reflection of the writer's experiences; this is especially true in the case of Mr. Pangborn, whose poetic efforts, even as a boy, reflect his surroundings.

With a warm heart, developed by a congenial home; a mind naturally alert and well-trained; a love for music, cultivated from boyhood, and with all the keenest appreciation of true humor, we have the elements which together make the man and poet. H. C. W.

GOD BLESS THEE, GENTLE SLEEPER.

GOD bless thee, gentle sleeper,
Thy lover's instinct knows
What dreams beguile the hours
That mark thy soft repose.
Upon thy precious tresses my folded hands I lay,
Praying that God may keep thee from grief and pain alway.

Thine eyes, soft-slumber laden,
Though veiled from sight of mine,
Yet feel the passion in the gaze
Now yearning unto thine.
Soft on their marble portals my lightest kiss I lay,
Grateful that Heaven doth keep them honest and pure alway.

Sweet wife, thy gentle bosom
Deep heaving, true doth tell
For whom thy breast is waiting,
Whose image there doth dwell.
Kneeling beside thy throbbing heart, my thankful soul doth pray,
Knowing that thou wilt keep it tender and true alway.

Soul of my soul, dear All in all,
It seemeth not mete this life
Should some day part the truly wed,
The husband and the wife;
God grant that, in the gloaming of earth's ephemeral day,
Our souls go forth together, one love, one life alway.

God bless thee, gentle slumberer,
So good, so pure, so fair;
I gaze on thee, and reverent awe
Steels o'er me unaware.
Hovering above thy chaste repose, my yearning soul doth pray,
Pleading that God may keep thee from grief and pain alway.

WHAT SHALL I TELL MY CHILD?

WHAT shall I tell my thoughtful little child?
When, in her simple, truth-expectant tone,
She plainly puts an honest question forth,
And, for an answer, seeks a truthful one!

Shall I make answer that "God sent it down;"
Or say, "the Doctor" or "Old Granny Boone
Went out and got a baby in a sack,
And brought it on a broomstick from the moon?"

Or, shall I tell her, that the baby came,
Like drifting snowflake falling from the sky;
Shall I, with silly falsehoods, half believed,
Evade, and lie again to blind the lie?

Yet, such is common custom. And, alas,
The little one, all doubting still, soon grows
To learn from lips less holy, souls less pure,
What mamma will not tell, but really knows.

No; I will take my darling in my arms,
And tell her all the truth; and she shall know
Why mother's eyes so passionately burn
When mother smiles, and why she loves her so.

I'll tell her how, long, weary days and months
Her suffering mother bore her. How, in fear
And sadness, dread and doubt, slow days went by;
And, in their passing, brought my baby here.

I'll tell her of a woman's gloomy hours
Of anguish, in that sad Gethsemane;
The wild despair, the shadow as of death,
The awful cost that made her dear to me.

For her, another suffered midnight pain,
For her a woman bore a mother's woes,
And sweat great drops of agony, that she
Might live; and counted naught cruel Nature's throes.

I'll tell her all a mother's lips can tell
Of witless babe and loving mother's care,
That she may know the mother-heart is true,
And place her childhood confidences there.

Why should we strive to cheat, where we may trust?
My loving child can love me not the less,
To feel the fullness of her debt to me,
And know the cause of mother's tenderness.

LULLABY.

SOFTLY the Dream God to rest is beguiling,
Softly the stars at my darling are smiling,
Softly the twilight to slumber is wiling,
Rest, little happy heart, rest.
Close the white portals, and shut out the light,
Visions will enter them by the dream light,
Keeping sweet company all the long night
Visions than day-dreams more blest.
Mother will sit with the angels, and keep
Loving watch over thee; so in thy sleep,
Angel-face, Mother-face,
These and none other face,
Thou shalt behold, and by these be caressed;
Angels and Mother, dear,
These and none other near,
Rest, little happy heart, rest.

DIVIDED BLESSING.

OH mother-heart, bowed down by sorrow's load,
Gaze not so blankly on this baby face;
Think not, like one condemned for willful sin,
There is not, even here, some meed of grace.

But yester-year I knelt, like thee, in woe,
Beside an infant's coffin, like to thine:
With dripping eyes my blinded sight was dim;
I loved that baby, for it had been mine,—

And was mine still, though then I knew it not,
For hearts thus hurt are not to reason given;
It seemed that it could never more be mine,
That I was all of earth and it of heaven.

And thus I mourned, nor aught of comfort found,
Till, like a gentle shower from heaven above,
There came the thought: though taken from my arms,
Death cannot take my baby from my love.

I cannot feel his snowy, dimpled arms
Soft-pressed about my neck, nor see his face.
But still, forever, in my secret heart,
This baby fills a love and has a place.

There is no sentiment in human soul,
Save one, which does not sometime find a death;
Love only will outlive the longest life;
Love is not measured by the lease of breath.

And so 't will be when Time hath wrought his work,
When Nature's solemn law hath had its will;
The tender memory will yet be mine;
In death's last hour, I'll love my baby still.

Oh, little face, oh, calmly pallid brow!
So full of rest, from trouble's touch so free!
There have been times, when, in this life of mine,
My soul has yearned that it might rest like thee.

Sweet rest the kindliest boon of all our good,
The only state unmarred by any blight;
It comes to all, but when to such as thou,
We see it in its full, most perfect light.

See, mother-heart, how perfect is this rest,
How like a lily folded by Death's kiss;
No past, no present, naught but perfect peace,
And answer: could you give him rest like this?

Behold what justice, see what equity,
The blessings even of this great sorrow prove;
Rest for the tender nursling of your heart,
For you a pure, undying holy love.

INTELLIGENT LOVE.

THERE sat beneath a church-yard tree
Three idlers in the shade,
Three youths, discoursing cheerily
Of love, and man, and maid.

"I think," said Harold, waxing warm,
"That love to be the best,
Which gives its all, and asks for naught,
Contented so to rest."

"Thou'rt wrong," cried Hubert; "Love is best
When, like a valiant knight,
It seizes hotly its desires,
Nor cares for wrong or right!"

"To me," said Gerald, "of all loves,
That love most sweet would seem,
Which gives and takes in ignorant bliss,
The phantoms of Love's dream."

Up rose the aged rector then,
And, with extended hand:
"These be not Love at all," he said;
"Love is to Understand."

TO BELINDA.

(On receiving a present of a Turkish pipe.)

COMMUNING with my Hookah, "Fool!" I cried,
"To be enthralled by fair Belinda's smile;
Knowest thou not Narghileh doth suffice
The soul with perfumed phantoms to beguile?
Visions of houris, sensuous storms, fair calms
It giveth thee—and yet it seemeth true,
That fact and phantasy should well combine,
Like taste and odor in a savory wine,
Solution sweet—so, without more ado,
I'll love the Hookah and Belinda too."

LUST.

This is a passion void of name or sense;
It is not love—for love should holy be,
And never dare to harm the object dear
On which it fastens.
Such a thing as this
Is far from love. It is a lurid fire
Unguarded, left to run its horrid course;
Destroying in its madness all itself,
And leaving only blackness in its track—
As carbons, burning in the electric lamp,
Consumed, leave but ashes, dust and night.

HEROISM.

A child fell overboard into the sea,
A sailor plunging from the prow
Saved its life. They gave him gold,
And with laurels decked his brow.
But no one thought of the silent man,
Who, lashed at the helm all night,
Had saved the lives of all on board,
As he watched at the binnacle light
And steadily guided the vessel's course,
Through the sleet which blurred his sight.

—*As Seen of Men.*

ELLA A. GILES.

ELLA A. GILES was born at a rural home near Madison, Wisconsin, in 1851, and early gave such promise of musical ability that the famous instructor Hans Balatka gladly received her as a pupil, and predicted for her a brilliant success as a vocalist. Just as her voice had reached the zenith of its power, health failed, and the would-be songstress was compelled to abandon all hope of the expected career in music. During the isolation illness rendered necessary she wrote a romance entitled "Bachelor Ben." Hastily produced, and almost immediately published, the venture, as a whole, seemed immature; but the favor with which it was received gave much encouragement to the young author, and two other novels, "Out From the Shadows," and "Maiden Rachel," followed the first volume "in far too rapid succession," to quote their author's words. An interval of rest then ensued, after which Miss Giles accepted the position of librarian in the public library of Madison. She held this position five years, but was again fettered by failing strength from further service in this direction. Then it was that she turned to poetry as the safe refuge for the fanciful brain and overflowing heart; and with the publication of the graceful, charming idyls came friends in such numbers as to form from her home a resort for the literary people of the age.

Feeling great interest in religious thought she attended a course of lectures at the Meadville Theological School, and after the conclusion of a long session there, quietly entered the lecture-field. Shortly afterward she turned her attention to journalism, and here, perhaps, is found her greatest success. She has been a special correspondent of the *Chicago Times*, *The Home Journal*, *The Post*, *The Nation*, and other papers. M. L. B.

OH, YE BEAUTEOUS HILLS OF FRANKFORT.

OH, ye beauteous hills of Frankfort,
Wist ye why to-day we sigh?
Gentle hills that sit and listen
To the tender, leaning sky.

Shadowed hills, enlaced with sunshine,
Mist embosomed, silence clad,
Do ye feel our yearning homage,
Know why we no more are glad?

'Tis because, amid your forests,
In the hush of "Arnold's wold."
Walks a bard who speaks your language,
One to whom ye oft have told

Secrets of transcendent sadness,
  Which so freely forth he breathes
That he low rebukes our rapture,
  And to us your sigh bequeaths.

Oh, wild-tangled wold, soul-wooing,
  Stretched in smiling, careless grace
'Neath the arch of clouds far distant,
  But for *him* upon your face

We could only read a story
  Fraught with radiant joy's deep thrills;
But he lives, and he your voice is,
  Your own voice, ye once-mute hills!

Griefs vicarious does he suffer,
  Till your strength is the world's gain;
Happy hills? Nay, mounts transfigured
  By the Poet's steadfast pain.

AH ME! THOUGH FREE.

If I can only show thee, dear,
  The truth my soul perceives
  (Since losing me so grieves),
If I can banish all thy fear,
And thou canst to thy God draw near,
Without those superstitions drear,
    How happy we may be!
      Ah me!
      How free
    And happy we may be.

If I can break the ties that hold
  Thee to thy dim faith, dear,
  And show thee mine so clear!
If now, as we are growing old,
We share the blessings manifold
Of liberty, by Christ foretold,
    How happy may we be.
      Ah me!
      How free
    And happy may we be.

Alas! I cannot show thee, dear,
  The truth my soul perceives
  (Nor tell thee how it grieves).
Thou wilt not hear my words. Dost fear,
Lest, losing some delusions drear,
Thou'lt find that my belief can cheer,
    And thine is heresy?
      Ah me!
      How free
    Ought every mind to be.

And so our souls must part for aye;
  Each loyal to the wraith
  Of reason and of faith.
And so we sit and think and sigh,
And so the weary years go by,
And both are wondering vaguely why
    We cannot happy be.
      Ah me!
      Though free,
    We cannot happy be.

IN THE FULNESS OF TIME.

"If you believe in Fate to your harm, believe in it at least for your good."—EMERSON.

FATE'S store holds happiness as well as woe,
And when you question her you cannot know
How kind the answer is, how wise, how true,
Which slumbers dormant in her mind for you.
So let there be calm hope-days in your life;
Full of divine content, devoid of strife;
Hours when your inner, spiritual eye
Dwells on the law of final unity.
Ah, heart, believe it, you will have your own!
Fateful Nemesis will not always frown,—
Smiling she yet will bring you what is fit
Though now the space between seems infinite.
That which belongs to you will surely come,
And in your waiting soul find its true home.
That which great Zeus withholds a curse would be,
Seek not to aid all-powerful destiny.
O, be not faithless, though the coffin-lid
Of fate, your living as your dead hath hid,
Moan not in loneliness and grief and pain,
For surely you shall find your own again.
God planneth for your good, not to your harm—
There is no cause for doubt, distrust, alarm,
Though dim the dawn of peace, let faith sublime
Unfold in the full, noonday light of time.

TO AVOID FRUSTRATION.

BANISH all random thoughts that are not white;
  Let dreams and fancies be so clean and pure
  That, leaving the mind's shade, they can endure
The test of instantaneous searching light.

Mend thou thy broken speech, and make it whole;
  Let thy words be so worthy that if death
  Come suddenly, shall be thy latest breath
A benediction to some listening soul.

Before thy task is finished thou mayst tire;
  Let thy plans be so noble and so high
  That deeds undone shall be thy legacy,
To toilers whom thy life has helped inspire.

Hold cheerful views! Rest ever in content!
  But think, speak, act and live as if to die
  This moment were thy body's destiny,
Immortal thou in life's accomplishment.

ALFRED PERCIVAL GRAVES.

WILLIAM CARTWRIGHT NEWSAM.

WILLIAM CANTON.

ALFRED PERCIVAL GRAVES.

MR. GRAVES' song must have been quite natural in him, for he was born into a literary environment which was not likely to act upon him in this direction. His father is the Archbishop of Limerick. His uncle, Dean Graves, the friend of Wordsworth and Mrs. Hemans, was the biographer of Sir William Rowan Hamilton. This uncle, more than any one else, was the young poet's mentor. How wise a one events have proved, but he was not likely to direct his nephew's mind towards the thought and expression he has formed, the song he might have learned from the Limerick thrushes and blackbirds. The Graves family is a distinguished one, an example of a grouping of qualities of which we know two or three examples in Ireland. His father wrote a good deal of distinguished verse, which, however, never asked for a public hearing. Another uncle was one of the most distinguished archæologists we have had in Ireland. His aunt, Clara Graves, who married the great historian, Von Ranke, was also a writer of charming verses, and in her German life, a social, political and literary leader, with a charm and *esprit* which made her the very worthy wife of her great husband. Farther back there are other poetical traditions, as, for example, that Richard Graves, who was Shenstone's friend, and a very accomplished writer of verse himself. The pen is effectual in the hands of every member of this family. Charles Graves, Mr. A. P. Graves' elder brother, is a brilliant London journalist, and has published "The Blarney Ballads" and "The Green Above the Red," two sparkling volumes of satiric verse. Mr. Arnold Graves, the remaining brother, and an ardent worker in the cause of technical education in Ireland, contributes verses of a similar kind to the *Spectator* and other reviews.

Mr. Alfred Percival Graves wrote early; his first poem was published when he was but fourteen. In 1872 his first collected volume, "Songs of Killarney," was published. Three or four years later came "Irish Songs and Ballads." The names of those quick to recognize this new and delightful singer would be the names of the most eminent poets in our generation. Mr. Graves' audience has been fit indeed—Tennyson and Matthew Arnold were two of them—but it has not been few. His collaboration with Dr. Vilhers Stanford, the brilliant musician, has brought his songs into every part of the English speaking and English singing world. Who has not heard of "Father O'Flynn," and Foh's singing of it? More lately he has collaborated with A. C. Mackenzie, another great musician, and Miss Mary Carmichael has set some of his songs to music.

Since the eighties came he has published but one volume of poems. He has been a busy worker during his forty-four years of life. After holding various public positions under government, he is now an inspector of schools, living in Somersetshire, England.

Though trained in an English school in the Lake country, he is a Dublin University man, and retains a warm love for his Alma Mater. His university course was a brilliant one. He took first-class honors in classics and English literature, and came out first of first-class at the degree examination, besides winning medals and prizes innumerable. He was equally distinguished as an athlete, being an admirable player of cricket and football.

Mr. Graves has been largely a contributor to periodical literature: to *Frazer's*, *The Spectator*, *The Athenæum*, *Punch*, *The Gentleman*, and a score of other magazines. He was for some time the dramatic critic of the London *Examiner*.

Personally, Mr. Graves is exceedingly interesting. Tall and slight, he is far from looking his forty-four years. The youth which is in his songs overflows from his handsome face. He is the kindest and warmest of friends, the most generous appraiser of the work of others. He is very simple in manner and tastes, very manly and honest. No wonder that one hears nothing spoken of him but affectionate praise.

K. P.

FATHER O'FLYNN.

Of priests we can offer a charmin' variety,
Far renowned for larnin' and piety;
Still, I'd advance ye, without impropriety,
Father O'Flynn as the flower of them all.

CHORUS.

Here's a health to you, Father O'Flynn,
Slainté and slainté and slainté agin;
Powerfulest preacher, and
Tinderest teacher, and
Kindliest creature in ould Donegal.

Don't talk of Provost and Fellows of Trinity,
Famous for ever at Greek and Latinity,
Dad and the divels and all at Divinity,
Father O'Flynn 'd make hares of them all!
Come, I vinture to give ye my word
Never the likes of his logic was heard,
Down from mythology
In onto thayology,
Troth! and conchology if he'd the call.

Chorus—

Och! Father O'Flynn, you've a wonderful way wid you,
All the ould sinners are wishful to pray wid you,
All the young childer are wild for to play wid you,
You've such a way wid you, Father avick!
Still for all you've so gentle a soul,
Gad, you've your flock in the grandest control.
Checking the crazy ones,
Coaxin' onaisy ones,
Liftin' the lazy ones on wid the stick.

Chorus—

And though quite avoidin' all foolish frivolity,
Still at all seasons of innocent jollity,
Where was the play-boy could claim an equality
At comicality, Father, wid you?
Once the Bishop looked grave at your jest,
Till this remark set him off wid the rest:
"Is it lave gaiety
All to the laity?
Cannot the clargy be Irishmen too?"

Chorus—

THE REJECTED LOVER.

On Innisfallen's fairy isle,
Amid the blooming bushes,
We leant upon the lover stile,
And listened to the thrushes;
When first I sighed to see her smile,
And smiled to see her blushes.

Her hair was bright as beaten gold,
And soft as spider's spinning;
Her cheek out-bloomed the apple old
That set our parent sinning;
And in her eyes you might behold
My joys and griefs' beginning.

In Innisfallen's fairy grove
I hushed my happy wooing;
To listen to the brooding dove
Amid the branches cooing;
But oh! how short those hours of love,
How long their bitter rueing!

Poor chishat, thy complaining breast
With woe like mine is heaving.
With thee I moan a fruitless guest,
For ah! with art deceiving,
The cuckoo-bird has robbed my nest,
And left me wildly grieving.

THE WILLOW TREE.

Oh take me to your arms, love, for we alas must part;
Oh take me to your arms, love, for the pain is at my heart.
She hears not, she cares not, but coldly keeps from me,
While here I lie, alone to die, beneath the willow tree.

My love has blooming beauty, my cheek is deadly wan,
My love has countless riches, my gallant fortune's gone.
This ribbon fair, that bound her hair, is all that's left to me,
While here I lie, alone to die, beneath the willow tree.

I once had gold and silver, I thought would never end,
I once had gold and silver, and I thought I had a friend.
My wealth is sped, my friend has fled, and stolen my love from me,
While here I lie, alone to die, beneath the willow tree.

IRISH LULLABY.

I'd rock my own sweet childie to rest in a cradle of gold on a bough of the willow,
To the *shoheen ho* of the wind of the west and the *lulla lo* of the soft sea billow.
Sleep, baby dear,
Sleep without fear,
Mother is here beside your pillow.

I'd put my own sweet childie to sleep in a silver boat on the beautiful river,
Where a *shoheen* whisper the white cascades, and a *lulla lo* the green flags shiver.
Sleep, baby dear,
Sleep without fear,
Mother is here with you forever.

Lulla lo! to the rise and fall of mother's bosom 'tis sleep has bound you,
And O, my child, what cosier nest for rosier rest could love have found you?
Sleep, baby dear,
Sleep without fear,
Mother's two arms are clasped around you.

FAN FITZGERL.

Wirra, wirra, ologone!
Can't ye leave a lad alone,
Till he's proved there's no tradition left of any other girl—
Not even Trojan Helen,
In beauty all excellin',
Who's been up to half the divilment of Fan Fitzgerl?

Wid her brows of silky black,
Arched above for the attack,
Her eyes that dart such azure death on poor admirin' man;
Masther Cupid, point your arrows,
From this out, agin' the sparrows,
For you're bested at Love's archery by young Miss Fan.

See what showers of goolden thread
Lift and fall upon her head,
The likes of such a trammel-net at say was never spread;
For whin accurately reckoned,
'Twas computed that each second
Of her curls has cot a Kerryman, and kilt him dead.

Now mintion, if you will,
Brandon Mount, and Hungry Hill,
Or Ma'g'illicuddy's Reeks, renowned for cripplin' all they can;
Still the country side confisses
None of all its precipices
Cause a quarter of the carnage of the nose of Fan.

But your shattered hearts suppose
Safely steered apast her nose,
She's a current and a reef beyant to wreck them rovin' ships.
My maning it is simple,
For that current is her dimple,
And the cruel reef 'twill coax ye's to her coral lips.

I might inform ye further
Of her bosom's snowy murther,
And an ankle ambuscadin' through her gown's delightful whirl;
But what need, when all the village
Has forsook its paceful tillage,
And flown to war and pillage—all for Fan Fitzgerl!

THE WRECK OF THE AIDEEN.

Is IT cure me, docther, darlin'? an ould boy of siventy-four,
Afther soakin' off Berehaven three and thirty hours and more,
Wid no other navigation underneath me but an oar.

God increase ye, but it's only half myself is livin' still,
An' there's mountin' slow but surely to my heart the dyin' chill;
God increase ye for your goodness, but I'm past all mortil skill.

But ye'll surely let them lift me, won't you, docther, from below?
Ye'll let them lift me surely—very soft and very slow—
To see my ould ship Aideen wanst agin before I go?

Lay my head upon your shoulder; thank ye kindly, docther dear.
Take me now; God bless ye, cap'n! now together, sorra fear!
Have no dread that ye'll distress me—now, agin, ochone! I see her.

Ologone! my Aideen's Aideen, christened by her laughin' lips,
Wid a sprinkle from her finger as ye started from the slips,
Thirty years ago come Shrovetide, like a swan among the ships.

And we both were constant to ye till the bitther, bitther day,
Whin the typhus took my darlin' and she pined and pined away,
Till yourself's the only sweetheart that was left me on the say.

So through fair and foul we'd travel, you and I thin,—usen't we?
The same ould coorse from Galway Bay, by Limerick and Tralee,
Till this storm it shook me overboard, and murthered you, machree.

But now, agra, the unruly wind has flown into the west,
And the silver moon is shinin' soft upon the ocean's breast,
Like Aideen's smilin' spirit come to call us to our rest.

Still the sight is growin' darker, and I cannot rightly hear;
The say's too cold for one so old; O, save me, cap'n dear!
Now it's growin' bright and warm again, and Aideen, Aideen's here!

WILLIAM CARTWRIGHT NEWSAM.

"HE who writes a true song is the benefactor of those yet unborn," says a famous writer. If this be so, Mr. Newsam can put in a claim to praise, for he has written some true songs. His genius is lyrical; he seizes the aspect of some common experience available to his purpose, some mood, some passing occurrence, and translates it into song. He does not aim too high; he seldom shoots too low; and his verses wed themselves easily to music. It is said that the author of the famous Marseillaise composed both words and music at the same time, as he sat wrapped in the thought of the possibilities of his country. Mr. Newsam weds his words with music, not only with facility, but with grace, and has won wide praise for his companion efforts. He has also written some exquisite lyrics in exotic forms, especially in the rondeau form.

Mr. Newsam is come of a poetical race: both his grandfather and his father wrote poetry, and attained to more than local reputation. The former began "The Poets of Yorkshire," and, after his death in 1844, it was taken up and finished in 1845 by John Holland, the Sheffield poet. The Newsam family were long settled near Richmond, in Yorkshire, Eng., where they gained good standing and influence; but though the subject of this notice has been, like his progenitors, much connected with Yorkshire and the north, he was born at Nottingham in 1861. He was educated at the grammar schools of Nottingham and Clitheroe. At an early age he became connected with the press in the north; and after some years, as is the wont with young men of energy and ambition, he migrated southward, and has been for some years resident at Brighton, where, besides working for the press there, he maintains relations with London.

He was married in 1882, and has two daughters and one son. He lives a busy and active life, but is far from unsocial or burdened with the shy retiringness sometimes found in association with the literary character—a congenial companion and sterling friend as well as an original writer and versatile poet. Mr. Newsam has written under several disguises, the most familiar being that of "Claude Melville." A. H. I.

WHEN NIGHT COMES ON.

(Rondeau.)

WHEN night comes on, and from the sky
The last faint, crimson blushes die,
When day's bright orb, in splendor dressed,
Has sought the shadows of the west,
The tranquil stars shine out on high.
As in the sylvan shades I lie,
I hear the gentle zephyrs sigh
Across the murmuring river's breast,
When night comes on.

Within the ivied turret nigh
Is heard the owlet's drowsy cry;
The tuneful lark has sought his nest,
The blackbird's song is hushed to rest,
And soft the golden moments fly,
When night comes on.

WHEN THOU WERT NIGH.

THE sun had set; the bells so softly pealing
Scarce broke the silence of the dying day;
Whilst thro' the air a song came sweetly stealing,
That rose, and fell, then slowly died away.
And thro' the gloom thy gentle face was beaming,
I knew not, cared not, how the hours went by;
Thy song had soothed me into blissful dreaming,
And all beside seemed nought if thou wert nigh.

That blissful hour still in my mem'ry lingers
Like some sweet vision, beautiful and fair;
I feel once more thy soft, caressing fingers
Play with the waving tresses of my hair.
Again to me thy soft, sweet voice is singing,
The same glad song is sounding in mine ear.
I care not, heed not, how the hours are winging,
'Tis all to me to know that thou art near.

'Tis night once more; the summer breeze is sighing,
And in the gloaming I am dreaming now;
Thy hand again within my own is lying,
Thy sweet, soft kisses soothe my fevered brow.
Thine eyes still shine in all their pristine splendor,
And fire my soul as in the days gone by;
Till love comes back, as passionate and tender,
As in the blissful hours when thou wert nigh.

SEASIDE FANCIES.

The rosy sunset's crimson ray
And bars of amber light
Now fade from purple into gray
And vanish into night;
The blackbird's mellow song is sung,
And evening shadows fall;
The deep-toned vesper bell is rung,
Till darkness covers all;
Save where the lighthouse, towering high
Above yon frowning steep,
Flings fitful flashes forth that fly
Far o'er the darkened deep.

R. G. Wellcome

The sailor, peering through the night,
  Discerns the distant ray,
And hails with joy the welcome light
  That guides him on his way.

Far off on high from out the haze,
  Faint, glimmering starlets peep
And see their feeble, trembling rays
  Reflected in the deep;
Till, lighting all with silver glow,
  Up springs the Queen of Night,
And decks the glittering sea below
  In waves of shimmering light.
With wings outspread to woo the gales,
  That blow as wild and free,
So swift the shad'wy silver sails
  Steal o'er the shining sea,
To seek, along the moonlit way,
  Those bright enchanted lands,
Where sapphire seas, in silver spray,
  Break o'er the golden sands.

DAY-DREAMS.

Drowsily, dreamily here I lie,
  Deep in the bracken, beneath the trees;
Listlessly watching the clouds glide by,
  Here do I lazily take mine ease.
Cheerily, merrily, high o'er head,
  Singeth the linnet his mirthful song;
Bluebells and violets, round my bed,
  Mingle their essences all day long.
—*In Sylvan Shadows Dreaming.*

WINTER.

If summer hath its roses red and violets blue,
The winter, surely, hath its beauties too;
Where snowy hawthorns blossomed in the May,
In shining clusters corals hang to-day;
The rich red radiance of the ruby glows
In the bright hip that was the summer rose;
And where those berries hang, of brilliant hue,
There once the fragrant-scented woodbine grew.

There shine the holly leaves, like emeralds green,
With gorgeous rubies sparkling in between;
Near hangs the mistletoe, cold winter's gem,
With glittering opals clustering round each stem;
And though the lark, that caroled all day long,
Fills not the welkin with its joyous song,
The gentle robin, on the icy spray,
Sings bright and cheerful through the live-long day.
—*Winter.*

JOSIAH GILBERT HOLLAND.

JOSIAH GILBERT HOLLAND was born in Belchertown, Mass., July 24, 1819. His early life was passed upon his father's farm, and his poems give evidence of the close communion with Nature,—for 'tis only to her lover that she reveals herself. Doctor Holland's early life was attended by many difficulties. It was only after an earnest and severe struggle he was enabled to enter the high school at Northampton, and being determined to make good use of his hard-won possession, he over-studied, which resulted in the giving way of his health. After a time he taught penmanship, and later became an operator in a daguerreotype gallery, and from there a district school-master. At twenty-one the study of medicine was begun, and at twenty-five he graduated from the Berkshire Medical College, at Pittsfield, Mass. Doctor Holland settled at Springfield and began practicing, but with no liking for the profession. During this time some articles were written and offered to the *Knickerbocker Magazine*, and were accepted. Gaining courage to venture further into literary pursuits, he started *The Bay State Weekly Courier*, but had to abandon it six months later. He now returned to his former vocation of school-teacher, taking a position at Richmond, Va., and three months later became superintendent of public schools in Vicksburg, Miss. Here he put in fifteen months of hard labor, endeavoring to establish a graded educational system, and just as success had crowned his efforts was obliged to return North.

We next hear of him as associate editor for Samuel Bowles, on the Springfield *Republican*, and we are told his first year's salary was but $480.00, the second $700.00. The third year was begun as one third owner, and in fifteen years he sold his share for fourteen times what he originally gave for it. In 1855 Doctor Holland published his first book, "History of Western Massachusetts," in two volumes. In 1857 was published "The Bay Path; A Colonial Tale," which at first was not well received. His "Timothy Titcomb's Letters to Young People, Married and Single," were now started, and in 1858 collected and published, meeting with a remarkable sale, nine editions being sold in a few months. In November was published "Bitter-Sweet; A Poem in Dramatic Form," and this exceeded in sale even the "Titcomb Letters." It is probably as the author of this beautiful poem that Doctor Holland is best known. In 1865 the "Life of Abraham Lincoln" was brought out, and over 100,000 copies have been sold. In 1866 he sold his share

in the *Republican*, and in 1867 issued "Kathrina; Her Life and Mine in a Poem." The following year was spent in European travel.

In 1870 Doctor Holland assumed the editorship of and helped to found *Scribner's Monthly Magazine*. A copartnership was formed with Roswell Smith and Scribner, Armstrong & Company, but the leadership fell to Doctor Holland.

During his busy literary career Doctor Holland published a score or more successful books. He also gained wide reputation as a lecturer. He was much interested in the subject of education, and in 1872 was elected a member of the Board of Education in New York City, and afterwards was made president of the board. He held, besides, the chairmanship of the board of trustees of the College of the City of New York.

Doctor Holland's was a busy life, and when his death occurred, October 12, 1881, his loss was felt deeply and a niche left vacant that could not be readily supplied. One has but to read his poems, every line pregnant with meaning, to understand how great and good was this man's heart. His whole soul abounded and teemed with love for his fellow-creatures. He was possessed of a broad mind and a generous nature, as many who have benefited by his generosity can testify.

N. L. M.

THRENODY.

Oh, sweet are the scents and songs of spring
  And brave are the summer flowers;
And chill are the autumn winds that bring
  The winter's lingering hours.
And the world goes round and round,
  And the sun sinks into the sea;
And whether I'm on or under the ground,
  The world cares little for me.

The hawk sails over the sunny hill;
  The brook trolls on in the shade;
But the friends I have lost lie cold and still
  Where their stricken forms were laid.
And the world goes round and round,
  And the sun glides into the sea;
And whether I'm on or under the ground,
  The world cares little for me.

O life, why art thou so bright and boon!
  O breath, why art thou so sweet!
O friends, how can ye forget so soon
  The loved ones who lie at your feet!
But the world goes round and round,
  And the sun drops into the sea;
And whether I'm on or under the ground,
  The world cares little for me.

The ways of men are busy and bright;
  The eye of woman is kind;
It is sweet for the eyes to behold the light,
  But the dying and dead are blind.
And the world goes round and round,
  And the sun falls into the sea;
And whether I'm on or under the ground,
  The world cares little for me.

But if life awake, and will never cease
  On the future's distant shore,
And the rose of love and the lily of peace
  Shall bloom there for evermore,
Let the world go round and round,
  And the sun sink into the sea;
For whether I'm on or under the ground,
  Oh! what will it matter to me?

WORDS.

The robin repeats his two musical words,
  The meadow-lark whistles his one refrain;
  And steadily, over and over again,
The same song swells from a hundred birds.

Bobolink, chickadee, blackbird and jay,
  Thrasher and woodpecker, cuckoo and wren,
  Each sings its word, or its phrase, and then
It has nothing further to sing or to say.

Into that word, or that sweet little phrase,
  All there may be of its life must crowd;
  And lulling and liquid, or hoarse and loud,
It breathes out its burden of joy and praise.

A little child sits in his father's door,
  Chatting and singing with careless tongue;
  A thousand beautiful words are sung,
And he holds unuttered a thousand more.

Words measure power, and they measure thine;
  Greater art thou in thy prattling moods
  Than all the singers of all the woods;
They are brutes only, but thou art divine.

Words measure destiny. Power to declare
  Infinite ranges of passion and thought
  Holds with the infinite only its lot—
Is of eternity only the heir.

Words measure life, and they measure its joy!
  Thou hast more joy in thy childish years
  Than the birds of a hundred tuneful spheres—
So, sing with the beautiful birds, my boy!

ALONE.

All alone in the world! all alone!
With a child on my knee, or a wife on my breast,

Or, sitting beside me, the beautiful guest
Whom my heart leaps to greet as its sweetest and best,
Still alone in the world! all alone!

With my visions of beauty, alone!
Too fair to be painted, too fleet to be scanned,
Too regal to stay at my feeble command,
They pass from the grasp of my impotent hand;
Still alone in the world! all alone!

Alone with my conscience, alone!
Not an eye that can see when its finger of flame
Points my soul to its sin, or consumes it with shame!
Not an ear that can hear its low whisper of blame!
Still alone in the world! all alone!

In my visions of self, all alone!
The weakness, the meanness, the guilt that I see,
The fool or the fiend I am tempted to be,
Can only be seen and repented by me:
Still alone in the world! all alone!

Alone in my worship, alone!
No hand in the universe joining with mine,
Can lift what it lays on the altar divine,
Or bear what it offers aloft to its shrine:
Still alone in the world! all alone!

In the valley of death, all alone!
The sighs and the tears of my friends are in vain,
For mine is the passage, and mine is the pain,
And mine the sad sinking of bosom and brain:
Still alone in the world! all alone!

Not alone! never, never alone!
There is one who is with me by day and by night,
Who sees and inspires all my visions of light,
And teaches my conscience its office aright:
Not alone in the world! not alone!

Not alone! never, never alone!
He sees all my weakness with pitying eyes,
He helps me to lift my faint heart to the skies,
And in my last passion he suffers and dies:
Not alone! never, never alone!

DOUBT.

The day is quenched, and the sun is fled;
God has forgotten the world!
The moon is gone, and the stars are dead;
God has forgotten the world!
Evil has won in the horrid feud
Of ages with the Throne;
Evil stands on the neck of Good,
And rules the world alone.
There is no good; there is no God;
And Faith is a heartless cheat
Who bares the back for the Devil's rod,
And scatters thorns for the feet.
What are prayers in the lips of death,
Filling and chilling with hail?
What are prayers but the wasted breath
Beaten back by the gale?
The day is quenched, and the sun is fled;
God has forgotten the world!
The moon is gone, and the stars are dead;
God has forgotten the world!

—*Bitter-Sweet.*

FAITH.

Day will return with a fresher boon;
God will remember the world!
Night will come with a newer moon;
God will remember the world!
Evil is only the slave of Good;
Sorrow the servant of Joy;
And the soul is mad that refuses food
Of the meanest in God's employ.
The fountain of joy is fed by tears,
And love is lit by the breath of sighs;
The deepest griefs and the wildest fears
Have holiest ministries.
Strong grows the oak in the sweeping storm;
Safely the flower sleeps under the snow;
And the farmer's hearth is never warm
Till the cold wind starts to blow.
Day will return with a fresher boon;
God will remember the world!
Night will come with a newer moon;
God will remember the world!

—*Ibid.*

THEOLOGY.

When men get loose in their theology,
The screws are started up in everything,

—*Ibid.*

AMBITION.

The greed for gain, the thirst for power,
The lust that blackens while it burns,
Ah! these the whitest souls deflour!
And one, or all of these by turns,
Rob man of his divinest dower!

—*Kathrina.*

HARVEST.

In rhythmic motion through the dewy grass
The mowers swept, and on the fragrant air
Was borne from far the soft, metallic clash
Of stones upon the steel.

—*Ibid.*

ANTICIPATION.

My thought
Built higher mountains than I ever found;
Poured wilder cataracts than I ever saw;
Drove grander storms than ever swept the sky;
Pushed into loftier heavens and lower hells
Than the abysmal reach of light and dark;
And entertained with diviner feasts
Than ever met the appetite of sense,
And poured me wine of choicer vintages
Than fire the hearts of kings.

—*Ibid.*

IDEALITY.

She was my peer:
No weakling girl, who would surrender will
And life and reason, with her loving heart,
To her possessor; no soft, clinging thing
Who would find breath alone within the arms
Of a strong master, and obediently
Wait on his will as in slavish carefulness;
No fawning, cringing spaniel to attend
His royal pleasure, and account herself
Rewarded by his pats and pretty words,
But a sound woman, who, with insight keen
Had wrought a scheme of life, and measured well
Her womanhood; had spread before her feet
A fine philosophy to guide her steps;
Had won a faith to which her life was brought
In strict adjustment—brain and heart meanwhile
Working in conscious harmony and rhythm
With the great scheme of God's great universe,
On toward her being's end.

—*Ibid.*

GIRLHOOD.

O eyes of blue!
O lily throat and cheeks of faintest rose!
O brow serene, enthroned in holy thought!
O soft brown sweeps of hair! O shapely grace
Of maidenhood, enrobed in virgin white!

—*Ibid.*

SUNSET.

And now the red sun flings his kiss
Across its waves from finger-tips
That pause, and grudgingly dismiss
The one he loves to closer lips,
And moonlight's quiet hour of bliss.

—*The Mistress of the Manse.*

MORNING.

The bright night brightened into dawn;
The shadows down the mountain passed;
The tree and shrub and sloping lawn,
With bending, beaded beauty glassed
In myriad suns the sun that shone!
The robin fed her nested young;
The swallows bickered 'neath the eaves;
The hang-bird in her hammock swung,
And, tilting high among the leaves,
Her red mate sang alone, or flung
The dew-drops on her lifted head;
While on the grasses, white and far,
The tents of fairy hosts were spread
That, scared before the morning star,
Had left their reeking camp, and fled.

—*Ibid.*

ROSES.

Oh, roses, roses! Who shall sing
The beauty of the flowers of God?
Or thank the angel from whose wing
The seeds are scattered on the sod
From which such bloom and perfume spring?

—*Ibid.*

MOTHERHOOD.

There's a bird's nest up there in the oak,
On the bough that hangs over the stream,
And last night the mother-bird broke
Into song in her dream.
This morning she woke, and was still;
For she thought of the frail little things
That needed her motherly bill,
Waiting under her wings.
And busily all the day long,
She hunted and carried their food,
And forgot both herself and her song
In her care for her brood.
I sang in my dream, and you heard;
I woke, and you wonder I'm still;
But a mother is always a bird
With a fly in its bill!

—*Song and Silence.*

HEAVEN.

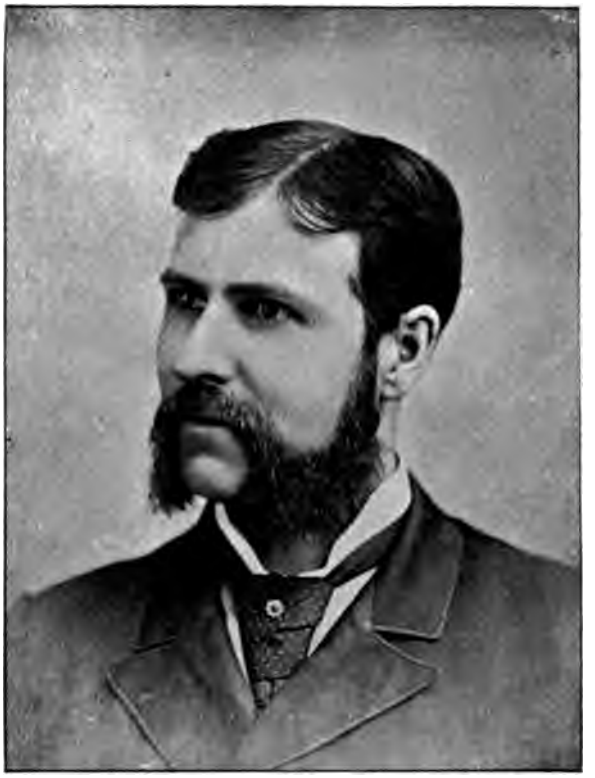
Heaven is not reached at a single bound;
But we build the ladder by which we rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to its summit round by round.

—*Gradatim.*

BIRTH.

A feeble wail was heard at night,
And a stifled cry of joy;
And when the morn broke cool and light
They bore to the mother's tearful sight
A fair and lovely boy.

—*The Wings.*



Yours truly,
D. W. McCourt.

DAVID WILLIAM McCOURT.

TO delight and instruct does not constitute the sole mission of poetry. The gift of song may properly and with effect be employed in the practical, philanthropic, and often necessary, work of exposing social shams, correcting abuses and unmasking the evils of the Pecksniffs whose detestable hypocrisies here and there fester upon the body politic. That Dr. McCourt is impressed with this view is evidenced by more than one of his poems. He cultivates the satiric muse to good purpose, and, although every conceivable vein of metrical composition receives attention at his hands, his favorite literary pastime is the puncturing of society's frivolities and the ridiculing of moral foibles in inspiring, caustic verse. His humor is always rich, bright and healthful.

David William McCourt was born in the town of Waukesha, Wisconsin, October 4, 1859. Both his parents are Scotch, and from them he inherits many of the sterling qualities of the Scottish race. At the age of sixteen he entered a denominational college at Battle Creek, Michigan, where he qualified himself for the profession of teaching. After spending three years as instructor in various Wisconsin and Nebraska schools, however, he became dissatisfied with teaching and studied dentistry with gratifying results. In 1884 he removed to St. Paul, Minn., where he is in the enjoyment of a lucrative practice. In 1880 he married an estimable young lady, and his is a sunny home. Dr. McCourt is the very embodiment of good nature and contented cheerfulness. Dark haired, tall and of elegant figure, he would attract attention even in a company of notables, and as one looks into his soft, honest, blue-gray eyes, one can forget for a moment that such things as duplicity and selfishness exist in this world. Dr. McCourt is soon to bring out a volume of poems whose popularity is assured in advance. J. T.

'TIS THE HOUR WHEN DEWS DESCENDING.

'Tis the hour when dews, descending,
  Fall to sleep on flower and tree,
And bright Hesperus is lending
  Rays to light my steps to thee;
While the far cathedral bell
  Softly chimes the close of day,
Keeping love's dear promise well,
  To renewed delights I stray.

In the shadows of the vines,
  Sweet the welcome that discloses
Where expectant love reclines,
  Hidden in her bower of roses;
Leafy vine and shadow, screen us
  From unfriendly prying eyes!
Guard us well love's mother, Venus,
  In the dusk of evening skies!

Softly pause here, fleeting Time,
  'Mid the fragrance of these flowers,
Lovers deem it quite a crime
  When you steal their precious hours.
All too soon you bid us part,
  Hour of bliss so quickly over;
Morn may cheer the sorrowing heart,
  But the twilight brings the lover.

MINNEHAHA.

Dancing on, through shade and sun,
  Comes the rippling laughing river,
Leaps the boulders one by one,
  Makes the hanging branches quiver;
Whirls its eddies in the pool,
Lingers in the shadows cool,
  On the pebbly shallows chattering,
  Banks of nodding flowers bespattering,
Breaks the silence with her ah, ha,
Laughing, singing Minnehaha!

Now she nears the rocky ledge,
  Hastens from her leafy cover,
Trembles on the boulder's edge,
  Then goes leaping wildly over;
Gleaming in the summer air
Like a maiden's golden hair;
  Chatters on the rocks beneath,
  Weaves a rainbow for a wreath,
Wakes the echoes with her ha, ha!
Noisy, mirthful Minnehaha!

From the foamy pool emerging,
  Singing, on again she rushes,
Through the narrow channel surging,
  Gleaming through the clustered bushes,
Till she hears the waters falling,
Hears the Mississippi calling;
  Hastens on her way to meet him,
  Sends a rippling laugh to greet him,
Falls upon his bosom sighing,
And the echoes, still replying,
  Whisper faint her smothered ha, ha!
  Wild, coquettish Minnehaha!

THE POPULAR CREED.

We live too much by line and rule;
  Too much by cold and studied art,
  And narrow down the generous heart
By lessons in self's sordid school.

Through selfish hopes our faith grows strong;
We worship where we think we gain
A thornless pathway free from pain—
A road to heaven built on song.

Our hearts are steeled with hate and pride
Against life's purer sympathies;
In vain some nobler impulse cries
To feelings self stands forth to chide.

We deem our lives are broad and good;
We show no love for meaner things;
We plainer hear when church bell rings
Than when the beggar asks for food.

We see afar some purpose grand,
Yet overlook life's duties near;
We cannot see the heathen here,
But only in a foreign land.

We bow before the shrine of pelf;
The light of the celestial shore
We catch a glimpse of—nothing more—
Over the growing mountain, self.

Oh! could we learn our lives to school
In noble, charitable arts;
Put self and pride from out our hearts,
And let the good within us rule!

THE WOMAN IN THE CASE.

When erring man from Eden fell,
And plunged in sin the human race,
He laid the blame, as you know well,
Upon the woman in the case.

And since that first misfortune came
Our wrongs and evil luck we trace,
And like the first man, lay the blame
Upon the woman in the case.

When wise men err or good men stray,
'Tis the old tale—a pretty face;
And no one slips but people say:
"There was a woman in the case."

In social quarrel, or family jar,
The cause the gossips quick place;
For Helen still engenders war—
The modern woman in the case.

When bankers' clerks aspire to shine,
And live at quite a rapid pace,
We learn, when they have crossed the line,
There was a woman in the case.

Our friends, the Mormons, break our laws—
'Tis sad religion is so base—
While juries find the stumbling cause
Is still the woman in the case.

If there's a saint without a stain
The devil hopes to win from grace,
He seldom tempts by power or gain,
But puts a woman in the case.

For murder, duel, suicide,
The daily papers find much space,
And other news must stand aside
To show the woman in the case.

Thus it would seem the subtle charm
Of pretty form in silk and lace
Is held the cause of all our harm,
And named, "The woman in the case."

Life, though with blessings it abounds,
Would still be like an empty vase
Were man compelled to plod its rounds
Without a woman in the case.

THE PATRIOT'S REWARD.

Proud is his step as one who knows
The noble purpose of his life,
The justice of his cause in strife,
The hate and weakness of his foes.
His flashing eye with pride surveys
The hills where liberty was born,
And will return in after days,
With mightier arms her standards raise,
And for her fallen heroes mourn;
Then turns with noble hate and scorn
His glance upon his foes, who stand
With sword at side and gun in hand
To execute the base command
Of tyrants who his land had torn.
Oh! could the hero's blood atone
For what the tyrant's sword had done!
If from the blood-bought soil would rise,
Engendered by the sanguine stream,
The tree of liberty, the dream
Of sages realms might realize.
If to the luckless warrior's son
The birthright of a freeman fell,
Then had the sacrifice been well,
Although the meed were dearly won;
Then might his life-blood wash away
The curses of the tyrant's sway,
And hallow to his name the sod
By future freemen proudly trod;
Nor shall the darkness of the tomb
Obscure the ray that will illume
The name of him who gave his hand,
His heart, his life to save his land.
But valor all too oft has won,
Its portion at the block or gun.

EMELIE TRACY Y. SWETT.

EMELIE TRACY Y. SWETT was born in San Francisco, March 9, 1863. Her father, the Hon. John Swett, is known as "the father of Pacific Coast education," and he is also the author of many excellent works in that field. His books are not only used in every normal school in the United States, but have been translated into other languages, and are in use in England, France, Norway, Sweden, Denmark and Australia. From both father and mother Miss Swett—now Mrs. John W. Parkhurst—has inherited her literary talent, and her grandfather, Frederick Palmer Tracy, was well known during Lincoln's administration as a writer and an orator of marked repute. Miss Swett's education was partly received in the public schools, and partly at home with various tutors in modern and ancient languages, literature, music and mathematics. Her first published story, written when she was sixteen, won the first prize of a gold watch, offered by the San Francisco *Chronicle* for the best short story contributed by boys and girls.

Miss Swett was at one time a successful and loved teacher in the kindergarten schools of San Francisco. She afterwards taught vocal and instrumental music, Greek, French and German in a young ladies' college. She left there to go abroad in search of health, and while away acted as correspondent to several eastern and western papers. The first earnest literary work done by her consisted of translations of French and German scientific works and historical novels for a New York firm which has now passed out of existence. Later, at the urgent request of the editor of *The Overland Monthly*, then Charles Howard Shinn, she wrote a number of short stories, which were very favorably received.

Verse writing, which so often comes first to a writer, came as a later gift to Miss Swett. She says she owes what success she may have gained to the kind encouragement of James T. White, the New York publisher; to Charles H. Shinn, at one time editor of *The Overland;* to George R. Cathcart, of New York, and to W. C. Bartlett, of the San Francisco *Bulletin*.

During the past two years Miss Swett's work has embraced the editing of a large book on the mineral springs of California for one of the leading physicians of that state; the dramatization for opera of "Ramona," Helen Hunt Jackson's great novel; a biography in both French and English of Charles Edouard De Villers, to be brought out simultaneously in London and Paris; a work embracing short, chatty biographical sketches of and selections from the works of the women writers of the Pacific Coast; and, lastly, a series of portfolio sketches, for the use of botanists and artists, of the wild flowers of the Pacific Coast.

Miss Swett is the manager of a literary bureau which she established last year, and which now handles the work of more than six hundred writers. The principal work of the bureau is to write, or have written, finely illustrated out-door articles for the eastern and London magazines. Miss Swett is a constant contributor to *The Overland Monthly*, the *American Home Journal*, the San Francisco *Call*, San Francisco *Bulletin*, Philadelphia *Times*, *Outing*, *Popular Science News*, *Golden State Catholic*, *Pacific States*, and is an occasional contributor to other periodicals.

Miss Swett has lived in many of the large cities in America and Europe, and has met and entertained many of the prominent men and women of the day. She was married in 1889 to Mr. John W. Parkhurst, of the Bank of California, a cultivated and agreeable gentleman, who fully sympathizes with the literary attainments of his gifted young wife. Miss Swett—she retains her maiden name in writing—is of medium height, slender, and with a sweet womanly face, lovely in the soul that shines through sad eyes of changing hues; a woman who lives for something higher than the mere conventional forms and empty aims, a true friend and an enthusiastic and sympathetic helper. C. B. M.

A CHRISTMAS CHIME FROM THE OLD MISSION DOLORES.

THERE stands the Mission Dolores, but the reverent hands of its builders
Lie buried beneath the adobe; buried, but never forgotten.
Somber and bare seems the chapel, to one who is luxury-sated;
Beautiful then it appeared to the eyes by the wilderness wearied.
Tolling and chiming to-day, the Mission bells tell us a story
Of the fathers from Spain who came hither, allured by the legends of plenty—
Enduring privations and hardships, in making the wearisome journey
Over the grim Cordilleras, till the goal burst upon them in beauty.
Still stands the Mission Dolores; what a change to the massive cathedral
That the sun of to-day illumines in a golden and crimson-hued glory.

Rude was the first low adobe; to-day there are fairy-like mansions
Crowding the one on the other, like bees in a prosperous bee-hive.
Perilous then were the pathways, with red men and beasts of the forests;
To-day there are broad winding roadways, shadowed by tall eucalypti.
Song birds and brooklets then; in place of the woods of sequoia
Cities and towns and homesteads throb in their once virgin bosom.
The Mission bells still keep a-chiming a heartiest holiday greeting
To all the poor wandering souls from every land under the heavens.
"Welcome, thrice welcome," they ring, "to this country of freedom unfettered—
A cordial December salute to this land of abundance unstinted!"
Still stands the old Mission Dolores, its rusty bells pealing forth sweetly
Of Charity, Love and Compassion, the first song their infant lips uttered.
Ay, Charity, Love and Compassion! Let them sing on forever unhindered,
Till God in his wisdom shall hush them with the seal of a silence unending.

THE COUNTRY WORKSHOP.

THE crisp and fragrant shavings fall from 'neath the singing plane;
The sawdust to the ground descends in ceaseless, noiseless rain;
A swallow beats the air with steady wing, as through the door
It swerves and curves its nest to find beneath the hay-loft floor.
Bees hum without, and on the window-ledge the sleepy flies
Lie in a sluggish drowse, while in the murmuring woods the cries
Of quail and thrush and mourning-dove the song of life complete.
A full content the world imbues, in action, in retreat;
The men who work, the men who rest, the birds, and e'en the flowers,
All breathe the spirit of that peace that sanctifies the hours
Of country life, where Time rebels against the rushing pace
Of crowded towns—the home of vice and sorrow—and the race
Of passions that corrode. Here in the workshop's quiet realm
The buzzing saws caress the ear; the odorous planks of elm
And pine and cedar fill the air with dreams of wood and glen,
Where hearts are pure, and men become in truth life's noblemen.

BETWEEN TWO WALLS.

A NARROW strip of green between two city walls;
A beam of morning sun one hour therein that glows;
An English sparrow hopping 'round, who softly calls
Unto his timid mate; while through the garden blows
A gale of dust and dirt; old papers flit and flirt—
The thirsty leaflets droop for one wee drop of rain.
Yet to a sweet, young girl, through accident once hurt,
So that of all the world naught scarcely doth remain
Save this one strip of green between two city walls,
This seems a paradise; she sees not dirt and dust,
Nor dreams of lovelier flowers, nor sweeter birds recalls.
She greets her flowers each day, and O, our God is just!
No bloom to her like hers; no birds with tenderer voice;
No sun so bright and gay; no nest so warm as hers—
Between two city walls. How few would thus rejoice
At such a home as this—yet thankfulness is hers.

A GUEST UNBIDDEN.

ACROSS the shadowed valleys of the night
Your spirit reaches forth in greetings tender;
Your eyes' sad depths with fond regret grow bright,
And strengthen me with comfort they engender.

I fain would blind my weeping eyes to dreams
That oft, like guests, unbidden come to haunt me,
For when my yearning arms reach out, it seems
As if the spirits only come to flaunt me.

Can spirit reach to spirit over space?
Are dreams a solemn surety of the real?
And every dream that shows your loving face,
Tell me, dear heart, is not this faith's ideal?

Anna J. Hamilton

WHY?

I THROW one wild, long glance across the sea,
Then wistful eyes turn back o'er endless meads;
Why, in this length and breadth, is there no place
For us, dear love, and our few simple needs?

Why is a word forever on my lips,
That leaps to life with every panting breath?
Yet search the earth as only love can search,
I see no way to solve it, save in—death.

BIRTH AND DEATH.

SCARCE do we meet ere we are told,
In the deepening gloom of day grown old,
New paths to tread, our tents to fold;
How soon Death's robe is round us rolled!

GOD'S ACRE.

ALL around me men are sleeping.
Not a man amongst them waketh,
Not a breath their slumber breaketh
As o'er them a watch I'm keeping.

Warm their couches are, and soft,
Not a sorrow haunts their slumber,
Not a pain can one soul number,
Though I've questioned them full oft.

The wood-dove sighs; the pine tree mourns;
Women weep; strong men are sobbing.
In the pulse of life that's throbbing
There is naught to cull but thorns.

Only here where watch I'm keeping
Finds the soul a peace unbroken
And a comfort all unspoken,
In the garden of the sleeping.

THE CHANT-ROYAL OF THE PINE-TREES.

O FOR the voice of the forest, the chant-royal of the pine-trees;
My heart leaps to life just to hear it, the recurrent, melodic, rushing,
Now near and now distant, now silent, the air in its stillness oppressive,
Till the winds sweep again o'er the harp-strings, the pine-needles quiver and tremble,
And offer up incense balsamic. My spirit with intoxication,
Yields unto dreaming, and visions crowd swiftly through half-conscious brain-cells.
O life-giving soul of the pine-trees! thou'rt here in my dead balsam pillow
Yet thy soul disembodied restoreth; the dreams of the mountains and forests
Unloose me awhile from the thralldom of city walls close and confining,
And I sink into slumber refreshing, to the chant-royal of the pine-trees.

ANNA J. HAMILTON.

MISS HAMILTON was born on April 20, 1860. Descended on her mother's side from the old Kentucky family of Caldwells, and on the paternal side from the Hamiltons of Pennsylvania, she inherits the marked intellectual traits which distinguished her ancestors. Louisville, Ky., her birthplace, is still her home. Here she attended the public schools, and in 1878 graduated from the Louisville Female High School.

A student from her childhood, she grew to womanhood ardent in her love of study, and after her graduation, accepted a position as teacher in the Third Ward school, which she still occupies. Original in her methods, attention has been attracted to her work, and she has already become a leader among her colleagues. Teaching in both day and night schools, the time she has given to thought-voicing has been necessarily very limited.

As a pupil, her compositions were always noted for facility of expression and poetic fancy, yet not until 1885, while visiting the house of a friend in the country, was her first poem written. The two young ladies were discoursing sweet sounds with their violins, when both were charmed by one entrancing air. In answer to her friend's regret that the air had never been given words, Miss Hamilton in a few moments composed a poem to accompany the music. This was the beginning, and is a fair illustration of the manner in which her succeeding poems were written. Most of Miss Hamilton's poems have been published in the Louisville *Courier-Journal.* L. B. W.

PRAY HOW.

A ROSE says mildly, "I'm sweet, I'm sweet."
The air sighs gently, "Pray how, pray how?
Send me thy fragrance to greet, to greet,
The truth I can then avow, avow."

A streamlet murmurs, "I cheer, I cheer."
Earth says eagerly, "Pray how, pray how?
Lend me thy waters so clear, so clear,
The truth I can then avow, avow."

A maid tells sweetly, "I love, I love!"
Her lover entreats, "Pray how, pray how?
Give me your love, O my dove, my dove,
The truth I can then avow, avow."

AT SET OF SUN.

THE soft'ning twilight creeps apace,
The after mood of stormful day,
And close within its fond embrace
The yielding shadows pass away,
At set of sun.

The heart's soft twilight creeps apace,
The after mood of stormful day,
And hides within its calm embrace
The pride that held imperial sway,
At set of sun.

LINES TO THE MEMORY OF FATHER RYAN.

WANDERING down the aisle of years,
Thou hast sighed for rest—sweet rest—
And prayed with earnest voice, with tears,
For rest, sweet rest, O soul oppressed!

Doubly noble! Poet-Priest!
Thy earnest, pleading voice was heard,
And thy soul in heaven doth feast;
Gladder thy song than that of bird.

Thou hast thy rest, O noble soul!
Thy spirit fled, by earth oppressed,
And found a bright and welcome goal—
'Tis rest, sweet rest; 'tis rest, sweet rest!

Doubly noble! Poet-Priest!
Thy memory shall ever cling
In hearts whom fortune favored least—
Of thee they'll speak, thy praises sing.

As long as time shall last, I ween,
Thy living words shall ne'er depart;
Thy name shall be an evergreen
In every loyal Southern heart.

O soul oppressed! almost divine!
Now pulseless is thy throbbing breast;
Thy work is done—reward is thine;
Oppressed no more—thou hast sweet rest!

A PERFECT WOMAN.

A SCULPTOR to his friend did say,
"I'll lay a wager I can make
From this huge mass of shapeless clay
A perfect woman, *sans* mistake."

"I'll take you," was his friend's reply,
And soon the sculptor's work was done.
His friend gazed on with earnest eye,
And, with a smile, said, "I have won.

"Woman without a tongue, oh my!
I think you'll own that I have won."
The sculptor, smiling, made reply,
"A perfect woman should have none."

HJALMAR HJORTH BOYESEN.

HJALMAR HJORTH BOYESEN is one of those acquisitions from a foreign land by which our country is all the richer. He is a Scandinavian of the Scandinavians, having been born on September 23, 1848, at Fredricksvern, a small seaport town on the southern coast of Norway, where his father, an army officer, was stationed at the time. In 1854 his father went abroad, leaving his family with the maternal grandfather, Judge Hjorth, of Systrand, by whom young Boyesen was brought up, his mother dying when he was eleven years old. His chief characteristic in his boyhood days was a love of animals. He was the possessor of several hundred pigeons, besides numerous rabbits, dogs, cows and horses. When he first went to school he was extremely homesick, and the constant remembrance of his days of freedom in the picturesque region surrounding his beautiful home on the Sognefjord made it impossible for him to apply himself diligently to study, though his natural ability saved him from anything approaching real failure, and the praise he got for his compositions instigated him in time to more earnest endeavors in other directions. In his summer vacations he used to walk home, a distance of nearly two hundred miles, stopping by the way at the houses of the peasants, from whom he heard over again the legends to which, as a child, he frequently listened, when narrated by his grandfather's servants in his stolen visits to the kitchen. The observations he made in these journeys, supplemented by these legends, supplied the material for the description of Saeter life in "Gunnar."

In time Boyesen entered the University of Christiania, where his remarkable aptitude for learning foreign languages attracted the attention of his teachers, who urged him to devote himself to the study of philology. He was graduated in 1868, and at his father's earnest desire came to America, intending to return in a year. He traveled for about eight months through New England and the western states, arriving at Chicago in the beginning of 1870, where he became associate editor of a Norwegian paper, the *Fremad*. In September of the same year Mr. Boyesen accepted an invitation to become instructor in Latin and Greek in Urbana College, Ohio, chiefly for the opportunity it gave him to better acquire the English language. In 1873 he revisited Europe, spending most of his time at Leipsic in the study of comparative philology, passing some time in Norway, France and England on his way back to this country. After his return he resumed his professorship of German

literature in Cornell University, to which chair he had been elected before leaving, and remained there until 1880, when he accepted the corresponding chair at Columbia College, which position he still dignifies and adorns. T. W.

THE LOST HELLAS.

O, FOR a breath of myrtle and of bay,
  And glints of sunny skies through dark leaves flashing,
And dimpling seas beneath a golden day,
  Against the strand with soft susurrus plashing!
  And fair nude youths, with shouts and laughter, dashing
Along the shining beach in martial play,
    And rearing 'gainst the sky their snowy portals,
    The temples of the glorious immortals!

Thus oft thou risest, Hellas, from my soul—
  A vision of the happy vernal ages,
When men first strove to read life's mystic scroll,
  But with the torch of joy lit up its pages;
  When with untroubled front the cheerful sages
Serenely wandered toward their shadowy goal,
    And praised the gods in dance of stately measure,
    And stooped to pluck the harmless bud of pleasure.

Out of the darkness of the primal night,
  Like as a dewy Delos from the ocean,
Thy glory rose—a birthplace for the bright
  Sun-god of thought. And freedom, high devotion
  And song sprung from the fount of pure emotion,
Bloomed in the footsteps of the God of light.
  And Night shrank back before the joyous pæn,
  And flushed with morning rolled the blue Ægean.

Then on Olympus reigned a beauteous throng;
  The heavens' wide arch by wrathful Zeus was shaken;
Fair Phœbus sped his radiant path along,
  The darkling earth from happy sleep to waken;
  And wept when, by the timorous nymph forsaken,
His passion breathing in complaining song;
  And kindled in the bard the sacred fire,
  And lured sweet music from the silent lyre.

Then teemed the earth with creatures glad and fair,
  A calm and benignant god dwelt in each river,
And through the rippling stream a naiad's bare
  White limbs would upward faintly flash and quiver;
  Through prisoning bark the dryad's sigh would shiver,
Expiring softly on the languorus air;
  And strange low notes, that scarce the blunt sense seizes,
  Were zephyr voices whispering in the breezes.

Chaste Artemis, who guides the lunar car,
  The pale nocturnal vigils ever keeping,
Sped through the silent space from star to star;
  And, blushing, stooped to kiss Endymion sleeping.
  And Psyche, on the lonely mountain weeping,
Was clasped to Eros' heart and wandered far
  To brave dread Cerberus and the Stygian water,
  With that sweet, dauntless trust her love had taught her.

On Nature's ample, warmly throbbing breast,
  Both God, and man, and beast reposed securely;
And in one large embrace she closely pressed
  The sum of being, myriad-shaped but surely
  The self-same life; she saw the soul rise purely,
Forever upward in its groping quest
  For nobler forms; and knew in all creation
  The same divinely passionate pulsation.

Thus rose the legends fair, which faintly light
  The misty centuries with their pallid glimmer,
Of fauns who roam on Mount Cithairon's height,
  Where through the leaves their sunburnt faces shimmer;
  And in cool copses, where the day is dimmer,
You hear the trampling of their herded flight;
  And see the tree-tops wave their progress after,
  And hear their shouts of wild, immortal laughter.

The vast and foaming life, the fierce desire
  Which pulses hotly through the veins of Nature,
Creative rapture and the breath of fire
  Which in exalting blight and slay the creature;
  The forces seething 'neath each placid feature
Of Nature's visage which our awe inspire,
  All glow and throb with fervid hope and gladness
  In Dionysus and his sacred madness.

Each year the lovely god with vine-wreathed brow
  In dreamy transport roves the young earth over.
The faun that gayly swings the thyrsus bough,
  The nymph, chased hotly by her satyr lover,
  The roguish Cupids 'mid the flowers that hover,
All join his clamorous train, and upward now
  Sweep storms of voices through the heavens sonorous,
  With gusts of song and dithyrambic chorus.

But where great Nature guards her secret soul,
  Where viewless fountains hum in sylvan closes,
There, leaned against a rugged oak tree's bole,
  Amid the rustling sedges, Pan reposes,
  And round about the slumberous sunshine dozes.
While from his pastoral pipe rise sounds of dole.

And through the stillness in the forest reigning,
One hears afar the shrill, sad notes complaining.

Thus, in the olden time, while yet the world
A vale of joy was, and a lovely wonder,
Men plucked the bud within its calyx curled,
Revered the still, sweet life that slept thereunder;
They did not tear the delicate thing asunder
To see its beauty wantonly unfurled,
They sat at Nature's feet with awed emotion,
Like children listening to the mighty ocean.

And thus they nobly grew to perfect bloom,
With gaze unclouded, in serene endeavor,
No fever-vision from beyond the tomb
Broke o'er their bright and sunlit pathway ever,
For gently as a kiss came death to sever
From spirit flesh, and to the realm of gloom
The pallid shades with fearless brow descended
To Hades, by the winged god attended.

Why sorrow, then, with vain petitions seek
The lofty gods in their abodes eternal?
To live is pleasant, and to be a Greek:
To see the earth in garments fresh and vernal,
To watch the fair youths in their sports diurnal,
To feel against your own a maid's warm cheek,
To see from sculptured shrines the smoke ascending,
And with the clouds and ether vaguely blending.

And sweet it is to hear the noble tongue,
Pure Attic Greek with soft precision spoken!
And ah! to hear its liquid music flung,
In rocking chords and melodies unbroken,
From Homer's stormy harp, the deathless token
That Hellas' Titan soul is strong and young,
Young as the spring that's past, whose name assuages
The gloom and sorrow of the sunless ages.

Her fanes are shattered and her bards are dead,
But, like a flame from ruins, leaps her glory
Up from her sacred dust, its rays to shed
On alien skies of art and song and story.
Her spirit, rising from her temples hoary,
Through barren climes dispersed, has northward fled;
As, though the flower be dead, its breath may hover,
A homeless fragrance sweet, the meadows over.

EGIL SCALD'S LAMENT.

STRANGELY, son, thou starest;
And thy sight is sunken;
Still thou art and silent,
As with slumber drunken:

Lo, thy lips are livid;
Loud erewhile their laughter!
Shall I vainly listen
For thy voice hereafter?

Dumb thou art, and dampness,
In dark drops descending
From thy brow is breaking,
With thy bright beard blending.
Foam-flakes fleck thy forehead;
Fixed thine eyes and frigid;
And thy mighty frame is
Faint with frost and rigid.

Swift spreads slumber's shadow!
Speak ere strength foresake thee!
Woe! my witless wailing
Never more will wake thee!
Dead thou art, my darling;
Long the night before thee.
Thou hast left thy father
Lonely to deplore thee.

Bodvar! best beloved!
Of bold sons the boldest!
In thy hapless hand my
Life's snapped thread thou holdest.
Swordless Death has sought thee
Mid the sea-waves swelling;
Fain thy father follows
Thee to Hela's dwelling.

From thy birth's bright hour
Blessings bloomed around thee;
Fast about my heart-roots
Wound, each fresh year found thee;
On thy brave young boy-face
Glad my sight would linger,
As thou fedst me lightly
With thy baby finger.

Oft I stood in spirit,
By strong sons surrounded;
Whose sonorous saga
Through my soul resounded;
Saw their fearless phalanx
Fame and fortune gather—
Safe within their shield-burg
I, their happy father!

Saw them swords unsheathing;
Heard their armors' rattle;
Saw them storming, shouting
With the joy of battle:
Bodvar foremost fighting,
Fair and fierce and glorious,
And his falchion flashing
In his path victorious.

Bessie H. Woolford.

Of this dream, the dear one
  Dastard gods bereft me.
O beloved Bodvar,
  Why hast thou, too, left me?
Feel'st thou not thy father's
  Fondling hands caress thee,
And his kiss, the last one,
  And his tears that bless thee?

Loath in death's dim shadow,
  Dear dead son, I leave thee!
Hark, thy buried brethren
  Clamor to receive thee!
I will sit beside thee
  Silent vigil keeping,
In the cairn where Night-Wolf's
  Royal race is sleeping.

HOW CAN I LIGHTLY SPEAK THY WONDROUS NAME?

How can I lightly speak thy wondrous name,
  Which breathes the airy fragrance of thyself,
  As might, far straying from his flower, the elf
Hold yet a breath within his fragile frame
Of the flower's soul, betraying whence he came?
  I too, beloved, though we stray apart,
  Since in the vestal temple of thy heart
I dwell secure, glow with a sacred flame.
  A breath of thy sweet self unto me clings—
A wondrous voice, as of large unborn deeds,
  With deep resoundings through my being rings,
And unto wider realms of vision leads.
  And dead to me are sorrow, doubt, and pain;
  The slumbering god within me wakes again.

WITHIN THE ROSE I FOUND A TREMBLING TEAR.

Within the rose I found a trembling tear,
Close curtained in a gloom of crimson night
By tender petals from the outer light.
  I plucked the flower and held it to my ear,
  And thought within its fervid breast to hear
A smothered heart-beat throbbing soft and low.
I heard its busy life-blood gently flow,
  Now far away and now so strangely near.
Ah, thought I, if these silent lips of flame
  Could be unsealed and fling upon the air
Their woe, their passion, and in speech proclaim
  Their warm intoxication of despair—
Then would I give the rose into thy hand;
Thou couldst its voice, beloved, not withstand.

BESSIE H. WOOLFORD.

MRS. WOOLFORD was born in Madison, Ind. Her father died in Richmond, Va., when she was but five years old. Immediately after her father's death her mother removed to Jefferson County, Ky., where her family resided. Her first poem was composed when she was but thirteen years old, shortly after she entered the Science Hill Female Academy at Shelbyville, Ky., then one of the best boarding schools in the South. She graduated from this institution at the age of seventeen, taking the honors of her class. Mrs. Woolford, whose maiden name was Hubbs, married Col. J. H. Woolford when she was nineteen years of age. The result of this happy union was two sons, both of whom survive their lamented father, who died May 14, 1888. During the life-time of her husband, Mrs. Woolford did but little writing for public print, but now that her main support is gone, and although her ambition is shadowed by an everlasting grief, she is resolved to make her pen assist in educating her gifted sons.

Mrs. Woolford is thirty years old and in appearance about medium height, has beautiful, large, gray eyes and wavy brown hair; in temperament, ardent and enthusiastic; a devoted and loving mother to her two sons; loves home better than fame, and, from a political stand-point, opposed to woman's rights. L. C. J.

PURPLE ASTERS AND GOLDEN-ROD.

Oh, autumn days, with your dreamy splendor,
  Your crimsoning trees and withered sod;
Your golden haze in the sunset tender,
  Your purple asters and golden-rod!

Where the grass grew green along the hedges
  The dust lies thick on withered leaves,
The breeze loud-rustles in the sedges,
  And the nest is empty beneath the eaves.

The air is rife with a haunting sweetness;
  A half-breathed sigh for the days of yore;
A sense of the present's incompleteness—
  Regret for the dreams we can dream no more.

Dreams that are broken and lost in the dreaming,
  Good we would do that we never have done;
Friendship so sweet (that was sweet but in seeming),
  Love we would win that we never have won!

Ah! so many roses bloom for some
  Who heedlessly throw them from their hands;
So many lips through pain are dumb;
  The heart's low cry, who understands?

Perhaps at the end of some autumn day,
When our eyes are turned to the "Hills of God,"
We shall find by the dusty and leaf-strewn way
Our purple asters and golden-rod!

WHEN LILACS BLOOM.

A DREAM of the past comes back to me
With the lilac's purple bloom;
For a strong association lurks
In its subtle and sweet perfume.

I see the old gray house once more
'Neath the shelter of stately trees,
Whose branches brush the mossy roof
With every passing breeze.

But dearest of all is the garden old,
With borders quaint and trim,
And the walk where the rows of lilac made
An archway cool and dim.

There's a mint of golden jonquils there,
And thyme, and mignonette,
And fragrant lilies of the vale,
In the shade with the violet.

And the sweet-pea scrambles across the hedge
Along with the eglantine;
Oh, garden old! could hearts grow cold
'Mid treasures such as thine?

I hear my name in a fresh young voice
That was music to my ear;
Ah, 'tis but a dream, for I know that voice
Has been silent many a year.

But the lilacs will bring these dreams to me,
Along with the sweet spring weather;
And my heart returns to the hallowed spot
Where, as children, we played together.

And I think if I only could go back
Through the years of sorrow and pain,
I should find my beautiful childhood there,
And live it all over again!

PRETTY AND DIRTY.

I FOUND my boy before the door,
In a torn and tumbled pinafore,
Mud on his hands, mud on his clothes,
And a terrible smudge on his cunning nose.
Now *another's* boy in such a plight,
I am free to own, is a dreadful sight—
And his mother's to blame; but oh! to kiss
Your own dirty boy is the height of bliss.
I lift the rogue from off the ground;
His chubby arms my neck surround,
And as I smoothed his curly head,
"You are so pretty and dirty," I said.

Came a fine lady calling one day,
In silk and satin and plumage gay;
Richest of silk with lace upon it,
Diamonds bright, and a charming bonnet.
My boy on the floor soon leaves his book,
Drawn by the lady's winning look,
And with his blue eyes open wide,
He came and stood close by her side.
He looked at the dress and jewels rare;
The soft, brown eyes and waving hair,
Then with a nod of his sunny head—
"You is so pretty and dirty," he said.

SIGH SOFT AND LOW, OH! SUMMER BREEZE.

SIGH soft and low, oh! summer breeze,
Woo with caressing touch the roses;
Sway the green branches of the trees
Whose parted screen a nest discloses.
Catch the low note the wood-bird sings
To brooding mate with tender breast;
While close beside with folded wings
He watches o'er her downy nest.
Dear memories waken at your breath
That long have slept within the heart;
Lips speak that we have kissed in death,
And unrepressed the tears will start.
Sigh soft and low, oh! evening breeze;
Rifle the poppy of its power,
Soothe thought's sharp pain to dreamful ease,
With mystic charms from every flower.
Stir the light fringe of maiden's-hair;
Steal where the water-lily gleams;
Breathe the drowsy fragrance on the air,
And bring forgetfulness in dreams!

IMMORTALITY.

Ever near
Hover the spirits of our loved and lost.
Though all unseen, they watch with eyes of love
Through the thin vail betwixt our soul and theirs,
Knowing our grief, which, to the unfettered mind,
Seems but the passing of a troubled dream.
No love of earth so strong that it can dim
The bliss of immortality.

—*After Death.*

AGNES ETHELWYN WETHERALD.

AGNES ETHELWYN WETHERALD, one of the best known of the younger school of Canadian literary women, is of English descent and Quaker parentage. She was born at Rockwood, near Guelph, in the Province of Ontario, and was educated at a Friend's boarding school in New York State. Canadian by birth and residence, as well as by literary associations, in connection with the present sphere of her work, Miss Wetherald, by training and intellectual development, may be said, however, to be American. As a frequent contributor to American periodicals—to the *Christian Union*, the *Woman's Journal*, the Chicago *Current*, and to the western press—Miss Wetherald has further claims to be regarded as an American as well as a Canadian writer. Not a few of her stories, and not a little of her verse have, moreover, first appeared on this side, and a novel entitled, "An Algonquin Maiden," which she wrote jointly with a Canadian author, is among the issues of Lovell's Library, published at New York. This work has also had the honor of appearing in an English edition, and when issued, a few years ago, received the favorable comment of the London press. Of recent years her pen has been monopolized by Canadian journals. She is a current contributor of prose and verse to *The Week*, the chief of the literary periodicals published in the Canadian Dominion, and, under the *nom de plume* of "Bel Thistlethwaite," she conducts a woman's department in the Toronto *Globe*, the great daily of the Liberal party in Canada. Miss Wetherald was a regular contributor of essays, sketches and verse to the *Canadian Monthly*, while that magazine, founded by Prof. Goldwin Smith, was in existence. The London *Advertiser* and the Toronto *Saturday Night* have also counted Miss Wetherald on their list of writers. G. M. A.

TO THE FIRST CANADIAN WILD FLOWER.

OH, fairest thing in this great world!
Oh, frailest thing that e'er unfurled
Its heart with timid hardihood
To all the rough winds of the wood!

Least one, I dare not bless thee—
Sweet one—nor yet caress thee,
My breath, my touch would surely be thy doom;
But, oh! when Nature made thee
In this untrampled shade, she
Put all her wealth of beauty in thy slender spear of bloom.

Oh, bodiless! Oh, beautiful!
My heart is dull, and very dull.
What do I in this sacred place?
How should I look upon thy face?

And yet if thou shouldst blossom
Upon my lifeless bosom,
In some fair spring, long, long years from to-day,
'Twould set my heart to beating,
And o'er and o'er repeating,
Ne'er from my soul such poems sprang as from my soulless clay!

THE BREATH OF LOVE.

I AM no singer, I but feel
Love's breath upon me, as a tree
May thrill and tremble inwardly,
And fill the air with melody,
What time a new-born wind from heav'n through all its leaves doth steal.

Oh, breath of love, that bloweth sweet
From the deep regions of the sky!
Your lightest touch, your faintest sigh
Woos all my soul to make reply,
When e'er at waking or at dark I feel your soft waves beat.

Oh, breath of love! oh, summer breath!
In whose embrace each leaf hath lain,
If wintry winds should strike amain,
And rend the trembling tree in twain,
Still through its leaves the voice of love would whisper after death.

THE DEEP TIDE.

UPON the deep tide of my tenderness,
As in a dream, I feel your spirit drift;
The little waves pulse eagerly, and swift
From heaven falls the wind's divine caress;
Anear the brink a white and wavering press
Of water-lilies, like shy thoughts, uplift
Their glances to the sky. Above a rift
Of clouds the stars their answering thought confess.

Ah, love, the tide flows deep! the tide flows deep!
The petty storms that trouble shallow streams
Cannot come nigh us, while the lilies keep
Their glances on the sky, and answering gleams
From countless starry eyes attend your sleep.
Good rest be yours, dear love, and blessed dreams!

TO M——.

DEAR other self, whose love is more to me
Than to a fevered soul are sudden gleams,
In desert wastes, of swiftly flowing streams;
In this drear land my spirit faints for thee.
Far off across the empty miles I see
Thy radiant face; its tender yearning seems
A moon-lit river, that within my dreams
Flows on and on into eternity.

My glad soul hastens to the river's side,
And launches forth. Oh, joy beyond compare!
To feel the heavenly winds that, blowing wide,
Fill the white sail with an ethereal air;
To see within the tremulous, deep tide
That all the stars of God are mirrored there.

A BIRTHDAY WISH.

I WOULD not wish you always joyful—no;
For joy, like sunshine, asks no sacrifices.
When every fair and flowery path entices
What need of Love's protecting clasp? But, oh!
When the black skies begin to overflow,
A tender face bent roof-like all suffices;
From sheltering arms we smile upon the crisis
Of the great storm, when all its loosed winds blow.

No other gifts have I for you than love,
And need of love, though were you always glad
My love, my need would fail to come anear you.
Ah, dearest, there is lasting joy above,
But on this earth I would you might be sad,
Sometimes—a little while—and let me cheer you.

AT PARTING.

GOOD-BY! good-by! my soul goes after thee,
Quick as a bird that quickens on the wing,
Softly as winter softens into spring,
And as the moon sways to the swaying sea
So is my spirit drawn resistlessly.
Good-by! yet closer round my life shall cling
Thy tenderness, the priceless offering
That drifts through distance daily unto me.

Oh, eager soul of mine, fly fast, fly fast!
Take with thee hope and courage, thoughts that thrill
The heart with gladness 'neath despondent skies;
Oh, living tenderness, that no sharp blast
Of earthly fate or circumstance can chill!
My life with thine grows strong, or fails, or dies.

REPENTANCE.

OH bruised at my hands, my wounded one,
Who lay in thought long, long against my heart,
'Till of my life you formed the dearest part;
So close my arms of love enwrapped you, none
Could pierce you till my sheltering veins had run
In hot, quick protest 'gainst the poisoned dart.
But now my cruel hands have made the smart
By which I am undone! I am undone!

How could I doubt you, thrust you from my hold
And hurt you nigh to death with sudden hate?
Oh, tenderness that bore the test of years,
Oh loyal, true great-heartedness, behold
Your place is left unto me desolate!
Dark with repentant, unavailing tears.

LOVE'S PHASES.

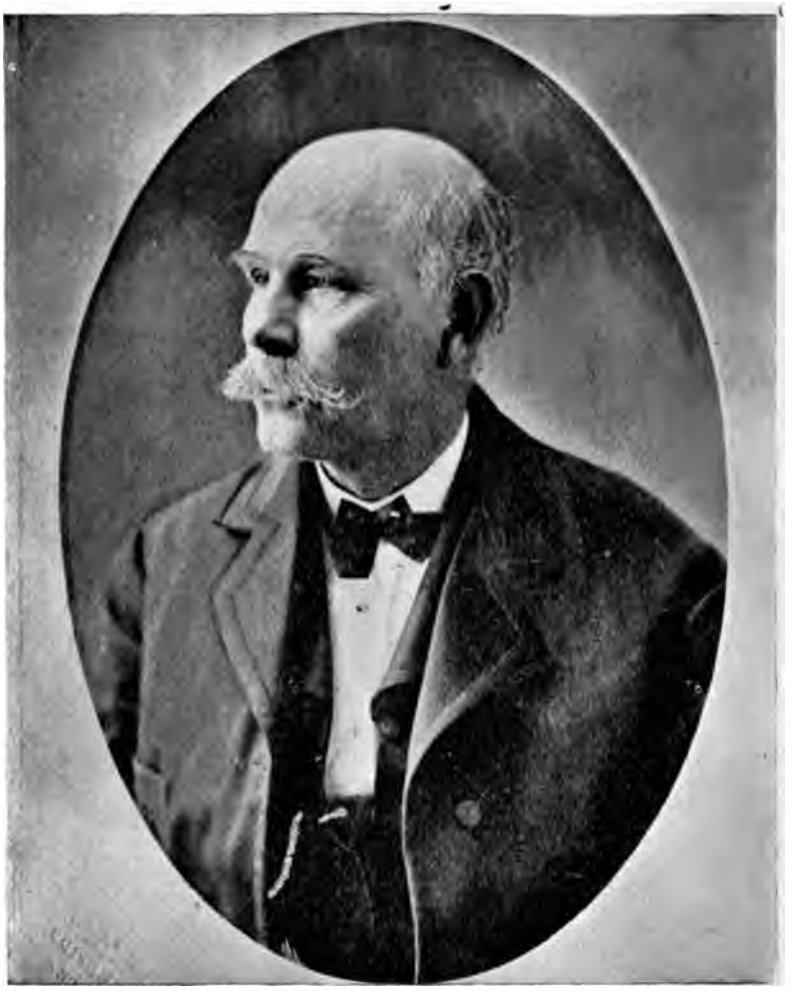
LOVE has a thousand phases: oftentimes
For very joy of her own life she weeps;
Or, like a timid, wistful child, she creeps
To sheltering arms; or, like a spirit, climbs
The white heights scaled by poets in their rhymes—
Imagination's lone and splendid steeps—
Or drifts with idle oar upon the deeps
Of her own soul to undiscovered climes.

Hers is the rapture of the martyred saint;
The exaltation of the mother when
Upon her breast her baby softly stirs
For the first time. And every morn doth paint
On every rock, and tree, and stream, and glen,
Some inextinguishable look of hers.

SOMETIME, I FEAR.

SOMETIME, I fear, but God alone knows when,
Mine eyes shall gaze on your unseeing eyes,
On your unheeding ears shall fall my cries,
Your clasp shall cease, your soul go from my ken
Your great heart be a fire burned out. Ah, then,
What shall remain for me beneath the skies,
Of glad, or good, or beautiful, or wise,
That can relume and thrill my life again?

This shall remain, a love that cannot fail,
A life that joys in your great joy, yet grieves
In memory of sweet days fled too soon;
Sadness divine! as when November pale
Sits broken-hearted 'mong her withered leaves,
And feels the wind about her warm as June.



S. W. Offenberg

SALATHIEL C. COFFINBERRY.

SALATHIEL C. COFFINBERRY, who died at his home in Constantine, Mich., September 20, 1889, was at the time of his death the only survivor of a family of thirteen, he being the second youngest of the same. His father and mother, George L. and Elizabeth Little Coffinberry, were both born at Martinsburg, Virginia, and were each children of German parentage. His father entered the military service as a soldier in the Revolutionary war at the age of eighteen, and remained there until the close of the war. His parents moved from Martinsburg to Wheeling, thence to Lancaster, Ohio, where Salathiel was born February 26, 1809. His father published a paper called the *Olive Branch*, the first paper ever published at Lancaster. He soon moved to Chillicothe, Ohio, and thence to Mansfield, Ohio. Here Salathiel studied law with his brother Andrew, and was admitted to practice there in 1829. After a time he moved to Canal Dover, Tuscarawas County, Ohio, where he opened an office and remained a short time. From there returned to Mansfield, where he practiced law most of the time, until he came to Michigan.

In 1832 he married Miss Catherine Young at Martinsburg, Va. In 1843 he was married to Miss Artemisia Cook, at Mansfield. By the former marriage he had three children, by the latter six. His last wife and four children of that marriage only survive him.

Mr. Coffinberry was an officer in the war of the patriots in Canada, on the part of the patriots; took part with his men in battle, and with his American comrades narrowly escaped capture by crossing to the American side and hiding when closely pressed. He came from Ohio to St. Joseph County, Mich., in 1843, where he has resided ever since, and where he had all along been engaged in the practice of his profession, until failing health compelled him to give it up two or three years before his death. He was a prominent member of the Masonic fraternity, a Knight Templar, and had taken all consistory degrees in Masonry up to the thirty-second. He was Grand High Priest of the Grand Chapter of Michigan, and also Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of the state, respectively, for many years. In the practice of his profession, almost invariably his clients became his personal friends. He was eloquent as an advocate and was a brilliant and scholarly public speaker. He was for many years a prominent Democrat of the state, and the candidate of that party for national and state offices of high rank. He was enthusiastic in his love of the fine arts, was p ficient in music, painting and poetry. C. W. F

ECHO.

THOU distant tone dying,
Ah! whose canst thou be?
Say, whither art flying
O'er woodland and lea?
Thou sylph of the fountain,
Thou voice of the tree,
Thou nymph of the mountain,
Thou mock of the sea,
Thou art but a shadow
Of music and song,
As o'er the green meadow,
Midst flowerets and odors, thou gamblest alo

In vain do I chase thee
O'er mountain and hill,
And hope to embrace thee
By some sparkling rill;
Thy flight still swift winging,
I chase thee in vain;
'Twas here thou wert singing,
Thou hast flitted again.
Say, when may I bind thee,
Thou mystery, where?
Nay, come thou and find me;
"Find me," thou mockest, high up in the air.

I dream then some maiden
Invisibly bright—
A sweet voice, arrayed in
Pure vestments of light—
A tone e'en dying,
Yet mocking again
On odor wings flying
The flower-clad plain.
For my singing and suing
Thou wilt not come down;
Thou laugh'st at my wooing
And gem-bedecked crown;
When homeward repairing
Thou'll follow me still,
With mockery daring,
Wilt mimic my voice from the brow of yon hil

COUNT NOT THE HOURS.

I.

COUNT not the hours of sadness and sorrow;
Grasp life's bright sunshine swift-gliding away
Gather fresh flowers with hope that to-morrow
Will bring hours of gladness more bright th
to-day.

II.

Count the bright dawns in sunlight awaking,
  Hope's brightest halo in beauty appears;
Still journeying onward, life's blessing partaking,
  We trust in the future and smile through our tears.

III.

Bow not the head, we are not forsaken,
  Smile at the dark cloud that passed away;
More fair is the rose that the zephyr has shaken,
  Whose dewdrops have fallen with the dawn of the day.

THE COQUETTE.

LET Love weave her garlands
  For those who will wear them,
And sigh while they wither away;
  Let Love bind her fetters
    On those who will bear them,
Let others still wear them that may;
  But I'll laugh in Love's face,
    I will ever be free
From the bonds that entangle the heart.
  No lover's soft sighing,
    No Cupid for me,
I've broken the point of his dart.

Let beauty lay tribute
  On hearts that are breaking,
And sigh while she makes them her game,
  Then laugh in Love's face
    While her dupes are awaking
To the sense of their folly and shame.
  I will ever be free
    And preserve a whole heart,
Nor hazzard once Cupid's sharp stings;
  I've untwisted his bow-string
    And broken his dart,
And I've clipped off both of his wings.

CREATION.

At length the earth upheaved her rounded form,
  The ocean sung his joy in thunders forth,
The sun burst from the wild chaotic storm,
  The stars smiled brightly on the budding earth,
Amid glad songs the universe had birth;
  The mountains shouted to the rising hills,
The laughing rivers gurgled forth their mirth,
  While, softly answering, sang the tiny rills.
    The tall palms, hymning low, their solemn music woke,
    And proudly reared his monarch's crown, the giant oak.

—*The World's Progress.*

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

CHRISTINA GEORGINA ROSSETTI, who was born in London, December, 1830, is generally acknowledged to be one of the greatest female writers of the nineteenth century. She is the daughter of Gabriele Rossetti and Frances Polidori, daughter of Alfieri's secretary, and sister of the young physician who traveled with Lord Byron, of whom mention is made in Moore's biographical notices. Gabriele Rossetti was a native of Vasto, in the district of the Abruzzi, ex-kingdom of Naples. He was a patriotic poet of great distinction; and, as a politician, took a part in extorting from Ferdinand I the Constitution of 1820. Owing to the failure of the Neapolitan insurrection, Rossetti was compelled to seek refuge in England, establishing himself in London about 1823, and marrying in 1826. His present position in Italy, as a poet and a patriot, is a high one, a medal having been struck in his honor. He spent his best years in the study of Dante, and his commentaries on the great Italian master are unique, exhibiting a peculiar, personal view of Dante's conception of Beatrice.

It will be seen, therefore, that the father of the subject of these lines was highly gifted with poetic aspiration, and those who hold the doctrine of hereditary genius may find in the Rossetti family a striking exemplification of their particular theory. The collossal genius of the late Dante Gabriel Rossetti, the eldest brother of the poetess, has left an ineffaceable mark upon the history of our time; and the biographical and critical achievements of William Michael Rossetti are too well known to need more than mere incidental mention here. Maria Francesca, Miss Rossetti's gifted elder sister, whose "Shadow of Dante" shows such a breadth and power of thought, placed upon record, before her untimely death, the intense purity of mind and purpose inherited from her parents, culminating in the self-abnegation of Anglican conventual life; so that it will be clear to all that this talented group of sons and daughters has done, and still does, great honor to the well beloved and accomplished parents whose happy memory is ever-blossoming in the minds of their survivors.

Miss Rossetti is the author of the following works: "Goblin Market and Other Poems," 1862; "The Prince's Progress and Other Poems," 1866; "Commonplace and Other Short Stories in Prose," 1870; "Sing-Song, a Nursery Rhyme Book," 1872; "Speaking Likenesses," 1874; "Annus Domini, a Prayer for Each Day of the Year, Founded on a

Text of Holy Scripture," 1874; "Seek and Find a Double Series of Short Studies of the Benedicite," 1879; "A Pageant and Other Poems," 1881; "Called to be Saints," 1881; "Letter and Spirit," 1883, and "Time Flies, a Reading Diary," 1885. Years ago, when the loving family circle was unbroken, Miss Rossetti was wont to engage in exercises of sonnet-skill with her brothers, Dante Gabriel and William; and the pleasures of this contact and interchange of thought led to a love for the finest of all forms of concise expression which has borne ripe fruit. J. W.

DREAM-LAND.

WHERE sunless rivers weep
Their waves into the deep,
She sleeps a charmed sleep;
Awake her not.
Led by a single star,
She came from very far
To seek where shadows are
Her pleasant lot.

She left the rosy morn,
She left the fields of corn,
For twilight cold and lorn,
And water springs.
Through sleep, as through a veil,
She sees the sky look pale,
And hears the nightingale
That sadly sings.

Rest, rest, a perfect rest,
Shed over brow and breast;
Her face is toward the west,
The purple land.
She cannot see the grain
Ripening on hill and plain,
She cannot feel the rain
Upon her hand.

Rest, rest, for evermore
Upon a mossy shore;
Rest, rest at the heart's core
Till time shall cease;
Sleep that no pain shall wake;
Night that no moon shall break,
Till joy shall overtake
Her perfect peace.

THE SIXTEENTH OF MAY.

IF love is not worth loving, then life is not worth living,
Nor aught is worth remembering but well forgot,
For store is not worth storing and gifts are not worth giving,
If love is not;

An idly cold is death-cold, and life-heat idly hot,
And vain is any offering and vainer our receiving,
And vanity of vanities is all our lot.
Better than life's heaving heart is death's heart unheaving,
Better than the opening leaves are the leaves that rot,
For there is nothing left worth achieving or retrieving,
If love is not.

AFTER DEATH.

THE curtains were half drawn, the floor was swept
And strewn with rushes, rosemary and may
Lay thick upon the bed on which I lay,
Where through the lattice ivy-shadows crept.
He leaned above me, thinking that I slept
And could not hear him; but I heard him say:
"Poor child, poor child!" and as he turned away
Came a deep silence, and I knew he wept.
He did not touch the shroud, or raise the fold
That hid my face, or take my hand in his,
Or ruffle the smooth pillows for my head;
He did not love me living; but once dead
He pitied me; and very sweet it is
To know he still is warm though I am cold.

"TO-DAY FOR ME."

SHE sitteth still who used to dance,
She weepeth sore and more and more;
Let us sit with thee weeping sore,
O fair France.

She trembleth as the days advance
Who used to be so light of heart;
We in thy trembling bear a part,
Sister France.

Her eyes shine tearful as they glance:
"Who shall give back my slaughtered sons?
"Bind up," she saith, "my wounded ones."
Alas, France!

She struggles in a deathly trance,
As in a dream her pulses stir,
She hears the nations calling her,
"France, France, France."

Thou people of the lifted lance,
Forbear her tears, forbear her blood;
Roll back, roll back, thy whelming flood,
Back from France.

Eye not her loveliness askance,
Forge not for her a galling chain;
Leave her at peace to bloom again,
Vine-clad France.

A time there is for change and chance,
A time for passing of the cup;
And One abides can yet bind up
Broken France.

A time there is for change and chance;
Who next shall drink the trembling cup,
Wring out its dregs and suck them up,
After France?

"AT HOME."

When I was dead my spirit turned
To seek the much-frequented house;
I passed the door, and saw my friends
Feasting beneath green orange boughs.
From hand to hand they pushed the wine;
They sucked the pulp of plumb and peach;
They sang, they jested and they laughed,
For each was loved by each.

I listened to their honest chat
Said one, "To-morrow we shall be
Plod plod along the featureless sands,
And coasting miles and miles of sea."
Said one, "Before the turn of tide
We will achieve the eyrie-seat."
Said one, "To-morrow shall be like
To-day, but much more sweet."

"To-morrow," said they, strong with hope,
And dwelt upon the pleasant way:
"To-morrow!" cried they, one and all,
While no one spoke of yesterday.
Their life stood full at blessed noon;
I, only I, had passed away.
"To-morrow and to-day," they cried:
I was of yesterday.

I shivered comfortless, but cast
No chill across the table-cloth;
I, all forgotten, shivered, sad
To stay and yet to part how loth;
I passed from the familiar room,
I, who from love had passed away,
Like the remembrance of a guest
That tarrieth but a day.

WHEN I AM DEAD?

When I am dead, my dearest,
Sing no sad songs for me;
Plant thou no roses at my head,
Nor shady cypress tree.

Be the green grass above me
With showers and dewdrops wet;
And if thou wilt, remember,
And if thou wilt, forget.

I shall not see the shadows,
I shall not feel the rain;
I shall not hear the nightingale
Sing on as if in pain.
And, dreaming through the twilight,
That doth not rise nor set,
Haply I may remember,
Haply I may forget.

UP-HILL.

Does the road wind up-hill all the way?
Yes, to the very end.
Will the day's journey take the whole long day?
From morn to night, my friend.

But is there for the night a resting-place,
A roof for when the slow dark hours begin?
May not the darkness hide it from my face?
You cannot miss that inn.

Shall I meet other wayfarers at night,
Those who have gone before?
Then, must I knock, or call when just in sight?
They will not keep you standing at the door.

Shall I find comfort, travel-sore and weak?
Of labor you shall find the sum.
Will there be beds for me and all who seek?
Yes, beds for all who come.

WEARY.

I would have gone, God bade me stay;
I would have worked, God bade me rest.
He broke my will from day to day;
He read my yearnings unexpress'd,
And said them nay.

Now I would stay, God bids me go;
Now I would rest, God bids me work.
He breaks my heart tossed to and fro;
My soul is wrung with doubts that lurk
And vex it so!

I go, Lord, where Thou sendest me;
Day after day I plod and moil;
But, Christ my God, when will it be
That I may let alone my toil,
And rest with Thee?

A BIRTHDAY.

My heart is like a singing bird
  Whose nest is in a watered shoot;
My heart is like an apple tree
  Whose boughs are bent with thickest fruit;
My heart is like a rainbow shell
  That paddles in a halcyon sea;
My heart is gladder than all these,
  Because my love is come to me.

Raise me a dais of silk and down;
  Hang it with vair and purple dyes;
Carve it with doves and pomegranates,
  And peacocks with a hundred eyes;
Work it in gold and silver grapes,
  In leaves and silver fleur-de-lys;
Because the birthday of my life
  Is come, my love is come to me.

THE WORLD.

By day she woos me, soft, exceeding fair;
  But all night, as the moon, so changeth she;
  Loathsome and foul, with hideous leprosy
And subtle serpents gliding in her hair.
By day she wooes me to the outer air,
  Ripe fruits, sweet flowers, and full satiety;
  But through the night, a beast she grins at me—
A very monster void of love and prayer.
By day she stands a lie; by night she stands
  In all the naked horror of the truth,
With pushing horns and clawed and clutching hands.
    Is this a friend, indeed, that I should sell
  My soul to her, give her my life and youth
    Till my feet, cloven too, take hold on hell?

REMEMBER.

Remember me when I am gone away,
  Gone far away into the silent land;
  When you can no more hold me by the hand,
Nor I half turn to go, yet turning stay.
Remember me when no more day by day
  You tell me of our future that you planned;
  Only remember me; you understand
It will be late to counsel then or pray.
    Yet if you should forget me for awhile
  And afterwards remember, do not grieve;
  For if the darkness and corruption leave
    A vestige of the thoughts that once I had,
  Better by far you should forget and smile
    Than that you should remember and be sad.

VANITY OF VANITIES.

Ah, woe is me for pleasure that is vain,
  Ah, woe is me for glory that is past;
  Pleasure that bringeth sorrow at the last,
Glory that at the last bringeth no gain!
So saith the sinking heart; and so again
  It shall say till the mighty angel-blast
  Is blown, making the sun and moon aghast,
And showering down the stars like sudden rain.
  And evermore men shall go fearfully,
    Bending beneath their weight of heaviness;
  And ancient men shall lie down wearily,
    And strong men shall rise up in weariness;
  Yea, even the young shall answer sighingly,
    Saying one to another: How vain it is!

REST.

O Earth, lie heavily upon her eyes;
  Seal her sweet eyes weary of watching, Earth;
  Lie close around her; leave no room for mirth
With its harsh laughter, nor for sound of sighs.
She hath no questions, she hath no replies;
  Hushed in and curtained with a blessed dearth
  Of all that irked her from the hour of birth
With stillness that is almost paradise.
Darkness more clear than noonday holdeth her,
    Silence more musical than any song;
Even her very heart has ceased to stir:
  Until the morning of eternity
  Her rest shall not begin nor end, but be;
    And when she wakes she will not think it long.

LOVE LIES BLEEDING.

Love that is dead and buried, yesterday
  Out of his grave rose up before my face;
  No recognition in his look, no trace
Of memory in his eyes dust-dimmed and gray.
While I, remembering, found no word to say,
  But felt my quickened heart leap in its place,
Caught afterglow thrown back from long set days,
Caught echoes of all music passed away.
    Was this indeed to meet? I mind me yet,
In youth we met when hope and love were quick,
  We parted with hope dead, but love alive;
I mind me how we parted when heart sick,
  Remembering, loving, hopeless, weak to strive;
    Was this to meet? Not so, we have not met.

AN APPLE GATHERING.

I plucked pink apple blossoms from mine apple-tree,
  And wore them all that evening in my hair;
Then in due season when I went to see,
  I found no apples there.

With dangling basket all along the grass,
As I had come I went the self-same track;
My neighbors mocked me while they saw me pass,
So empty-handed, back.

Lillian and Lillias smiled in trudging by,
Their heaped-up basket teased me like a jeer;
Sweet-voiced they sang beneath the sunset sky—
Their mother's home was near.

Plump Gertrude passed me with her basket full,
A stronger hand than hers helped it along;
A voice talked with her through the shadows cool
More sweet to me than song.

Ah Willie, Willie, was my love less worth
Than apples with their green leaves piled above?
I counted rosiest apples on the earth
Of far less worth than love.

So once it was with me you stopped to talk,
Laughing and listening in this very lane;
To think that by this way we used to walk,
We shall not walk again!

I let my neighbors pass me, ones and twos
And groups; the latest said the night grew chill,
And hastened; but I loitered, while the dews
Fell fast I loitered still.

CLOUDS.

Clouds on the western side
Grow gray and grayer, hiding the warm sun.
—*Twilight Calm.*

FLOWERS.

Flowers preach to us if we will hear.
—*Consider the Lilies of the Field.*

HOPE.

Hope newborn one pleasant morn
Died at even;
Hope dead lives nevermore,
No, not in heaven.
—*Dead Hope.*

HUMILITY.

Give me the lowest place; or if for me
That lowest place too high, make one more low
Where I may sit and see
My God and love Thee so.
—*The Lowest Place.*

SILENCE.

Silence more musical than any song.
—*Rest.*

SINGLE POEMS.

TACKING SHIP OFF SHORE.

THE weather-leech of the top-sail shivers,
The bow-lines strain and the lee-shrouds slacken,
The braces are taut, the lithe boom quivers,
And the waves with the coming squall-cloud blacken.

Open one point on the weather bow;
Is the lighthouse tall on Fire Island's head?
There's a shade of doubt on the captain's brow,
And the pilot watches the heaving lead.

I stand at the wheel, and with eager eye
To sea and to sky and to shore I gaze,
Till the muttered order of "FULL AND BY!"
Is suddenly changed to "FULL FOR STAYS!"

The ship bends lower before the breeze,
As her broadside fair to the blast she lays;
And she swifter springs to the rising seas,
As the pilot calls, "STAND BY FOR STAYS!"

It is silence all, as each in his place,
With the gathered coils in his hardened hands,
By tack and bow-line, by sheet and brace,
Waiting the watchword, impatient stands.

And the light on Fire Island head draws near,
As, trumpet-winged, the pilot's shout
From his post on the bowsprit's heel I hear,
With the welcome call of "READY, ABOUT!"

No time to spare! It is touch and go,
And the captain growls, "DOWN HELM! HARD DOWN!"
As my weight on the whirling spokes I throw,
While heaven grows black with the storm-cloud's frown.

High o'er the knight-heads flies the spray,
As we meet the shock of the plunging sea;
And my shoulder stiff to the wheel I lay,
As I answer, "AY, AY, SIR! H-A-R-D A-LEE!"

With the swerving leap of a startled steed
The ship flies fast in the eye of the wind,
The dangerous shoals on the lee recede,
And the headland white we have left behind.

The top-sails flutter, the jibs collapse,
And belly and tug at the groaning cleats;
The spanker slats, and the main-sail flaps,
And thunders the order, "TACKS AND SHEETS!"

'Mid the rattle of blocks and the tramp of the crew,
Hisses the rain of the rushing squall;
The sails are aback from clew to clew,
And now is the moment for "MAIN-SAIL, HAUL!"

And the heavy yards, like a baby's toy,
By fifty strong arms are swiftly swung;
She holds her way, and I look with joy
For the first white spray o'er the bulwarks flung.

"LET GO AND HAUL!" 'T is the last command,
And the head-sails fill to the blast once more;
Astern and to leeward lies the land,
With its breakers white on the shingly shore.

What matters the reef, or the rain, or the squall?
I steady the helm for the open sea;
The first mate clamors, "BELAY THERE, ALL!"
And the captain's breath once more comes free.

And so off-shore let the good ship fly;
Little care I how the gusts may blow,
In my fo'castle bunk in a jacket dry,
Eight bells have struck, and my watch is below.

WALTER MITCHELL.

NEW ENGLAND'S CHEVY CHASE.

'T WAS the dead of the night. By the pine-knot's red light
Brooks lay, half asleep, when he heard the alarm,
Only this, and no more, from a voice at the door:
"The Red Coats are out and have passed Phipps's farm!"

Brooks was booted and spurred; he said never a word;
Took his horn from its peg, and his gun from the rack;
To the cold midnight air he led out his white mare,
Strapped the girths and the bridle and sprang to her back.

Up the North Country Road at her full pace she strode,
Till Brooks reined her up at John Tarbell's to say:
"We have got the alarm—they have left Phipps's farm;
You rouse the East Precinct and I'll go this way."

John called his hired man, and they harnessed the span;
They roused Abram Garfield, and Garfield called me.
"Turn out right away, let no minute-man stay—
The Red Coats have landed at Phipps's!" says he.

By the Powder-House Green seven others fell in;
At Nahum's the men from the saw mill came down;
So that when Jabez Bland gave the word of command,
And said, "Forward, March!" there marched forward the town.

Parson Wilderspin stood by the side of the road,
And he took off his hat, and he said, "Let us pray!
O Lord, God of Might, let thine Angels of Light
Lead thy children to-night to the Glories of Day!
And let Thy Stars fight all the Foes of the Right,
As the Stars fought of old against Sisera."

And from heaven's high arch those stars blessed our march,
Till the last of them faded in twilight away,
And with morning's bright beam, by the bank of the stream,
Half the country marched in, and we heard Davis say:

"On the King's own highway I may travel all day,
And no man hath warrant to stop me," says he.
"I've no man that's afraid, and I'll march at their head;
Then he turned to the boys—"Forward, March! Follow me."

And we marched as he said, and the fifer, he played
The old "White Cockade," and he played it right well;
We saw Davis fall dead, but no man was afraid—
That bridge we'd have had, though a thousand men fell.

This opened the play, and it lasted all day,
We made Concord too hot for the Red Coats to stay;
Down the Lexington way we stormed—black, white, and gray;
We were first at the feast, and were last in the fray.

They would turn in dismay, as red wolves turn at bay,
They leveled, they fired, they charged up the road;
Cephas Willard fell dead; he was shot in the head
As he knelt by Aunt Prudence's well-sweep to load.

John Danforth was hit just in Lexington street,
John Bridge, at that lane where you cross Beaver Falls;
And Winch and the Snows just above John Monroe's,
Swept away by one swoop of the big cannon balls.

I took Bridge on my knee, but he said: "Don't mind me,
Fill your horn from mine—let me lie where I be.
Our fathers," says he, "that their sons might be free,
Left their king on his throne and came over the sea;
And that man is a knave or a fool who, to save
His life, for a minute would live like a slave."

Well! all would not do. There were men good as new,
From Rumford, from Sangus, from towns far away,
Who filled up quick and well for each soldier that fell,
And we drove them, and drove them, and drove them all day.
We knew, every one, it was war that begun
When that morning's marching was only half done.

In the hazy twilight, at the coming of night,
I crowded three buck-shot and one bullet down,
'T was my last charge of lead, and I aimed her and said:
"Good luck to you, lobsters, in old Boston town."

In a barn at Milk Row, Ephraim Bates and Thoreau,
And Baker and Abram and I made a bed;
We had mighty sore feet, and we'd nothing to eat,
But we'd driven the Red Coats, and Amos, he said:
"It's the first time," says he, "that it's happened to me
To march to the sea by this road where we've come;
But confound this whole day, but we'd all of us say
We'd rather have spent it this way than to home."

The hunt had begun with the dawn of the sun,
And night saw the wolf driven back to his den;
And never since then, in the memory of men,
Has the old Bay State seen such a hunting again.

EDWARD EVERETT HALE.

BY-AND-BY.

UNDER the snow are the roses of June,
Cold in our bosoms the hopes of our youth;
Gone are the wild-birds that warbled in tune,
Mute are the lips that have pledged us their truth.
Wind of the winter night, lonely as I,
Wait we the dawn of the bright by-and-by.
Roses shall bloom again,
Sweet love will come again:
It will be summer time, by-and-by.

Patience and toil are the meed of to-day—
Toil without recompense, patience in vain;
Darkness and terror lie thick on our way,
Our footsteps keep time with the angel of pain.
Wind of the winter night, far in the sky,
Watch for the day-star of dear by-and-by.
Parched lips shall quaff again,
Sad souls shall laugh again;
Earth will be happier, by-and-by.

Cruel and cold is the judgment of man,
Cruel as winter, and cold as the snow;
But by-and-by will the deed and the plan
Be judged by the motive that lieth below.
Wail of the winter wind, echo our cry,
Pray for the dawn of the sweet by-and-by,
When hope shall spring again;
When joy shall sing again;
Truth will be verified, by-and-by.

Weary and heartsick we totter along,
Feeble the back, though the burden is large;
Broken the purpose, and hushed is the song:
Why should we linger on life's little marge?
Wind of the winter night, hush! and reply:
Is there, oh! is there a glad by-and-by?
Will dark grow bright again,
Burdens grow light again,
And faith be justified, by-and-by?

Dreary and dark is the midnight of war,
Distant and dreamy the triumph of right;
Homes that are desolate, hearts that are sore,
Soon shall the morning star gladden our sight.
Wail of the winter wind, so like a sigh,
Herald the dawn of the blest by-and-by.
Freedom shall reign again,
Peace banish pain again;
Right will be glorified, by-and-by.

LEWIS J. BATES.

GIFTS.

A FLAWLESS pearl, snatched from an ocean cave
Remote from light or air,
And by the mad caress of stormy wave
Made but more pure and fair;

A diamond, wrested from earth's hidden zone,
To whose recesses deep
It clung, and bravely flashed a light that shone
Where dusky shadows creep;

A sapphire, in whose heart the tender rays
Of summer skies have met;
A ruby, glowing with the ardent blaze
Of suns that never set:—

These priceless jewels shone, one happy day,
On my bewildered sight:
"We bring from earth, sea, sky," they seemed to say,
"Love's richness and delight."

"For me?" I trembling cried. "Thou need'st not dread,"
Sang heavenly voices sweet;
And unseen hands placed on my lowly head
This crown, for angels meet.

MARY THACHER HIGGINSON.

ONE DAY.

ONE day, one day, our lives shall seem
Thin as a brief forgotten dream:
One day, our souls by life oppress,
Shall ask no other boon than rest.

And shall no hope nor longing come
No memory of our former home,
No yearning for the loved, the dear
Dead lives that are no longer here?

If this be age, and age no more
Recall the hopes, the fears of yore,
The dear dead mother's accents mild,
The lisping of the little child,

Come, Death, and slay us ere the blood
Run slow, and turn our lives from good,
For only in such memories we
Consent to linger and to be.

LEWIS MORRIS.

BEATING INTO THE HARBOR.

BEATING into the harbor,
When the cloud-dimmed sun is low,
And over the stormy waters
The gull and the petrel go;
With sails all torn and rifted,
And cordage wrecked and gone,
The worn ship seeks a haven—
Dismantled, spent, forlorn.

Strained hull and ruined cargo—
At the evening's stormy close,
Beating into the harbor,
The weary vessel goes;
Thankful to make the home-lights,
Though only a pitiful wreck
Of the ship that sailed so proudly
With snowy spars and deck.

Beating into the harbor—
O weary, shipwrecked soul,
Lost hopes, lost joys, lost powers,
Wide come of the wished-for goal;
Over the bar gleam brightly
The holy city's lights—
And thy storm-tossed bark, with rapture,
The Heavenly Pilot sights!

HELEN CHASE.

AFTERWARD.

THERE is no vacant chair. The loving meet—
A group unbroken—smitten. Who knows how?
One sitteth silent only; in his usual seat
We gave him once that freedom. Why not now?

Perhaps he is too weary, and needs rest;
He needed it too often, nor could we
Bestow. God gave it, knowing how to do so best,
Which of us would disturb him? Let him be.

There is no vacant chair. If he will take
The mood to listen mutely, be it done.
By his least mood we crossed, for which the heart must ache,
Plead not nor question! Let him have this one.

Death is a mood of life. It is no whim
By which life's Giver mocks a broken heart.
Death is life's reticence. Still audible to him
The flushed voice, happy, speaketh on, apart.

There is no vacant chair. To love is still
To have. Nearer to memory than to eye,
And dearer yet to anguish than to comfort will
We hold him by our love, that shall not die.

For while it doth not, then he cannot. Try!
Who can put out the motion or the smile?
The old ways of being noble all with him laid by?
Because we love he is. Then trust awhile.

ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS.

CURRENT POEMS.

OUTCAST.

WOMAN and man, cast out
From the garden of the Lord,
Before them, danger and doubt,
Behind them, the flaming sword,

Gaze in each other's eyes;
Lo! what outweighs the ban?
"We have hope," the woman cries,
"We have love," the word of the man.

SOLOMON SOLIS-COHEN.

—*Lippincott's Magazine, September, 1890.*

GULIELMUS REX.

THE folk who lived in Shakespeare's day,
And saw that gentle figure pass
By London Bridge—his frequent way—
They little knew what man he was!

The pointed beard, the courteous mien,
The equal port to high and low,
All this they saw, or might have seen,
But not the light behind the brow!

The doublet's modest gray or brown,
The slender sword-hilt's plain device,
What sign had these for prince or clown?
Few turned, or none, to scan him twice.

Yet 't was the king of England's kings!
The rest, with all their pomps and trains,
Are moldered, half-remembered things—
'T is he alone that lives and reigns!

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

—*The Century, August, 1890.*

THE GIFT OF THE SEA.

THE dead child lay in the shroud,
And the widow watched beside;
And her mother slept and the channel swept
The gale in the teeth of the tide.

But the widow laughed at all.
"I have lost my man in the sea,
And the child is dead. Be still," she said;
"What more can ye do to me?"

And the widow watched the dead,
And the candle guttered low
And she tried to sing the passing song
That bids the poor soul go.

And "Mary take you now," she sang,
"That lay against my heart,"
And "Mary smooth your crib to-night;"
But she could not say, "depart."

Then came a cry from the sea,
But the storm lay thick on the glass,
And "Heard ye nothing, mother," she said;
"'T is the child that waits to pass."

And the nodding mother sighed:
"'T is a lambing ewe in the whin;
For why should the christened soul cry out
That never knew of sin?"

Oh, feet I have held in my hand!
Oh, hands at my heart to catch!
How can they know the road to go,
And how can they lift the latch?

They laid a sheet to the door,
With the little quilt atop,
That it might not hurt from the cold or dirt;
But the crying would not stop.

The widow lifted the latch
And strained her eyes to see;
And opened the door on the bitter shore
To let the soul go free.

There was neither glimmer nor ghost;
There was neither spirit nor spark,
And "Heard ye nothing, mother?" she said;
"'T is crying for me in the dark."

And the nodding mother sighed:
"'T is sorrow makes ye dull;
Have ye yet to learn the cry of the tern,
Or the wail of the wind-blown gull?"

"The terns are blown inland,
The gray gull follows the plow;
'T was never a bird the voice I heard;
Oh, mother, I hear it now!"

"Lie still, dear lamb, lie still;
The child is safe from harm.
'T is the ache in your breast that breaks your rest,
And the feel of an empty arm."

She put her mother aside;
"In Mary's name let be!
For the peace of my soul I must go," she said;
And she went to the calling sea.

In the heel of the wind-bit pier,
  Where the twisted weed was piled,
She came to the life she had missed by an hour,
  For she came to a little child.

She laid it into her breast
  And back to her mother she came;
But it could not feed and it would not heed,
  Tho' she gave it her own child's name.

And the dead child dripped on her breast,
  And her own in the shroud lay stark;
And "God forgive us, Mother," she said,
  "We let it die in the dark."

—RUDYARD KIPLING.

—*The Independent, July 24, 1890.*

NOCTURNE.

TREES and the menace of night;
Then the long, lonely, leaden mere
Backed by the desolate fell
As by a spectral battlement; and then
Low brooding, impenetrating all,
A vast, gray, listless, inexpressive sky
Where no live star can have so much as shot
Since life and death were one.

Hist! in the trees full of night!
Is it the hurry of the rain?
Or a noise of a drive of the dead
Streaming before the irresistable Will
Through the strange dust of this debatable land,
Between their place and ours?

Like the forgetfulness
Of the workaday world made visible,
A mist falls from the melancholy sky,
A messenger from some lost and loving soul,
Hopeless, wide wandering, bewildered
Here in the provinces of life,

A great white moth fades miserably by.
Thro' the trees in the strange dead night,
Under the vast dead sky,
Forgetting and forgot, a stream of ghosts
Sets in the mystic mere, the phantom fell,
And dim, infinite silence beyond.

WILLIAM ERNEST HENLEY.

—*Scott's Observer.*

TO AN OLD APPLE TREE.

THOSE maimed limbs plead thy story;
The wounds upon thy body speak for thee:
Thou art a veteran soldier scarred with glory,
  My brave old apple tree!

Oft hast thou borne up under
Onset of storming wind and shot of hail;
And once a sword-lunge of assailant thunder
  Slashed down thy barken mail.

Old age, disease, and battle
Have scathed and crooked and crippled all thy form;
And thy Briarean bare arms clash and rattle,
  Tost in the wintry storm.

I seem to feel thee shiver,
As on thy nakedness hangs rags of snow:
May charitable Spring, the gracious giver,
  O'er thee her mantle throw!

She will; and sunshine spilling
From blue skies thou again shalt drink as wine,
And feel afresh the rush of young blood thrilling
  Through that old heart of thine.

For in the season duly
Each year there rises youth's perennial power
Within thee, and thou then rejoicest newly
  In robes of leaf and flower.

Aye, though thy years are many,
And sorrows heavy, yet from winter's gloom
Thou issuest, with the young trees, glad as any,
  As quick of green and bloom.

The bluebird's warble mellow
Returns like memory and calls thy name,
And, as first love, the oriole's plumage yellow
  Burns through thy shade like flame.

Thou quiver'st in the sunny
June mornings to the welcoming of song,
And bees about their business of the honey
  Whisper thee all day long.

Thus thou art blest and blessest—
Thy grace of blossoms fruiting into gold;
And thus, in touch with nature, thou possessest
  The art of growing old.

COATES KINNEY.

—*Harper's Magazine, August, 1890.*

TO A POET IN EXILE.

"I CANNOT sing!" the grieving heart-harp sighed;
  "The breeze that touched me lives beyond the foam:"
A rough wind struck it, and its voice replied
  In sweeter music than it made at home.

O Sorrow, Sister Sorrow, thou dost give
A richer tone to poets when they cross,
To seek Eurydice, from where joys live,
And make them godlike through thy gift of loss.

MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

—*Lippincott's Magazine, September, 1890.*

A MESSAGE.

How little the left hand knoweth
The deeds that are done by the right,
How little the night time showeth
Its sorrowful shades to the light!
How few of the hearts that are broken
Betray to the breaker their grief;
How many harsh words that are spoken
Are the crushed soul's only relief!

Alas! for the childlike gladness
We never may know again;
And alas, and alas, for the sadness
That broods like a spirit of pain!
Like some spirit of pain, that will hover
Still nearer when sunlight is fled,
Until youth, and youth's last changeful lover
Grow old, and grow cold as the dead!

It is strange that the hands that might lead us
To heaven, refuse us their hold;
That the dear lips that whisper "God speed us,"
Are the lips that are first to grow cold!
But love, we are nearer the dawning,
Just there is the heavenly light,
And how little the glorious morning
Knows the sorrowful shades of the night!

LOLA MARSHALL DEAN.

—*Atlanta Constitution.*

OUT OF THE SOUTH.

A MIGRANT song-bird I,
Out of the blue, between the sea and the sky,
Landward blown on bright, untiring wings;
Out of the South I fly,
Urged by some vague strange force of Destiny,
To where the young wheat springs,
And the maize begins to grow,
And the clover fields to blow.

I have sought,
In far wild groves below the tropic line,
To lose old memories of this land of mine;
I have fought
This vague, mysterious power that flings me forth
into the North,
But all in vain. When flutes of April blow
The immemorial longing lures me, and I go.

I go, I go,
The sky above, the sea below,
And I know not by what sense I keep my way,
Slow winnowing the ether night and day;
Yet ever to the same green, fragrant maple grove,
Where I shall swing and sing beside my love,
Some irresistible impulse bears me on,
Through starry dusks and rosy mists of dawn,
And flames of noon and purple films of rain;
And the strain
Of mighty winds hurled roaring back and forth,
Between the caverns of the reeling earth,
Cannot bewilder me.
I know that I shall see,
Just at the appointed time the dogwood blow,
And hear the willows rustle and the mill stream
flow.

The very bough that best
Shall hold a perfect nest
Now bursts its buds and spills its keen perfume;
And the violets are in bloom,
Beside the bowlder, lichen grown and gray,
Where I shall perch and pipe,
Till the dewberries are ripe,
And our brood has flown away,
And the empty nest swings high
Between the flowing tides of grass and the dreamy
violet sky.

I come, I come!
Bloom, O cherry, peach and plum!
Bubble brook, and rustle corn and rye!
Falter not, O Nature, nor will I.
Give me thy flower and fruit,
And I'll blow for thee my flute;
I'll blow for thee my flute so sweet and clear,
This year,
Next year,
And many and many a blooming coming year,
Till this strange force
No more aloft shall guide me in my course,
High over weltering billows and dark woods,
Over Mississippi's looped and tangled floods,
Over the hills of Tennessee,
And old Kentucky's greenery,
In sun, in night, in clouds, and forth
Out of the South into the North,
To the spot where first the ancestral nest was
swung,
Where first the ancestral song was sung,
Whose shadowy strains still ravish me
With immemorial melody.

MAURICE THOMPSON.

—*The Independent, August 7, 1890.*

'T IS HOME WHERE'ER OUR FLAG IS.

'Tis home where'er our flag is,
Dear hearts remember that;
You may be at Pekin, Paris,
Madrid or Ararat;
But whereso'er waves that fair,
That bonnie banner blue,
With stars bedight, with stripes so bright,
There's home, sweet home, for you.

Sweet home where'er our flag is,
Honor 'neath its stars,
If waved from foreign crag 'tis,
That foreign crag is ours!
Columbia's dower gives peerless power
To guard her children true;
And wheresoe'er our colors flare,
There's home for me and you.

OLIVE LOGAN.

—*The Home Magazine, August, 1890.*

NOTES.

JEFFERY. Some very singular mental experiences have fallen to Mrs. Jeffery's lot. One is as follows: She had almost entirely written in prose, though greatly desiring and often attempting to express her thoughts in verse, until one night in 1875 when she thought herself dying—while in great suffering—she composed "Sister Viatoe." Her mind worked so clearly that she went over and over each verse while lying on her bed of pain, and a few days after got it on paper so she could preserve it, since which time she has rarely written in prose, everything coming to her persistently in rhythmical measure and rhyme, sometimes even her letters taking this form, without premeditation. In her "Sister Viatoe" her sister was the "patient watcher" referred to. It was published in the Chicago *Tribune* immediately, and quite widely copied, though often without credit given to her name. Her exquisite "Blight and Bloom" was first printed several years ago in the *Alliance*. Thence it was copied into "The Christian Life" department of the *Advance*, with correct title, signature and credit. After this it was, by actual count, copied into more than one hundred papers and magazines, giving no credit whatever, until it drifted at length into the *Evangelical Magazine*, to which it has ever since been wrongfully credited. It has also been made into an illustrated holiday book by a southern publishing company, but without signature.

GILES. The poet referred to in "Oh, ye Beautiful Hills of Frankfort," is Robert Burns Wilson.

MITCHELL. Walter Mitchell was born at Nantucket, Mass., January 22, 1826. He was graduated at Harvard College in the class of 1846; entered the ministry of the Protestant Episcopal Church in 1858; was settled at Stamford, Conn., in the same year; and in 1880 was rector of Trinity Church, Rutland, Vt. He is the author of "Bryan Maurice," a novel, also of a poem delivered before the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Harvard, in 1875. His "Tacking Ship" is remarkable for the nautical accuracy of the description. It is as true to life as any part of the "Shipwreck" of Falconer, while it surpasses that once famous poem in graphic power and freedom of style. E. S.

HIGGINSON. Mary Thacher Higginson is the wife of Thomas Wentworth Higginson (*vide* THE MAGAZINE OF POETRY, vol. II, p 64), "Gifts" was published in *Scribner's Magazine* for March, 1880, and with the exception of a single sonnet published in *St. Nicholas* makes up the total of her published poetry.

BIBLIOGRAPHY.

WORKS CONSULTED IN THE PREPARATION OF THIS NUMBER OF "THE MAGAZINE OF POETRY."

DOBSON, AUSTIN. Vignettes in Rhyme and Other Verses. New York: White, Stokes & Allen, 1886, 12mo, pp xx and 278.

IBID. At the Sign of the Lyre. New York: White, Stokes & Allen, 1886. 12mo, pp ix and 239.

WILSON, ROBERT BURNS. Life and Love. Poems. New York: Cassell & Company, 1887. 12mo, pp ix and 268.

SPALDING, SUSAN MAR. Winter Roses. Philadelphia: A. Edward Newton & Co., 1888. 16mo, pp 24.

IBID. Miscellaneous Poems.

THAYER, STEPHEN HENRY. Songs of Sleepy Hollow and Other Poems. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1886. 12mo, pp x and 187.

IBID. Miscellaneous Poems.

BUTTERWORTH, HEZEKIAH. Poems for Christmas, Easter and New Year's. Illustrated. Boston: Estes & Lauriat, 1885. 8vo, pp xi and 153.

IBID. Ballads and Stories for Readings, with Musical Accompaniments. Cincinnati: The John Church Co., 1886. 12mo, pp 112.

IBID. Songs of History. Poems and Ballads upon Important Episodes in American History. Boston: New England Publishing Company, 1887. 12mo, pp 183.

IBID. Miscellaneous Poems.

HIGGINSON, ELLA. Miscellanous Poems.

COLEMAN, CHARLES WASHINGTON. Miscellaneous Poems.

KIMBALL, HARRIET McEWEN. Poems. Complete Edition. New York: Anson D. F. Randolph & Co., 1889. 12mo.

ALLEN, LYMAN WHITNEY. Miscellaneous Poems.

CANTON, WILLIAM. A Lost Epic and Other Poems. Edinburgh: William Blackwood & Sons, 1887. 16mo, pp ix and 215.

COLLIER, ADA LANGWORTHY. Lilith: the Legend of the First Woman. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co., 1885. 12mo, pp 104.

IBID. Miscellaneous Poems.

ARCHIBALD, MRS. GEORGE. Miscellaneous Poems.

WILSON, MRS. E. V. Miscellaneous Poems.

JEFFERY, MRS. ISADORE GILBERT. Miscellaneous Poems.

PANGBORN, FREDERIC WERDEN. Miscellaneous Poems.

GILES, ELLA A. Miscellaneous Poems.

GRAVES, ALFRED PERCIVAL. Father O'Flynn and Other Irish Lyrics. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co., 1889. 12mo, pp 128.

IBID. Miscellaneous Poems.

NEWSAM, WILLIAM CARTWRIGHT. Miscellaneous Poems.

HOLLAND, JOSIAH GILBERT. Complete Poetical Writings. Illustrated. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1885. 8vo, pp xi and 513.

McCOURT, DAVID WILLIAM. Miscellaneous Poems.

SWEET, EMELIE TRACY Y. Miscellaneous Poems.

HAMILTON, ANNA J. Miscellaneous Poems.

BOYESEN, HJALMAR HJORTH. Idyls of Norway and Other Poems. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1882. 12mo, pp vii and 185.

WOOLFORD, BESSIE H. Miscellaneous Poems.

WETHERALD, AGNES ETHELYN. Miscellaneous Poems.

ROSSETTI, CHRISTINA G. Complete Poems. Household edition. Boston: Roberts Bros. 12mo.

IBID. Time Flies, a Reading Diary. Boston: Roberts Bros.

IBID. Miscellaneous Poems.

PRIZE QUOTATIONS.

Quotations will be found on pages 113, 241, 370 and 480 of Volume I.

1. Resignation, Matthew Arnold.
2. Voices of History, Milnes.
3. Festus, Bailey.
4. The Closing Year, G. D. Prentice.
5. Burns and Byron, Joaquin Miller.
6. To Victor Hugo, Swinburne.
7. Night Thoughts, Young.
8. Forbearance, Emerson.
9. Song, Lowell.
10. The Blessed Damozel, D. G. Rossetti.
11. Jocoseria: Never the Time and Place, Browning.
12. Ars Victrix, Dobson.
13. Die Down, O Dismal Day, David Gray.
14. Væ Victrix, Locker.
15. Youth's Warning, Charles Mackay.
16. Merlin and Vivien, Tennyson.
17. O Ye Tears, Charles Mackay.
18. Helen in Troas, Todhunter.
19. The Earthly Paradise, L'Envoi, William Morris.
20. I Wandered by the Brookside, Milnes.
21. Tell Me, Macdonald.
22. George Hildebrand, Allingham.
23. Pandora, Blackie.
24. A Curl, Buchanan.
25. The Chambered Nautilus, Holmes.
26. Hymn to the Flowers, Horace Smith.
27. Faith, Frances Anne Kemble.
28. The Passionate Shepherd to His Love, Marlowe.
29. Ruth, Thomas Hood.
30. Epigram, Robert Earl Nugent.
31. A Nice Correspondent, Locker.
32. Ferishtah's Fancies, Browning.
33. Maple Leaves, T. B. Aldrich.
34. Youth and Age, R. H. Stoddard.
35. New Year's Eve, C. P. Cranch.
36. Farewell, Celia Thaxter.
37. Lars, Bayard Taylor.
38. Proud Miss MacBride, J. G. Saxe.
39. Bitter-Sweet, Holland.
40. Pleasure, Linton.
41. Meridian, E. C. Stedman.
42. Two Women, C. F. Woolson.
43. Resolution and Independence, Wordsworth.
44. John Reed's Thoughts, Bayard Taylor.
45. Thou and I, Tilton.
46. Love Stories, Mrs. S. M. B. Piatt.
47. Maurine, Ella Wheeler Wilcox.
48. Esther, Helen Hunt Jackson.

49. Two Score and Ten, J. T. Trowbridge.
50. Indirection, Richard Realf.
51. Woodbines in October, Charlotte Fiske Bates.
52. Forgetfulness, Edgar Fawcett.
53. Ode, O'Shaughnessy.
54. One Day at a Time, Helen Hunt Jackson.
56. Gladys and Her Island, Ingelow.
56. A Vision of Poets, Mrs. E. B. Browning.
57. The City of Dreadful Night, James Thomson.
58. Sunlight and Starlight, Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney.
59. A Thought, Abram J. Ryan.
60. October, Paul H. Hayne.
61. Nobility, Alice Cary.
62. Epilogue to Lessing's Laöcoon, Mathew Arnold.
63. The Ballade of Prose and Rhyme, Dobson.
64. Epigrams, William Watson.
65. Song, Aubrey Thomas De Vere.
66. Seeds in the Air, Newman.
67. Mirage, Eric Mackay.
68. The Woodland, Paul H. Hayne.
69. Quatrains, J. W. DeForest.
70. Fulfillment, Mary Clemmer Ames.
71. Not to Myself Alone, S. W. Partridge.
72. Fessenden's Garden, Elizabeth Akers Allen.
73. The Desire of Nations, A. C. Coxe.
74. The Threshers, Elaine Goodale.
75. Lines, George H. Sass.
76. Too Late, Nora Perry.
77. Work in Heaven, Lucy Larcom.
78. After Long Years, William Winter.
79. By and By, Margaret J. Preston.
80. Delay, Henry D. Thoreau.
81. A Reminiscence, J. F. Clarke.
82. Hesperus, Charles de Kay.
83. The Laborer, Gallagher.
84. Sonnets, A. B. Alcott.
85. Hero and Leander, Edwin Arnold.
86. The Boys (1859), Holmes.
87. The Twins, Henry D. Leigh.
88. The Kingdom, Lizzie Doten.
89. Literary Leisure, Charles Gavan Duffy.
90. Go When the Morning Shineth, Mrs. J. C. Simpson.
91. Nature's Creed, Hall.
92. The Rhyme of the Great River, Joaquin Miller.
93. The Cry of the Dreamer, O'Reilly.
94. A Farewell, Kingsley.
95. A Wet Sheet and a Flowing Sail, Cunningham.
96. Proverbial Philosophy, Tupper.
97. The Course of Time, Pollok.
98. A Life Drama, Scene 7, Alexander Smith.
99. Tales of the Hall, Book XI., Crabbe.
100. Essay on Translated Verse, Roscommon.
101. Spirit Love, J. H. Duganne.
102. Alma, Prior.
103. The Lovers, Phoebe Cary.
104. Epilogue to Cato, Jonathan M. Sewall.
105. Spring, Thomson.
106. Love in a Cottage, Willis.
107. The Days that are Past, Epes Sargent.
108. Lines, Whittier.
109. Inscriptions supposed to be found in and near a hermit's cell, Wordsworth.
110. Tales of the Hall, Book XIII., Crabbe.
111. The Grave, Blair.
112. Farewell! But Whenever you Welcome the Hour, Moore.
113. Touch us Gently, Time, B. W. Proctor.
114. The Beggar, Thomas Moss.
115. At the Church Gate, Thackeray.
116. Florio, Hannah Moore.
117. Ode, Addison.
118. Afterward, E. S. Phelps.
119. Childhood, John B. Tabb.
120. Midsummer Night's Dream, Shakespeare.
121. The King's Daughter, Utter.
122. A Web of Life, Clara J. Moore.
123. Knee Deep, Robert McIntyre.
124. Ode in Imitation of Alcæus, Sir William Jones.
125. Elegy in a Country Churchyard, Gray.
126. Reproof, Coleridge.
127. When the Kye Comes Hame, Hogg.
128. A Retrospective Review, Thomas Hood.
129. Arguments for the Love of God Derived From Creation, Gerald Griffin.
130. Dirge for a Soldier, Boker.
131. The Orphan, Otway.
132. On the Feuds Between Handel and Bonacina, Byrom.
133. Hallo, My Fancie, Cleland.
134. A Wish, Rogers.
135. She Was a Phantom of Delight, Wordsworth.
136. The Spanish Student, Longfellow.
137. Gentheness, Archibald Lampman.
138. The Bells of Shandon, Mahoney.
139. The Garden, Marvell.
140. The Poet's Epitaph, Elliott.
141. Loves of the Planets, Darwin.
142. All Fools, Chapman.
143. Essay on Translated Verse, Roscommon.
144. Love and Mutability, Drummond.
145. The way in the Wood, Craig Knox.
146. The Shipwreck, Falconer.

147. Speech, Lee.
148. The Suicide, Sewell.
149. The Pixies of Devon, Carrington.
150. The Honest Whore, Dekker.
151. A Survey of the World, Holyday.
152. Ossian's Address to the Sun, Macpherson.
153. The Rain upon the Roof, Kinney.
154. The Winds, Gould.
155. The Hermit, Parnell.
156. Bitter-Sweet, Holland.
157. A Dream, Lang.
158. Suffrages, Lewis Morris.
159. The Retirement, Cotton.
160. My Mind to Me a Kingdom Is, Dyer.
161. Epistle to Mrs Higgins, Lansdowne.
162. My Minde to Me a Kingdom Is, Byrd.
163. The Re-Cured Lover, Wyat.
164. The Choice, Pomfret.
165. Chrononhotonthologos, Henry Carey.
166. Good-night, Fitzgerald.
167. The Funny Story, Josephine Pollard.
168. The Groves of Blarney, Milliken, with added verse by Mahoney.
169. The Under Dog in the Fight, Barker.
170. The Mad Arithmetician, Charles J. Mathews.
171. The Baby's Debut, James Smith.
172. Old Grimes, Greene.
173. The Land of the West, Lover.
174. Speak Gently, David Bates; also G. W. Langfod.
175. The Blind Boy, Cibber.
176. Satan, Montgomery.
177. By-and-By, J. W. Barker.
178. Receipt for Salad, Sidney Smith.
179. Lines Written for a School Declamation, David Everitt.
180. Antony and Cleopatra, Lytle.
181. The Panel, J. P. Kemble.
182. On Garth's Dispensary, Codrington.
183. A Death-Bed, James Aldrich.
184. The Maiden City, Tonna.
185. After Sixty Years, Aïde.
186. The Monks of Old, G. P. R. James.
187. Ninety-nine in the Shade, Rossiter Johnson.
188. The Burial of Moses, Alexander.
189. The Mariner's Dream, Diamond.
190. Ad Rosam, Dobson.
191. Faith, Mrs. E. O. Smith.
192. Their Angels, Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney.
193. A Woman's Apology, Austin.
194. Apprehension, A. Mary F. Robinson.
195. Proverbial Philosophy, Tupper.
196. The Triumph of Time, Swinburne.
197. The Land of Dreams, Bryant.
198. A Song of Faith. From Bitter-Sweet, Holland.
199. The Christian Inheritance, Keble.
200. The Deserted Village, Goldsmith.
201. Tam O'Shanter, Burns.
203. A Poet's Epitaph, Wordsworth.
204. Marmion, Scott.
205. Cain, Byron.
206. Aurora Leigh, Mrs. E. B. Browning.
207. In Memoriam, Tennyson.
208. Pleasures of Hope, Campbell.
209. A Praise of Women, Chaucer.
210. Paradise Lost, Book 9, Milton.
211. She was a Phantom of Delight, Wordsworth.
212. What is Woman? B. E. Wolfe.
213. Marmion, Scott.
214. Venice Preserved, Otway.
215. Lucile, Meredith.
216. Charity, Joaquin Miller.
217. Aurora Leigh, Mrs. E. B. Browning.
218. Green Grow the Rushes, Burns.

PRIZE QUOTATIONS.

The editors of THE MAGAZINE OF POETRY beg to announce that they are now able to declare the prizes, amounting to three hundred dollars, offered in connection with "Prize Quotations." The delay in making the proper award was caused by the amount of work necessary in order to examine carefully each paper sent in competition, nearly eight hundred in all. This has been done it is hoped to the satisfaction of all concerned. The prize winners are:

1.	Miss Cynthia G. Wescott	207
2.	James W. Wilson	205
3.	Mrs. Mary A. Lyons	204
4.	Jennie D. DeWolfe	203
5.	Mrs. Annie E. Smith and Mrs. Lizzie C. Baker	202
6.	H. L. Boltwood	200
7.	David M. Wilcox	199
8.	Minnie A. Wheeler	198
9.	John P. Alexander	
10.	Anna E. Godwin	197
12.	DeWitt C. Clinton	196
13.	C. C. Herr	195
14.	Frank T. Beede	
16.	Nellie B. Lawrence	194
17.	Mrs. F. F. Trull	
18.	Capt. H. D. Moore	
19.	L. P. McIntyre	193

Index of Complete Poems.

INDEX OF QUOTATIONS.

INDEX OF POETS.

Those marked * are accompanied with biographical notice; those marked † by illustration.

Index of Authors of Prose Sketches.

INDEX OF FIRST LINES.

✱ DIRECTORY OF AMERICAN POETRY. ✱

ABBEY.

POEMS OF HENRY ABBEY.

One volume, 16mo, cloth; v and 256 pages. Sent postpaid for $1.25. Address HENRY ABBEY, Kingston, N. Y., or apply to any bookseller to whom this may be shown.

There was no more than one American writer, before Bryant, who could have conceived or expressed in a dozen pages such thoughts, for instance, as Henry Abbey puts into two lines . . . nor could the combined talent of the whole company of our imaginative writers before Drake (always excepting Freneau) have produced a poem so good as the same author's "Irak"; yet Abbey is a comparatively obscure poet.—Richardson's *American Literature*, vol. 11, p. 245.

BAXLEY.

The Temple of Alanthur and Other Poems.

BY ISAAC R. BAXLEY.

Cloth, $1.25.

The Prophet and Other Poems.

BY ISAAC R. BAXLEY.

Cloth, $1.00.

CHARLES WELLS MOULTON, Publisher,
Buffalo, N. Y.

"This collection of Mr. Baxley's poetical writings cannot but have a wide distribution. The intensity of his thought, his accurate interpretation of sentiment and the range of his subjects must give him a great number of sympathetic readers."—*Columbus, Ohio, State Journal.*

"He is not a casual rhymer to be dismissed with a word; his voice demands attention, as of a new singer, duly commissioned and inspired."—*Springfield Republican.*

"The subject chosen is a lofty one, and Mr. Baxley has given it full poetic fervor."—*N. Y. Times.*

"For these verses show genius. There are lines and passages which would make the fortune of any author, and which cause us honestly to doubt whether other passages which read to us as nonsense are not full of a subtle meaning which has escaped our limited perceptions."—*N. Y. Churchman.*

"The inspiration that wrote 'The Last Songs,' could plant beauty in the clods—could vivify the universe under our material feet."—*Santa Barbara Press.*

BRISTOL.

POEMS.

BY AUGUSTA COOPER BRISTOL.

12mo, cloth, 190 pages. Sent postpaid on receipt of price, $1.25. Address,

MRS. A. C. BRISTOL,
Vineland, N. J.

BLANDEN.

Tancred's Daughter and Other Poems.

BY CHARLES G. BLANDEN.

16mo, cloth, pages 6 and 60. 75 cents.

NEW YORK AND LONDON.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, and all Booksellers.

CLODFELTER.

EARLY VANITIES.

BY N. J. CLODFELTER.

With spirited engravings. 12mo. Cloth. Full gilt. Elegant. Price $1.25.

Copies will be sent by mail to any address on receipt of price. Address,

HURST & CO., Publishers,
122 Nassua Street, N. Y.

COLLIER.

Lilith. The Legend of the First Woman.

BY ADA LANGWORTHY COLLIER.

"Altogether it (Lilith) is one of the greatest triumphs of sustained effort in verse yet accomplished by any American female poet."—*New York Home Journal.*

12mo, pp. 104, $1.00. Gilt $1.25.

Address,

ADA LANGWORTHY COLLIER,
Dubuque, Iowa.

DOYLE.

MOODY MOMENTS.

POEMS.

BY EDWARD DOYLE.

Elegantly bound in cloth. Seventy-five cents.

"Many of these poems are inspiring, and all of them show considerable poetic fervor."—*New York News.*

"This book stamps the author as a poet. Here and there it displays flashes of real genius."—*Baltimore Methodist.*

"The volume is replete with gems of poetic lines and verses which seem to flow readily from the author's pen. He deals with modern ideas, and touches upon phases of life with a sharp and witty sarcasm, while his patriotic poems are lofty and soul-inspiring."—*Chicago Occident.*

Sent postpaid on receipt of price by the Publishers,

KETCHAM & DOYLE,
302 West 126th Street, New York City.

Or had of all Booksellers through the American News Com'y.

FITZGERALD.

POEMS.

BY MARCELLA AGNES FITZGERALD.

12mo, cloth, pp. 504, $1.50. For sale by

THE CATHOLIC PUBLICATION SOCIETY CO.,
NEW YORK.

And sent postpaid on receipt of price.

HATHAWAY.

The League of the Iroquois.

BY BENJAMIN HATHAWAY.

Beautifully printed and handsomely bound. 12mo, cloth. Price, $1.00, reduced from $1.50.

Art Life and Other Poems.

BY BENJAMIN HATHAWAY.

Second thousand, revised. Price, 75 cents, reduced from $1.00. Full gilt, $1.00, reduced from $1.25.

FOR SALE BY
PETER PAUL & BRO.,
Buffalo, N. Y.

S. C. GRIGGS & CO.,
Publishers,
Chicago, Ill.

HEREFORD.

"REBEL RHYMES."

BY ELIZABETH J. HEREFORD.

Opinions of the press:

"The poems have a melodious flow, and abound in pure poetic sentiment."—*Home Journal*, New York.

"The volume opens with the 'Land of Dixie,' a poem full of enthusiasm and fire, and is strikingly eloquent and beautiful."—New Orleans *Picayune.*

"These poems will naturally be admired in the South, striking as they do that chord of proud and pathetic recollections to which the supporters of the lost cause must always respond."—*Evening Bulletin*, Providence, R. I.

New York: G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, Publishers. For sale by all Booksellers.

VOL II NO 1

THE MAGAZINE OF POETRY

A QUARTERLY REVIEW

ILLUSTRATED

JANUARY 1890

CHARLES WELLS MOULTON
BUFFALO N Y

THE MAGAZINE OF POETRY.

CONTENTS FOR JANUARY, 1890.

TERMS.—$2.00 a year in advance; 50 cents a number. Foreign, nine shillings. Booksellers and Postmasters receive subscriptions. Subscribers may remit by post-office or express money orders, draft on New York, or registered letters. Money in letters is at sender's risk. Terms to clubs and canvassers on application. Magazines will be sent to subscribers until ordered discontinued. Back numbers exchanged, if in good condition, for corresponding bound volumes in half morocco, sagnat, gilt, gilt top, for $1.00, subscribers paying charges both ways. Postage on bound volume, 35 cents. All numbers sent for binding should be marked with owner's name. *We cannot bind or exchange copies the edges of which have been trimmed by machine.*

Address all communications to

CHARLES WELLS MOULTON, Publisher,

BUFFALO, N. Y.

BOULTON PRINTING AND PUBLISHING COMPANY, BUFFALO, N. Y.

M. Helena Fachot.

VOL II NO 2

THE MAGAZINE OF POETRY

A QUARTERLY REVIEW

ILLUSTRATED

APRIL 1890

CHARLES WELLS MOULTON
BUFFALO N Y

THE MAGAZINE OF POETRY.

CONTENTS FOR APRIL, 1890.

TERMS,—$2.00 a year in advance; 50 cents a number. Foreign, nine shillings. Booksellers and postmasters receive subscriptions. Subscribers may remit by post-office or express money orders, drafts on New York, or registered letters. Money in letters is at sender's risk. Terms to clubs and canvassers on application. Magazines will be sent to subscribers until ordered discontinued. Back numbers exchanged, if in good condition, for corresponding bound volumes in half-morocco, elegant, gilt, gilt top, for $1.00, subscribers paying charges both ways. Postage on bound volume, 25 cents. All numbers sent for binding should be marked with owner's name. We cannot bind or *exchange copies the edges of which have been trimmed by machine.* Address all communications to

CHARLES WELLS MOULTON, Publisher,

BUFFALO, N. Y.

VOL II NO 3

THE MAGAZINE OF POETRY

A QUARTERLY REVIEW

ILLUSTRATED

JULY 1890

CHARLES WELLS MOULTON
BUFFALO N Y

THE MAGAZINE OF POETRY.

CONTENTS FOR JULY, 1890.

TERMS—$2.00 a year in advance; 20 cents a number. Foreign, nine shillings. Booksellers and Postmasters receive subscriptions. Subscribers may remit by post-office or express money orders, draft on New York, or registered letters. Money in letters is at sender's risk. Terms to clubs and canvassers on application. Magazines will be sent to subscribers until ordered discontinued. Back numbers exchanged, if in good condition, for corresponding bound volumes in half morocco, cloth, gilt, gilt top, for $1.00, subscribers paying charges both ways. Postage on bound volume, 35 cents. All numbers sent for binding should be marked with owner's name. *We cannot bind or exchange copies the edges of which have been cut, and by a knife.* Address all communications to

CHARLES WELLS MOULTON, Publisher,
BUFFALO, N. Y.

VOL II NO 4

THE MAGAZINE OF POETRY

A QUARTERLY REVIEW

ILLUSTRATED

OCTOBER 1890

CHARLES WELLS MOULTON
BUFFALO N Y

THE MAGAZINE OF POETRY.

CONTENTS FOR OCTOBER, 1890.

TERMS.—$2.00 a year in advance; 50 cents a number. Foreign, nine shillings. Booksellers and Postmasters receive subscriptions. $1 [illegible] may remit by post office or express money orders, draft on New York, or registered letters. Money in letters is at sender's risk. Terms to clubs and canvassers on application. Magazines will be sent to subscribers until ordered discontinued. Back numbers exchanged, if in good condition, for corresponding bound volumes in half morocco, elegant, gilt, gilt top, for $1.00 subscribers pay all charges both ways. Postage on bound volume, 35 cents. All numbers sent for binding should be marked with owner's name. *We cannot bind or exchange copies the edges of which have been trimmed by machine.* Address all communications to

CHARLES WELLS MOULTON, Publisher,
BUFFALO, N. Y.

BIGELOW PRINTING AND PUBLISHING COMPANY, BUFFALO, N. Y.